COSMOPOLITAN

June, 1960 • 35¢

BEAUTY ALL OVER

The Bikini–who can wear It–and where

Teenage Beauties make Extra Money

High-Fashion Models are made to order

Neglected Magic in every Woman's Voice

The Lipstick Genius: Mr. Revson of Revlon

Do You have the Scent of Romance?

Change the Color of Your Hair if...

Exciting world of a new Suzie Wong

FICTION: Complete Mystery Novel

Frank Loesser's most beautiful score has bloomed on Broadway, and S.R.O. crowds are rejoicing in its songs! They're all here in this Original Cast album, enchantingly performed by Anthony Perkins and the rest of the cast. Why not bring "Greenwillow" home this very day! It's a joyous bouquet.

NEWEST HITS OF THE GOLDEN 60's ...ON RCA VICTOR

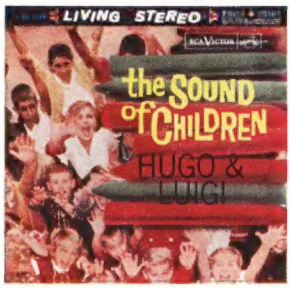
In Living Stereo and regular L. P.

Play now...fly later! That's the inviting philosophy behind this new album by Sam Cooke, a young singer who's going places in more ways than one. The song titles—like "April in Paris" and "Foggy Day in London Town"—give you an idea of what wonders to expect. All in all, a first-class excursion!

Della Reese, possessor of an electrifying big-beat style, moves to the smoother, sweeter side in this album. With string orchestra backing, she glides beautifully through a dozen delectable refrains, and makes even the best—like "Embraceable You"—sound cozier than ever. It's most-happy Della!

This brimming package presents Bing Crosby, Rosemary Clooney, the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, Jimmy Driftwood, and many others in 44 rousing songs and ballads. Based on the famous LIFE magazine series, this treasure-trove of Americana features a booklet—in sparkling text and color pictures—that tells the stirring tale of the winning of the West!

The diminutive choir of RCA Victor's Hugo and Luigi consists of 22 lark-like lads and lassies. The unique inspiration here was to give them some unlikely songs to sing, such as "Lullaby of Birdland," "Love and Marriage," "Don't Fence Me In," and "True Love." The result—most refreshing!



Harry Belafonte's dream of recording an album of rare, authentic chain gang songs comes true at last. The Belafonte Folk Singers join in this collection of dramatic music of the chained convict—toiling on the road under a scorching sun...or in the bunkhouse, singing the lonesomest of blues.

the world's greatest artists are on... RCA VICTOR

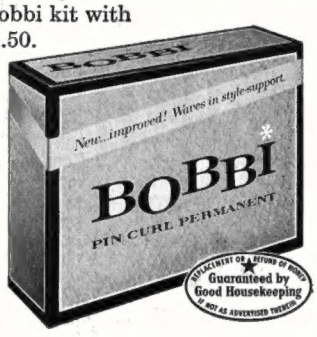
Only 20 minutes more than last night's pin-up . . .

wake up with a permanent!

Only new Bobbi *waves while you sleep* . . . brushes into a softly feminine, lasting hairstyle!

If you can put up your hair in pin curls, you can give yourself a Bobbi—the *easy* pin curl permanent. It takes only twenty minutes more than a regular setting! Then, the wave "takes" while you sleep because Bobbi is self-neutralizing. In the morning you *wake up with a permanent* that brushes into a soft, finished hairstyle with the lasting body only a permanent gives. Complete Bobbi kit with curlers, $2.00. Refill, $1.50.

The most convenient permanent of all—home or beauty shop!



Have a love affair with the sun...

...it kisses you with color!

BAIN DE SOLEIL

FOR AN

ANTOINE TAN

COSMOPOLITAN®

JUNE, 1960 Vol. 148, No. 6

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OUR COVER—*What happens when a top photographer, Erwin Blumenfeld, and a top designer, Margot of Par-Form, get together? Answer—the bikini on the cover. It is a one-of-its-kind suit and is, in our opinion, the epitome of all bikinis, combining simplicity with elegance and daring. The material is Celaperm (acetate, cotton, and rubber) made by the Celanese Corporation. M'lady's coiffure, styled by Michel of Helena Rubinstein, is called the Bobcat and is, we think, the perfect topping for our bikini. Model Dolores Hawkins says, "I love bikinis and wear them all the time." Backing her up, photographer Blumenfeld says, "Every girl should wear a bikini." Well, if we all looked like Dolores Hawkins, we all would. The bikini, once a fad, is now the fashion. For further details, turn to page 78.*

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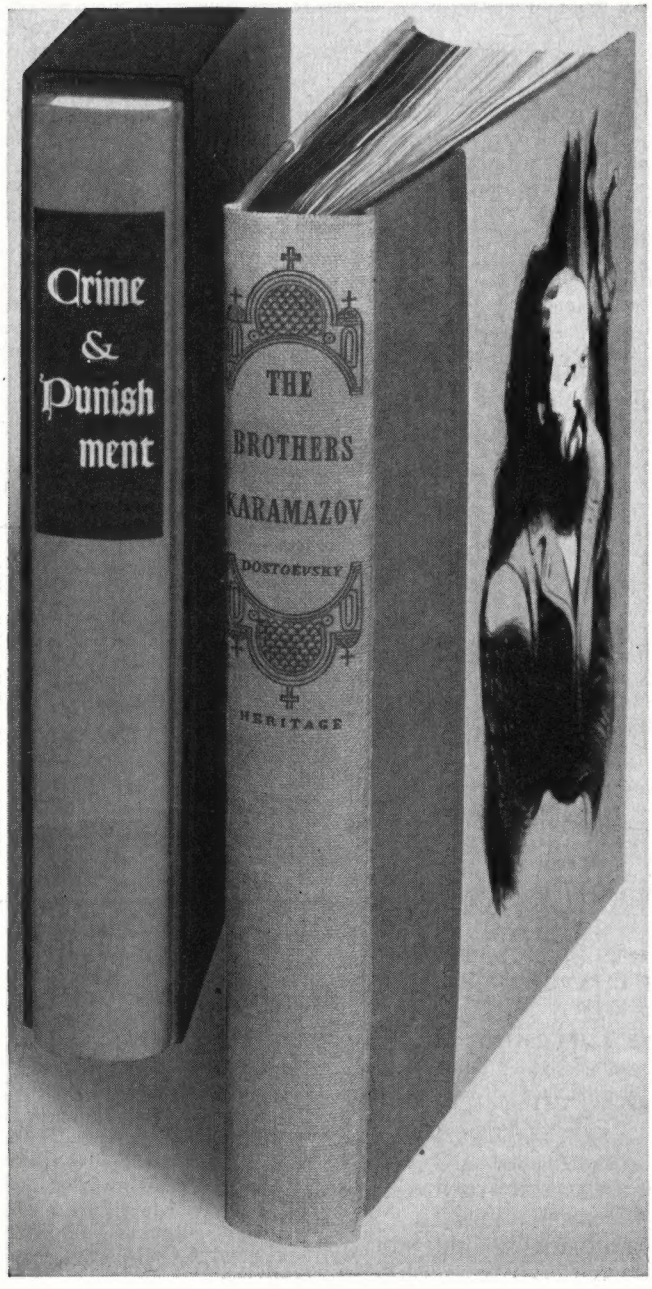

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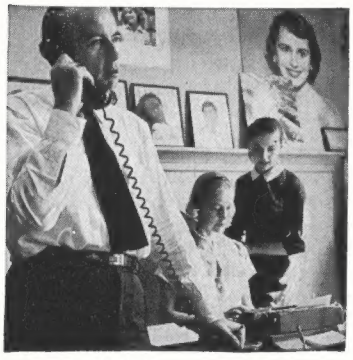
Beauty All Over

That Pasadena, California-based dean of teen modeling, Bill Adrian (his girls range from twelve-year-olds to twenty-year-olds), instructs his pupils on two levels. First, he harangues his young ladies not only on the fundamentals of posture and make-up, but on poise and stage presence as well. Then, he pleads with them to be *human*. Adrian advises that "older people detest a walkie-talkie teen-ager," and drives home the idea that a girl should "learn how to smile *unprofessionally*." He admonishes,



Bill Adrian at work.

"Even if you have to hitchhike through the rain to get somewhere, and are recovering from a bout with influenza, *act as though you are having a wonderful time*." Adrian's final precept to both his own students, and to the two hundred and fifty teen-agers who write to him for advice each month, is this: "Be yourself, not a carbon copy of someone else."

What these principles have accomplished for the sunkissed models of California is very obvious, judging from the photographs on pages 70-73, plus the impressive record of the Agency's achievements: fifty Adrian girls have done TV commercials, and over three hundred have appeared on national magazine covers.

Merlin of the Fragrance Field

"You can take an imitation leather purse and add a leather smell. You can take unroasted coffee and add a roast coffee fragrance. I *could*, if I *wanted to*, create a 'roast coffee' perfume."

Dr. Walter Langer, who was expounding to us on such curiosities over lunch the other day, is one of the gentlemen who, in the last forty years, has helped transform the perfume industry in the United States into what is today a four-billion-dollar business (see page 57), and it behooved us to understand what makes this modern Merlin tick.

"Take gin," said Dr. Langer, taking some. "I defy anybody to tell the difference between real gin and imitation gin that is chemically concocted. In my business, I make cologne cocktails. You can make one as easily as a gin fizz."

So far, Dr. Langer has been lucky enough to mix some of the most commercially winning cocktails in the perfume field. Most of Dr. Langer's work is done in his Westport, Connecticut, laboratory, where four or five full-time gardening specialists cultivate about twenty acres of herbs, flowers, and shrubs, in the hope that one or a combination of these will result in a new fragrance. Does Dr. Langer expect to hit upon the magic mixture again, we asked. "Who knows? I might come up with a masterpiece," Dr. Langer said, then adding, "But mostly in the laboratory, you come up with a masterly mess."

The Measure of Beauty

Those sweet and beguiling faces of the thirty-seven pretty girls on page 53 reveal little of the inner turmoil that goes on behind the scenes during the Miss World beauty competition. A prime example of just such chagrined feelings came to light in the 1960 pageant, after Holland's lovely representative, Miss Corine Rottschafer, was acclaimed queen. A defeated and disgruntled contestant charged that Miss Rottschafer was "padded in the bra," a calumny that is bound to outrage any beauty of today. However, the unruffled queen agreeably submitted to a verification test, and emerged triumphant. She added, "I wasn't inhaling, either."

U.P.I.

Checking the figures.

We wish Miss World a happy future, whether inhaling or exhaling. And, from what we gather, she may need those wishes. Our article, "Beauty Winners . . . Can Be Losers" (page 50), offers some impressive proof that the fate of a beauty queen is not always kind, and that the radiant winner of today may be the frustrated has-been of tomorrow.—**H. La B.**

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OUR READERS WRITE

Much Ado About Maternity

MISLABELED DRUGS

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: In your article "Are Woman Troubles Out of Style?" (April, 1960) you mention on page 38 two of our products ("Dexedrine" and "Benzedrine"), and refer to the latter product as an example of an amphetamine drug. Actually, both drugs are members of the amphetamine family. The generic name for Benzedrine is amphetamine sulfate; for Dexedrine it is dextro amphetamine sulfate. Benzedrine and Dexedrine are registered trademarks held by Smith Kline & French Laboratories, and as such should be used only to refer to the Smith Kline & French brands of the drugs mentioned.

As your article stated, psychopharmacological drugs can become habit-forming. However, as they are prescription drugs, they are administered only under a physician's careful supervision. Your use of the terms "amphetamines" and "barbiturates" interchangeably within this same paragraph disturbs us, because these are two distinctly different drug categories with almost opposite pharmacological actions; barbiturates depress the central nervous system, while amphetamines stimulate it.

—ANN H. KLINE,
SMITH KLINE & FRENCH LABORATORIES

APRIL BOUQUETS

Washington, D.C.: Staff members at the American Hearing Society's headquarters have read the April article on "Deafness —The Battle Almost Won" with interest. It certainly is written in an easy-to-understand manner and Miss Honor is to be congratulated for presenting a great deal of information that will be helpful to many readers of COSMOPOLITAN.

—MARGARET ROSTEL,
EDITOR, *Hearing News*

BRAVERY IN PAIN

San Diego, California: I read your truly majestic article on the "Majesty of Afflicted Children" (April). You are so right. Why was my sixteen-year-old son so brave while he was fighting a losing battle for seven months against Ewing's Sarcoma? He was emotionally supported by his parents, relatives, and his dedicated doctors. Never once did these devoted medics leave us out of the treatment. They dealt so adequately and lovingly with our son, and he in turn showed such bravery that there was a mutual affinity between him and his doctors until his dying day. There is no tribute that would be too great to pay these splendid men.

I must also pay tribute to the splendid staff at the hospital who made each of his many endless hospital days comfortable ones and secure ones.

I am sure that every parent like myself whose child has found bravery while experiencing pain, will thank you for writing this article, for you truly pay a great tribute to all children who are the unfortunate victims of major maladies.

—MRS. MAURY B. NOVAK,

WRONG MAN IN THE MIDDLE

Pasadena, California: I don't know which gentleman in the lower photo on page 80 of the April issue is Dr. Saul Brown, but the gentleman in the center of the picture (without glasses and facing the camera) is Norman Mattern, a former tenant of ours.

Norman Mattern (center) identified.

By the way, how could that lady who was a "food drunk" afford all those edibles? Her illness must have cost her a fortune in money as well as heartaches. I imagine her therapy bills were only a drop in the bucket compared with the grocery bills. I certainly hope she gains a lasting cure.

May I compliment you once again on a fine magazine. It's good to see a worthwhile place like Hathaway receiving national recognition.

—MRS. ELIZABETH T. HARLOW

Mrs. Harlow is correct. The man at the extreme left is Dr. Brown; in the center is Mr. Mattern, a former Hathaway staff member. —The Editors.

THE WELL-BALANCED JURY

Waukegan, Illinois: Your treatment of Crime and Its Consequences (March) was well done.

However, insufficient emphasis was placed on the part the Law of Compensation plays in crimes, or even in moral decay. This law requires that we must receive comparable return when, either willingly or unwillingly, a service is rendered or a possession is surrendered.

The return need not necessarily be of material value as a spiritual reward may be of greater significance, e.g. a mother's smile, or a simple "thank you" for a home chore performed. It is when these simple values or other services later in life are taken for granted, and no return given for them, that resentment mounts and precipitous actions follow.

One of the most serious situations which has built up in our country is the resentment many feel when called for Jury Service. This attitude usually stems from the belief that jurors are not chosen fairly and impartially. No matter how patriotic a person may be, he rebels at carrying a job his neighbor has been able to shrug off. Resentful jurors serving under compulsion are poor jurors whose decisions often result in a miscarriage of justice.

But when a citizen knows beyond all question of doubt that everyone is treated fairly and alike, then jury duty becomes an honored privilege, and not an imposition to be passed on to someone else.

Lake County, Illinois, has found this to be true during the eight years it has operated under the Illinois Jury Commission Law. No one, no matter how influential he may be, is excused when he is called on to serve. Nor is a person excused because he will feel the need of lost wages. The result is that Lake County has well-balanced juries.

—CASPER APELAND,
COMMISSIONER, LAKE COUNTY JURY COMMISSION

INFANTICIPATION SQUABBLE

Wilmington, Delaware: Mrs. Bahr's letter (March) inspired me to set down *my* thoughts on "Infanticipation."

From the first paragraph to the last I detected a feeling of intense exasperation at the world in general but particularly at hospitals and the medical profession.

Mrs. Bahr hasn't endured *anything*, if she hasn't had a baby in an Army hospital. I don't mean to condemn the Army, simply to point out a few things:

1. Six hours after birth the mother is on her own.
2. Walks to nursery to care for and feed the baby.
3. With aid of a maid cares for her room. (It is inspected, same as the soldier's in a barrack.)
4. Gets her own drinking water and fills sometimes-needed ice bags.
5. Gets out of bed to roll the bed up or down.
6. *Absolutely* no personal contacts with the doctor.

I could go on with more details but maybe this much will inform her concerning a few main aspects. With the present shortage of hospital personnel she was *very* fortunate to have that many people show their faces. The main complaint in our hospitals today is that patients aren't getting any service. I fail to see her feeling of neglect. If all the people she named saw her, she was definitely in for the attention so few women or men get nowadays.

—MRS. MARY F. MATTHEWS

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PAT McKILLOP
Miss U.S.A. says:
"I still can't believe it. I followed Mr. Weider's System and it proved successful beyond my wildest dreams! My figure, skin, hair, posture and poise improved almost overnight!"

BETTY BROSEMER
Miss California says:
"No doubt about it, the Weider System is tops. It can develop a beautiful figure for anyone, just as it did for me. If you want to experience a similar miracle, let Mr. Weider show you the way."

MRS. JEANNINE MATTE GAINS 16 POUNDS IN 8 WEEKS

Poor Jeanine weighed only 90 pounds and had a 32" bust. Her ribs and shoulders were embarrassingly unattractive. Says she, "I was shy and lonely . . . sorely conscious of my too-weak, too-thin appearance. Now I weigh 112, with a 5" increase in my bust-line . . . and another 3" increase in my hips. Never dreamed I could be so happy. Every day is fun now."

HELEN KLEINER LOSES 70 POUNDS

Mrs. Kleiner was greatly overweight—thoroughly disgusted with herself. She felt that her case was hopeless, but in a few months she lost 70 pounds—reduced her bust from 43" to 36" . . . waist from 35" to 24" . . . thighs from 28" to 22" . . . and she says, "I feel 20 years younger!" Enthusiastically she acknowledges, "I'm no longer 'on the shelf' . . . for the first time I'm really living!"

Mr. JOSEPH WEIDER—Dept. 21-60C
803 Palisade Avenue, Union City, New Jersey
(Canada . . . J. Weider, 4466 Colonial Ave., Montreal, Quebec)

Beauty is every woman's birthright!
Claim *yours* in just *15 minutes a day* with *my help!*
This revealing book is your passport to a *new world of enchantment* . . . a *talisman* to *wake the sleeping beauty within you!* No longer must you be dissatisfied with your appearance, your lack of personality and womanly appeal. No longer need you shun parties and social gatherings because you lack fashion "know-how" — self-confidence — the ability to hold your own in conversation. My Beauty Guide shows you how *easily* you can acquire a *ravishingly lovely figure* . . . a *softly-glowing, caressable skin*. Discover how quickly you can learn the art of conversation . . . how to develop new confidence and poise. Surround yourself with the *halo of beauty* . . . in just 15 minutes a day in the comfort and privacy of your home!

DISCOVER THE *NEW and BETTER WAY*

To a Lovelier Figure

Whether you are tall or short—too thin or too heavy—this Beauty Guide will show you how *soon* you can thrill to the joy of possessing a beautifully-contoured bust . . . classically-sculptured shoulders . . . the patrician beauty of a trim waist and hips . . . slender, softly-rounded arms . . . and straight, delicately-curved legs. Yes, you can have the figure you want in just 15 minutes a day—*easily and enjoyably* in your *own home!*

Glowing Beauty

Glowing beauty is an over-all concept . . . hair, face, figure, posture, voice, poise and dress. Many women mistakenly believe themselves lacking beauty because their hair-styling is unbecoming . . . make-up the wrong shade and incorrectly applied . . . clothes not chosen in regard to height, weight, coloring and other factors. Learn how to *avoid* these mistakes . . . *discover an attractiveness you've never known before!*

Charm and Popularity

Why conceal your *natural* beauty beneath a veil of self-consciousness and lack of physical grace. By improving your figure and accentuating your charm with new beauty aids and techniques—and by learning the art of conversation—you will acquire self-confidence, poise and the priceless asset of a fascinating personality. Start today . . . *this Four Colored Beauty Guide shows you how!* It's *easier than you think!*

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Are you still skeptical . . . do you still believe *your* case is "different"? Then let me repeat my oft-published challenge. I am prepared to pay $10,000 to *anyone* who can prove that my System cannot make you a beautiful and alluring woman more quickly, easily and enjoyably than any other method. And I challenge *you* to mail the coupon *now* . . . to discover *at my expense* what wonderful things I can do for you. Don't miss this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. Airmail the coupon TODAY!

You Can Be Beautiful FREE

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Expect a miracle when you send for my amazing Beauty Guide. Forget your past disappointment . . . put aside your doubts and fears. The Weider System is *unlike anything you've ever seen or imagined*. Become the glamorous woman of your most secret dreams . . . assuredly—joyously!

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CASE HISTORY

Death Was Denied

BY LAWRENCE GALTON

He will be called Donald James here. It is virtually a miracle that he is alive. He had an infection of the valves of the heart—bacterial endocarditis; overwhelming toxemia—blood poisoning—from the infection; uremia—kidney failure; pulmonary edema—flooding of the lungs with fluid; and intestinal obstruction. It seemed as though nothing could save him. It took fifty-seven days—but he *was* saved. And his recovery may save other lives.

On a February morning, James, fifty-three and in bad health, went to see a New York physician, Dr. Bennett P. Lustgarten. He had been in poor health much of his life. At the age of thirty-two, he had had an attack of acute rheumatic fever which had hospitalized him for nine months and affected his heart. At that time, he developed murmurs which indicated that two of the heart valves were leaking. Since childhood, he'd had bronchial asthma, with frequent episodes of wheezing. The wheezing had become constant during the past ten years—and there was some breathlessness when he exerted himself. In the last six months, the breathlessness had increased; now it greatly impaired his ability to work.

Examination in the doctor's office disclosed coarse, moist chest sounds indicating the existence of mucus in the bronchial tubes. His wheezes suggested chronic asthmatic bronchitis and probably bronchiectasis (widening of some bronchi with puddles of pus) as well—plus pulmonary emphysema (bloating of the lungs). The heart was enlarged. And James had chronic glomerulonephritis (kidney disease) to boot.

Neglectful Patient

He was advised to use a bronchodilator—a drug to open up the air passages and ease his breathing problems. He was also given a prescription for an antibiotic to be taken immediately to combat the infection that had been smouldering in his chest. But he neglected to take the antibiotic at all.

Twelve days later, when Dr. Lustgarten was called to James's home, he found him in bed with chills and fever. He had been acutely ill for three days, and had severe chest pains.

James had a toxic look; that—plus some heart changes which showed up on an electrocardiogram—indicated the possibility of acute endocarditis, an infection of the valves of the heart.

James was promptly hospitalized. He was given digitalis to help his heartbeat and, to be safe, anticoagulant drugs to prevent complications that may occur after a heart attack. He was also given massive antibacterial treatment—3,600,000 units of penicillin, a gram of streptomycin, and 400 milligrams of nitrofurazone a day.

On the second hospital day, James experienced severe left lower abdominal pain and tenderness. During the next few days, high fever persisted despite the antibacterial drugs; so did chest and abdominal pains. He had severe hiccoughs, and experienced episodes of confusion and delirium.

Antibiotics Increased

On the sixth hospital day, James started to cough up blood. The heart murmurs became louder—some confirmation that he had bacterial endocarditis. Ten times the previous amount of penicillin was given intravenously. The other antibiotics were also increased.

That same night, signs of shock appeared. James's skin became cold, wet, and very blue. For three hours, while doctors worked over him, he was semicomatose and seemed to be dying. Finally, he was brought out of shock.

For the next five days, high fever persisted, the lungs repeatedly filled with fluid, and there were signs of intestinal obstruction with increasing distention of the abdomen. And he had uremia—toxic urinary substances circulating in the blood instead of being excreted. His misery was aggravated by nausea and hiccoughs. A tube had to be passed to his stomach and intestines in order to deflate the distended organs.

On the eleventh hospital day, his temperature shot up to 104 and it seemed as though James would die from toxemia.

Now Dr. Lustgarten and Dr. Alfred Vogl, who had been called on for advice in the grave situation, decided on a desperate measure. They would try steroid treatment—try it vigorously. They hoped to gain time. A steroid—one of the cortisonelike hormones of the adrenal gland—couldn't help suppress the infection, but it might help by dampening the body's violent response to the infected organisms, and this dampening might slow down the rapidly progressive destruction of tissue. Then the antibiotics might be able to catch up with the infection.

At 3 P.M., with a single injection into a vein, the doctors poured in 100 milligrams of the steroid hormone, hydrocortisone. They added another 100 milligrams of it to a solution of sugar and penicillin which was being dripped into another vein at the same time. And they added 1.5 grams of erythromycin, still another antibiotic, to the daily intravenous antibiotic treatments.

By midnight, James's temperature fell—all the way from 104 to 99.8 degrees—his convulsions stopped, and his blueness faded. The intensity of the heart murmurs began to decrease. James's mental status began to improve, too.

But he was by no means out of danger. Blood studies showed that, despite the drop in fever, the severe infection was persisting.

On the twenty-second hospital day, up shot the temperature once more. Still another antibiotic, novobiocin, was added to the others already being used.

Now James began to improve—and, finally, it was an improvement that persisted. But recovery was still a long time away. For the next five weeks, the antibiotics were continued. The hydrocortisone was gradually tapered off. Diuretic drugs were given to get rid of excess fluids. Injections of iron were used to overcome anemia.

Road to Recovery

On the fifty-seventh day, James was discharged from the hospital. He had lost a tremendous amount of weight, but the infection was finally gone. He felt relatively well except for moderate breathing difficulty and weakness.

Over the next few months, James remained free of fever and other symptoms. Slowly, his strength built up. It had seemed that he would never be able to do so but, recently, he has gone back to work.

His recovery—a tribute to the "never-give-up" attitude of modern medicine even in the face of what seem like hopeless odds—offers hope for many other victims of bacterial endocarditis.

This infection of the heart valves, which is not a rare disease, has, too often, been a fatal one. Despite intensive antibiotic treatment, 30 per cent of bacterial endocarditis patients have been dying from the initial infection. And another 42 per cent either succumb later or become disabled by the damage inflicted on the heart by the infection.

In their carefully detailed report of

the case in the Journal of the American Medical Association, calling it to the attention of most members of the medical profession in the United States, Drs. Lustgarten and Vogl say with scientific caution: "An attempt to meet the problem of overwhelming toxemia in a patient with bacterial endocarditis by treatment with high doses of intravenously given hydrocortisone has apparently been successful."

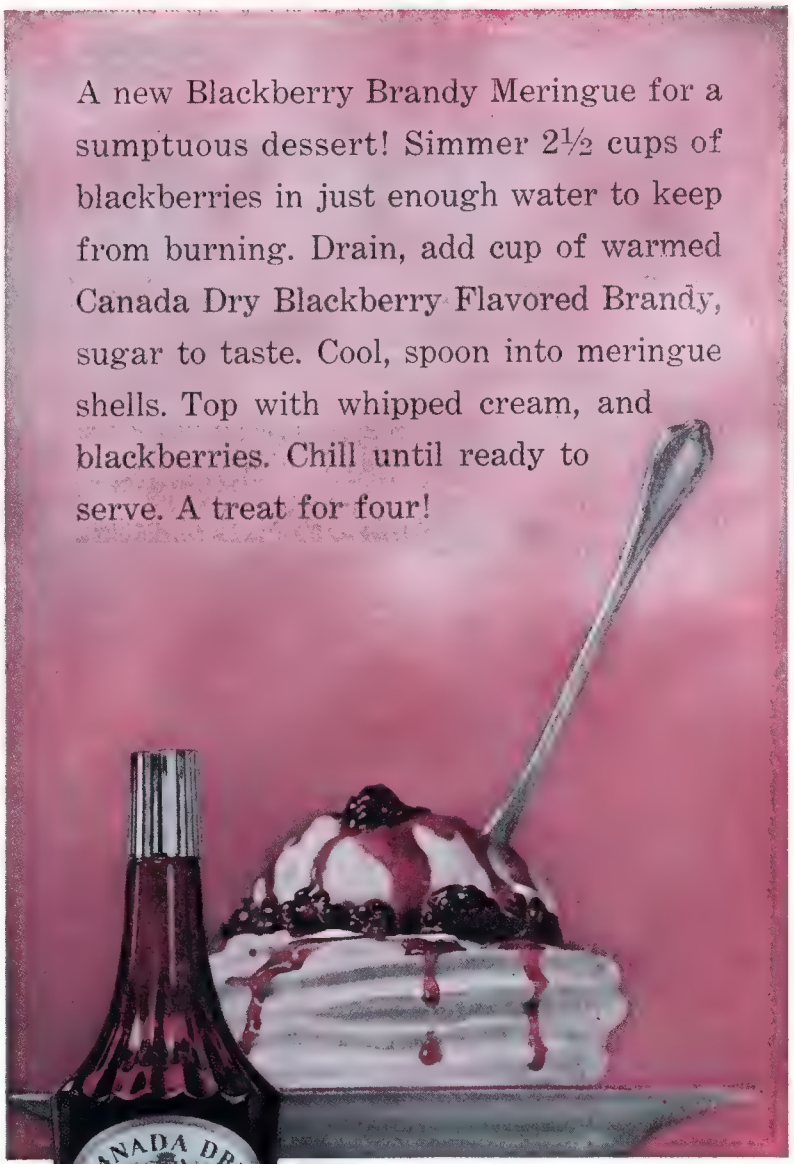
That, to Donald James, is an understatement.

The doctors add: "The serious nature and grave outlook of bacterial endocarditis appears to warrant further investigation of the use of steroids in severely toxemic and unresponsive cases."

Undoubtedly, many physicians will investigate further into this field and there is reason to hope that such treatment may mean, as it did for Donald James, the difference between life and death for present and future victims.

A new test for pregnancy, using a simple electroplating process instead of laboratory animals, appears to be valuable not only in quickly determining pregnancy but also in following its course and predicting trouble. It is made by charging a urine sample for five seconds with twelve volts of direct current applied through a copper cathode. Pregnancy is shown by the formation of a black deposit on a silver anode. Developed at St. Charles Hospital in Toledo, Ohio, by Dr. Walter H. Hartung, Jr., and Herbert J. DeVaunet, an electrical engineer, the test has been highly accurate in revealing pregnancy in more than one hundred fifty women. Studies indicate that its greatest value may lie in its use during pregnancy. It has the ability to detect a threatening miscarriage at least twenty-four to forty-eight hours before it occurs, permitting the physician to start treatment with medicines in sufficient time, perhaps, to avoid the miscarriage.

For coronary disease: A deep-breathing exercise may be beneficial for patients with hardening of the coronary arteries, the most common cause of heart trouble. A Minnesota physician prescribes it as a supplement to the usual treatment for coronary disease. Taking and holding a deep breath, he finds, produces a negative pressure in the chest which may help to open up the coronary arteries moderately and increase circulation to the heart muscle. The simple exercise consists of inhaling deeply, holding the breath for eight to ten seconds, then exhaling and inhaling normally three or four times. The exercise is done eight to ten times and then repeated at regular intervals at least ten times a day. The exercise is also suggested as a possible help in preventing heart attacks. THE END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CORDIALS by CANADA DRY

A New Suzie Wong

Suddenly France Nuyen was out; an unknown understudy took her place—to the surprise of everyone but lovely Nancy Kwan, who had known for twelve years that fame awaited her.

BY JON WHITCOMB

Fortune tellers are big stuff in Hong Kong, and little Miss Nancy Ka Shen Kwan consulted one when she was only eight years old.

"You will dance, you will be rich and famous, and you will travel to America," he told her. Delighted, Nancy returned to her ballet lessons. The year was 1947.

Last fall, Nancy was twenty, a young lady with interesting curves, enormous dark eyes, waist-length black hair, and a snub nose. She had submitted her photograph to the Hong Kong Paramount Pictures office, which was combing the Orient for an unknown to play the title role in a film, *The World of Suzie Wong*. She paid another call on the fortune teller.

His message was, "The part is yours."

But when France Nuyen was cast as Suzie, and producer Ray Stark brought William Holden and the rest of the company to Hong Kong, practically on Nancy's doorstep, for several weeks of shooting, Nancy began to wonder if fortune tellers really knew anything after all.

True, Stark had told her she might do a small role in the picture. He even sent her to Hollywood to study acting under Salka Viertel, so she *did* get to America. And later on, she crept up on Suzie by understudying the lead in the New York play. When its Broadway run was finished and the show went on the road, Nancy went along, still an understudy, unseen, unheard, and unknown. She had never acted on stage before an audience.

The World of Suzie Wong was playing Toronto when she got her big chance. On opening night she was scheduled to go on as lead. Then a call came from London.

One-Half English

"It was Mr. Stark," she explained. "He say, 'Buy plane ticket, come at once. No reason, just hurry.' I buy ticket. I get on plane. In London they say Miss Nuyen sick, cannot work. They pluck my eyebrows—I had nice thick ones. I make tests. Other girls make tests. They say I do not look very Chinese. Why should I look Chinese, for goodness' sake? Everybody know I am one-half English."

Upon France Nuyen's departure, Stark was faced with mounting costs on his stalled picture. He made a difficult decision. He decided to take a chance on Nancy. Dressed in a bright red silk *cheongsam* slit to her thigh, Miss Kwan reported to the set. The crew whistled. Here was a different Suzie, not as sultry as Nuyen, but a young, cute party with streamlined legs and a sexy walk. She moved well from years of ballet training. Besides, as a native of Hong Kong, her faintly accented English was authentic, as was her command of Chinese. (Nuyen spoke English with a French accent, and her Chinese lines had to be memorized.) Everyone in the company went back to work with renewed enthusiasm. Nancy glowed in her red *cheongsam*. Red is a lucky color in China, and Nancy decided fortune tellers knew their stuff after all.

Hong Kong in London

Said Stark, "I thought she did well that first day. But she improved 500 per cent on the next. The way she's learning is amazing. I've got great plans for her." (At the end of Nancy's second week in front of the Technicolor cameras, Stark announced that she would star in his next Hong Kong-based movie, *Kowloon*.)

The World of Suzie Wong was filmed in part at the Elstree studios just outside London. The actors were working in the replica of a smoky hotel bar containing curtained booths which surrounded a dance floor. Sailors in white were dancing with Chinese extras to a tune played on a jukebox. Facing each other across the top of a swinging door, Nancy Kwan and Bill Holden were acting in a close-up.

NANCY SHOWS JON a congratulatory note sent by her friends in Hong Kong.

Nancy said, "You want me to be your regular girl friend?"

Holden said, "I'm afraid I couldn't afford you."

"Too bad," Nancy replied, "because I very popular. Everybody say, 'Where is Suzie, for goodness' sake?' . . . You sure you not want me for permanent girl friend?"

Holden gave her a long, Holden-type look, and said, "I'll fight it for awhile."

Next day, I visited a projection room with Ray Stark to see the rushes of this scene. I was interested to see how the smoke effects would look in color, an acrid mist produced by a motor-driven fan on jets of atomized vegetable oil, and I wanted to look at Miss Kwan as an actress. She proved to be a pleasant surprise. Her face looked well on film, and, while not beautiful, it was pert and appealing. And she never muffed a line. Her speeches were sincere and amusing. Whatever previous Suzies had made of the role, it was clear that Nancy was putting her own stamp on the part.

Peephole Cameras

The rest of the afternoon's footage was from Hong Kong, and showed Holden making his way through a crowded street market. Here, so many onlookers had mobbed the area, the cameras had to be hidden in trucks with peepholes. None of this would have to be reshot, but the company would have to go back to Hong Kong anyway, to remake the scenes in which Miss Nuyen appeared, thus posing a problem for Stark: how to speed things up so that Holden could make a May 15 deadline, the date he was to start work on his next picture.

Miss Nuyen was not the only casualty. Stark was starting afresh with a second director.

Originally a press agent at Warner Brothers, Ray Stark is a sandy-haired, crewcut young man with big dreams. (In Hong Kong, the natives referred to him

"BEAUTY does not ensnare men," says Nancy of her piquant charms. "They ensnare themselves."

as "the man with the angry hair.") His next ventures were as partner of talent agent Mike Levee, then as vice-president of Famous Artists; he was a member of a producing firm called Seven Arts Productions, and, finally, he became a movie producer in his own right.

Stark bought the rights to *The World of Suzie Wong* from galley proofs before publication. Issued by World Publishers, the book sold eighty thousand copies in its hard-cover edition and close to one million copies as a paperback.

Richard Mason, *Suzie Wong*'s author, is a fair-haired man in his early forties who constantly smokes a pipe and who makes his home in Rome. He is currently at work finishing a new novel, *The Fever Tree*, which is set in Nepal, India, where he was stationed during the war. Two of Mason's previous novels have been made into motion pictures. He wrote one hundred thousand words of *Suzie* during a five-month stay in Hong Kong, then took the manuscript to England and rewrote it from scratch. The book has already earned enough money for Mason to live comfortably for the rest of his life.

If You Know Suzie . . .

Of the leading character, he said, "Suzie has no basis in fact. I just dreamed her up. I've heard stories that there *is* such a girl, that I refused to marry her, that she got tuberculosis, lost her teeth, smokes heroin, and is dying of leukemia. People are always asking me about Suzie's TB. I ran into four different girls in Hong Kong who claimed to be the real Suzie."

The stage play, by Paul Osborne, opened in both New York and London to mixed reviews, but audiences liked it and both companies had long, prosperous runs. The plot deals with the romance of a penniless American artist and a young Chinese prostitute who supports her baby by entertaining sailors. Its conflict pivots about Suzie, a heroine deemed immoral by Occidental standards, but Orientally "pure," and Robert, the artist, who cannot understand her philosophy. When John Patrick wrote the screenplay, he devoted considerable attention to Suzie's slum background in an effort to explain these standards; Ray Stark's feeling that the script was perfect spelled trouble, later, for France Nuyen and the picture's first director, Jean Negulesco (*Three Coins In a Fountain*, and *The Best of Everything*).

Miss Nuyen, was born France Nguyen Vannga twenty-one years ago, in Marseilles, to a French seamstress and a Chinese seaman. She starred in *Suzie* on the New York stage, and had appeared in two movies before that, *South Pacific* and *In Love and War*. Negulesco, a Rumanian, had directed twenty-two successful movies, most of them for 20th-Century Fox. In the first weeks of location in Hong Kong, Miss Nuyen's interpretation of the role took certain liberties with the Patrick script. Negulesco approved of the changes; Stark disagreed. What happened next has several versions, but they all begin with the throat virus Miss Nuyen contracted, which sent her to the hospital. A daily caller was Richard Mason, with whom, it was reported, she was renewing a romance which began in New York during rehearsals of the stage play. When her condition improved, she remained a hospital patient at night, but returned to limited working hours during the day.

Recurrence of Trouble

On January 22, she was discharged from the hospital, and attended a farewell party for cast and crew; they thought she had recovered. On the 23rd, the company left Hong Kong by plane, and on the 28th its members were back at work on interior sets in England. Two days later, Miss Nuyen had a recurrence of her throat trouble and went into a nursing home.

Stark proceeded to review screen tests of several dozen girls who were originally considered for the part, among them Nancy Kwan. Negulesco wanted to wait until Nuyen was well again and finish the picture with her. He was overruled by Stark, who kept him busy all the next week making tests of Nancy.

Then Stark discharged Nuyen. The news hit the States with the explanation, "She had a weight problem," meaning, more bluntly, that Miss Nuyen was too

(continued)

Was there a real Suzie? "I dreamed her up," says author Richard Mason. But the rumors persist that she was real.

fat. Stark issued a denial, mentioning Nuyen's illness as the sole reason. Amplified off-the-record by a studio executive, the explanation went, "The insurance factor ditched her. There was no guarantee when she would be able to work. Don't forget that she is a European and vulnerable to Far Eastern viruses, and the insurance people thought she might be out for six to eight weeks." Then Negulesco was dropped—with no press announcement—and Richard Quine (*Bell, Book and Candle* and *Strangers When We Meet*) was brought from Hollywood to replace him. Miss Nuyen returned to the States in a flurry of headlines linking her romantically to Marlon Brando. A friend reported: "The minute she was off the picture, her throat trouble cleared up.

"It was all psychosomatic," he continued. "France's illness was due, in large part, to her aversion to work. She found the movie job repellent, and she often told me she would rather be doing almost anything else. She has a great clothes sense, a very elegant talent for fashion, and she has always wanted to quit acting and design clothes. It's unfortunate, because Nuyen has a great romantic quality. Just the way she used those great almond eyes and that long black hair gave her a magnificent screen quality.

The Surprise

"She never could get along with Stark. On the other hand, Negulesco was steering the whole film toward France's sexy, dramatic appeal. He let her change lines if she felt like it, and the two of them were making all sorts of other changes. Stark wouldn't stand for it. He liked the script as it was. Before we left Hong Kong, he made a cryptic remark. He said, 'France has a big surprise coming when she gets back to London.' I think he had already decided to fire her.

"As for Negulesco, he undoubtedly got his full fee for the job. He's never been used to a producer who sat on his neck. Since he couldn't do things his way, he was probably delighted to get out from under. . . . Now that Kwan has the part, the film will be entirely different. And since Stark has got rid of Nuyen to retain his self-respect, he's committed himself to a whole new deal. France hated acting, but at least she could act."

What the new Suzie will turn into on the screen is anybody's guess. "This romance of a teen-ager and a forty-one-year-old man might become a Chinese version of *Lolita*," said a man on the set.

Superstitious Star

Nancy Ka Shen Kwan was born to W. H. Kwan, a prominent Hong Kong architect, and British model, Marquita Scott, in May, 1939. The Kwans were divorced, and Mrs. Kwan subsequently married an American, and now lives in New York City. Nancy grew up in an upper-class, white-walled villa full of rose trees, dahlias, and camellias on Hong Kong's Ho Man Tin Road. She emerged from childhood with a full load of superstitions (she won't walk under a ladder, which caused trouble when she had to pass under a spiral staircase on the Nam Kok set), and a handy supply of proverbs for all occasions ("A good drum does not require hard beating," and "Beauty does not ensnare men, they ensnare themselves"). She went to the Maryknoll Convent in Hong Kong, the Kings Moor School in Gloucester, England, and studied with the Royal Ballet in London. She thinks her snub nose comes from her father's side of the house, her dimensions (32-21-34, 5′2″ height) and her freckles from her mother's.

Raised in a well-to-do family, Nancy lacks the burning drive and ambition characteristic of most young actresses. Her face was described by Ray Stark as "international," meaning that it is not readily identified as belonging to any particular nationality. What sort of screen personality she may turn into will depend on what happens to her in *Suzie*, and her future pictures. At dinner one night in London's Guinea Restaurant, she was self-possessed and polite, but her attention seemed to be centered on eating as much as possible of the menu without attracting the notice of Stark, at an adjoining table. She ate a steak and a small salad, finishing with fruit and coffee. I had a feeling that she was still hungry.

Next day, the set was full of the same chemical fog. Nancy was doing a jitterbug

NEW SUZIE jitterbugs with sailor in smoky Hong Kong bar. Miss Kwan's mother was British, father Chinese. Unlike France Nuyen, Nancy speaks Chinese fluently.

with a sailor, her skirt slit to the hip, and her long mane revolving in rhythm, like a pinwheel. Bill Holden was lounging near a pencil sketch of Suzie which was propped up on the bar. Between takes, I asked him how he liked impersonating an artist. "Are you mad?" he asked. "I can't even draw a wiggly line." About the smoke, he said he could take it. "But some days it's so thick I have to use a white cane to get across the set."

Later, in his dressing room, he remarked, "I didn't have much to do today. I could have telephoned it in. I thought you might like to see the blueprints for a seven-room penthouse I'm building in Hong Kong. Ardis and I will be spending three months a year there, and we're looking forward to a place of our own." He unrolled a sheaf of plans showing an ultramodern ten-story apartment house. "Here we are on the roof. The walls will be mostly glass, and the view from The Peak across the harbor of Kowloon will be sensational. Hong Kong's a great place to live, you know," he went on. "Amahs get twelve dollars a month, houseboys five dollars, which gives you a rough idea. To get around, we drive a Volkswagen and a Vespa. I own an interest in a Hong Kong radio station. In Tokyo, I have an electronics business, and I've acquired the Hanyuki Club, which used to be a hotel, in Nairobi, near Mt. Kenya. Since I've been working in pictures abroad, my wife, Ardis, and I found a new base in Switzerland. We brought over the furnishings from our Hollywood house to a villa on two acres of land at St. Prex, on the Geneva lakefront, near Lausanne. Our boys, thirteen and sixteen, go to Monivert, a school nearby, and rub elbows with Germans, Argentineans, Spaniards, and so on; they're learning languages the easy way. As for me, The Instant Traveler, I've sorted my clothes into three divisions and packed them into suitcases, so if I have to dash off for Hong Kong, London, or America, I just grab the proper bag and run."

One Hat

Businessman Holden, who had his own producing company, is now unwilling to wear two hats as employer and employee. "Spending half the night in casting conferences and then getting up at 5:00 A.M. is for the birds," he said. Unlike other major stars, he does not run off films for entertainment at home. "When I'm not working, I like to forget all about the industry. Right now, my wife takes fright when she sees one of her old films on TV—she's afraid her friends may see them. No, she doesn't plan to make a screen comeback; she's got a big enough job looking after the children and me. I'm the one who goes out to pick the cotton." (Mrs. Holden, born Ardis Ankerson, was Brenda Marshall of the movies.)

Suzie is Holden's third film since finishing *Kwai*. He has made *The Key* and *Horse Soldiers* in between. He was born William Franklin Beedle, forty-two years ago, in O'Fallon, Illinois, but grew up in California. His first film, *Golden Boy*, made him an overnight sensation. Since then, he has made forty-three films, mostly at Paramount, where he has been under contract for twenty-one years. In 1953, he got an Oscar for *Stalag 17*.

Playing Ben in the *The World of Suzie Wong* is actor Michael Wilding, well-known British movie star. In the script, Ben befriends Suzie, and she becomes his "permanent girl friend," when the artist is unable to afford her.

Cast as Kay, Suzie's English rival, actress Sylvia Syms visited the set before starting her scenes. Miss Syms is comparatively unknown to American audiences, a situation that seems likely to be remedied very quickly. Two of her recent English pictures have been smash hits in London, *Conspiracy of Hearts*, in which she played a nun, and *Expresso Bongo*, a musical, both of which have been imported into the States. A serene blonde, Miss Syms looks like a cross between Maria Schell and Grace Kelly, and the *Suzie* script will be severely strained to justify her being brushed-off by the hero.

The "No Comment" Girl

One minor member of the cast was distinguished by symptoms of withdrawal whenever the press came around. This was a sweet-faced, dark-eyed Chinese girl named Jacqueline Chan who was playing the comedy role of Gwennie Lee in the picture by day, and acting in the London stage version of the play at night. Her reticence stemmed from the fact that her boy friend of the past few years had just become engaged to the Royal Family's Princess Margaret. Ninety-pound Miss Chan wished the couple well, but remained noncommittal on any further press questions. She was, however, well aware that her career had been in no way damaged by what happened to Tony, and Ray Stark promptly announced that Miss Chan would appear in the cast of *Kowloon*.

One last prediction of Nancy Kwan's fortune teller is still up in the air. When she asked him about a possible future husband, he said, "You will be married when you are twenty-two." One day in the studio commissary, she was having lunch with a young British reporter, who was about 5'11" tall, with blue eyes and a short blond crew haircut. She told him about the prediction.

"And what sort of man," the reporter inquired, "would be apt to interest you?"

Nancy looked at him appraisingly.

"Oh, he'd be about 5'11"," she said, "with blue eyes and short crew haircut. . . . In fact, would *you* like to marry me, for goodness' sake?" THE END

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Pied Piper's Daughter

Dick Hanley

MARY RODGERS and two of her three children, Richard and Linda, play at the piano just as Mary's father, Richard Rodgers, played with her in her youth.

"It seems natural that the daughter of Richard Rodgers should want to write songs, but the fact that she has a fine and genuine talent and is one of the brightest and most professional song writers in the business today, and at so early an age, is extraordinary," said Mary Martin after a recent performance of the Rodgers and Hammerstein show, *Sound of Music.*

She was speaking about Mary Rodgers, an attractive, dark-eyed brunette, who, at twenty-eight, follows in her famous father's footsteps.

Although Mary has enjoyed an early success, it has not been due to path-smoothing by her father—she has achieved a reputation as a good song writer strictly on her own. "While Daddy saw to it that my sister (Linda Rodgers Melnick, who is four years younger than Mary) and I had a sound grounding in music when we were children, he has never interfered with our composing or taken a part in our song writing as so many people like to believe," Mary says. "Naturally, Linda and I were influenced by him and his work," she continues. "Since Daddy did his composing at home, we were raised, so to speak, to the sound of music.

"My musical education began when I was about five," Miss Rodgers told me one day. "Daddy taught me his funny versions of Chopsticks, and we played simple duets together. He also taught me, and later Linda, the fundamentals of music, making the art of melody attractive, important, and a thing of magic.

"I wrote my first song, *Christmas Is Coming,* when I was twenty," Mary explained. "I had worked out the tunes in my head for several other children's songs, and finally decided to put them down on paper. Whenever I wrote songs before that, I would invariably tear them up. I have such an admiration for Daddy that I would try to anticipate his reactions. The songs weren't good, but this time I made myself play them for him. He liked them and, for the first and only time in my short career as a composer, he made a contribution—he thought they would make a good children's album and he gave me a title: *Some of My Best Friends Are Children.*"

Coast-to-Coast Creations

Mary next wrote the music while Sammy Cahn (whose song *High Hopes* won an Academy Award last April) contributed the lyrics for a Bill Baird recording of *Ali Baba.*

"Sammy Cahn lives on the West Coast and I have never met him. We collaborated on the score for that show by mail," recalled Mary. "He pinned a note on the first lyric he sent me to New York City, reading: 'If you can't cope with this, change it.'"

Miss Rodgers and Mr. Cahn coped with one another so successfully through their own original form of mail-order music that Bing Crosby, when he heard their songs for *Ali Baba,* asked to narrate the record.

When asked the inevitable question, "Which comes first, the chicken of the lyric or the egg of music?" Miss Rodgers replied: "There is really no set rule, but I believe that it is better to start with the lyric. In that way the lyricist is not restricted and has more freedom for invention. Then, too, when the title and the words are written down, it is easier to compose the most important part of any song—the front strain."

Intuitively sensing my musical ignorance, Miss Rodgers graciously explained, "The front strain is usually the first eight bars of music and the part of a song most people remember."

Mary was divorced from Jerome Beaty, Jr., an attorney, two years ago; she now lives in a large apartment on Manhattan's East Side with her three children: Richard, seven and one-half; Linda, six; and Constance, four; a nurse, and a cook. She does her work on a Steinway baby grand piano, a wedding present from her parents, which is placed in the dining room.

"When I'm writing music, nothing ever seems to disturb me. The telephone can ring and I don't hear it, the buzzer buzzes and I'm oblivious, and, if a parade marches by down on the street, I don't notice it. There is only one thing that does trouble me and that's when I hear the children cry. Even though I know the nurse is with them, the mother in me overcomes the music maker and I have to rush back to see what has happened."

Richard prefers painting and attends a weekly art class at the Museum of Modern Art, but her two little girls share their mother's love of melody, and she plays musical games with them just as her father did with her. "My piano tuner comes once a month," said Mary, "and his job is half tuning and half cleaning as he vacuums lollipops, jacks, and paper dolls out of the Steinway.

"Since I became a song writer," said Mary, "I've managed to keep pretty busy. But it seemed that everywhere I went people would say, 'Why don't you go home and write a musical?' So, eighteen months ago, I went home and did just that."

The musical, written with Marshall Barer, was based on the fairy tale, *The*

Princess and the Pea. Mary saw her first professional production performed at a summer camp just as Richard Rodgers had seen his first show some thirty years before. Expanded with new songs, the merry and mischievous tale of a whacky princess in search of a mate was successfully presented in New York under the title, *Once Upon a Mattress.*

Mary is now composing songs for a new musical comedy, *Carte Blanche,* a satire on the credit-card craze; the show is due on Broadway next January. And whenever she steps away from the piano for a cup of coffee and a cigarette, her two little girls climb upon the stool and start to play—which would seem to indicate that, with the musical Rodgers family, there might be a case of like father, like daughter . . . like grandchildren.

—RICHARD HARRITY

MOVIES

More British High Jinks

Not since Alec Guinness merrily master-minded *The Lavender Hill Mob* and Jacques Tati hexed *Mr. Hulot's Holiday* has there been a foreign film more filled with fun than *I'm All Right, Jack,* the new Boulting production from Britain.

Running satiric barbs at both big business and big labor unions, this motion picture gleefully describes the predicament of Stanley Windrush (Ian Carmichael), an industrious but imbecilic young Englishman, who gets mixed-up in a shady munitions deal, then causes crippling strikes in two huge plants because he works too hard. That is the bare funnybone of the plot.

Produced by Roy Boulton and directed with firm tongue in cheek by his brother, John, this is a film that should be around for a long laugh time. —R. H.

RECORDS

Revival of a Jazz Great

Ferdinand Morton, better known as Jelly Roll, used to proclaim himself the inventor of jazz, and when one listens to his records and compares them with the pallid substitutes that so predominate the music today, it is almost possible to be persuaded that he was right. He was one of the earliest, and easily the most prominent, of the New Orleans red-light-district piano players, and although his music was eclectic, having been assembled from more elements than even he could remember (although he claimed to remember everything), he had a profound influence on the men who took the new sounds up the river. A London critic once wrote of him, "Just as I would recommend one specific record by Jelly Roll Morton as being representative of jazz, to the newcomer, so I would recommend Jelly Roll's work in its entirety to those who already have been captivated by jazz. There is no more enlightening collection of records to be found under the name of one man."

The British often seem to be more serious about our native American music than we are. Fortunately, however, some of our fans are equally so. One is Alan Lomax, who took Jelly Roll into the Library of Congress in May, 1939, sat him down at a piano, and let him talk, sing, and play the story of his life. Out of the vast store of recorded material, Circle Records later issued twelve albums. They since have been reissued by Riverside. This company has now gone a step further and has begun putting out a series of selections from the big set, with the narration eliminated. Two of these, *Mr. Jelly Lord* and *Jelly Roll Morton Plays And Sings* ($4.98 each), have already been put out, and more are being planned. Jelly Roll died in Los Angeles in the spring of 1941, and we can all feel lucky that Lomax had the good taste to preserve him before it was too late.

—MEGHAN RICHARDS

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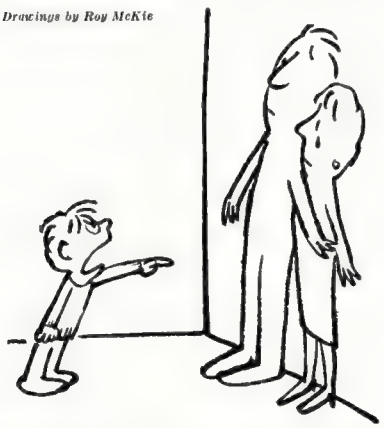
Sex and the "Baby Boom," Anarchy in the Home, and O.K. for the "Coffee Break"

LOOKING INTO PEOPLE • BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

Sex and the "baby boom." What accounts for the continuing high birth rates in the United States, reversing the trend of a generation ago when some experts were direly predicting that the nation was headed toward "race suicide"? Sociologist John W. Dykstra (Jersey City State College), thinks that sufficient credit has not been given to just plain *sex*—and the preoccupation with it by the younger generation. What he names "the ubiquity of sexual stimuli in American life"—sexy music, dances, movies, TV shows, ads, stories, and female attire—act as the throbbing chants, the pulsing rhythms of tom-toms, and the undulating gyrations at the "fertility" rites of primitive peoples. Thus, Dr. Dykstra concludes, "the sexual saturation of American culture has been a significant factor leading young people to marry earlier and have more children than did most of their parents."

Anarchy in the home. That a measure of "chaos" has been injected in American family life, because child-

Drawings by Roy McKie



rearing theories have confused parents as to their proper roles, is suggested by psychiatrist N. S. Lehrman (Albert Einstein College of Medicine). Fears of "irreparable psychological damage to children if they are brought up too strictly" has led to the opposite extreme —for example, permitting loud yelling or unruliness on the assumption that this "expresses basic psychological needs." "Undemocratic" homes, Dr. Lehrman says, may range from the "dictatorial" set-up, with Pa the Master, Ma the Slave, and the kids kept out of sight, to the "anarchic" family, with the parental roles blurred (nobody's boss, and the children are dominant), or reversed, with Ma the Master, Pa the Slave. By contrast, in the "democratic," healthy family, the roles of parents and children are clearly defined: Father the "president," mother the "manager," and the children kept in line—the right to dissent not confused with the responsibilities for making decisions, which should rest with the parents and be passed on to children *only* as they prove themselves able to assume them. Adherence to this concept of the democratic family will make it easier for both children and parents to understand, cherish, and expand the American democratic way of life as a whole, says Dr. Lehrman.

O.K. for the "coffee break." The boss may fume at the time taken by the office staff for a sip and a snack, but public health expert Jean Spencer Felton (University of California) is all for it. The greatest benefit, she believes, is that it helps employees to "grow" through frequent and relaxed relationships with fellow workers. They can exchange experiences, loosen tensions, develop skills in meeting people, build up self-confidence and self-importance, and acquire new interests. Furthermore, says Dr. Felton, "as a forum for exchanging beefs and gripes, the coffee-break setting serves as a steam-head reducer in keeping pressures at a desirable level." Also claimed is that the coffee break aids health, decreases absenteeism, reduces accidents, increases production, and lowers labor turnover, but this awaits further proof.

("Have another cup, Joe. Two lumps? And how's about a Danish pastry?")

"Sticky-fingered" males. Kleptomania—stealing without any real need—has long been associated mainly with disturbed women (usually in middle life). But Italian psychiatrist G. B. Giordano finds this mania also occurring in young men and boys, with whom the uncontrollable impulse to steal takes on a gamelike character. The tendency is to steal only one type of object: for instance, a teen-age youth stole only wrist watches, and then either destroyed or discarded them. The cause of kleptomania in either sex remains obscure, although it is known to be linked with emotional immaturity and with the desire to seek satisfaction (sometimes unconsciously sexual) through solitary thrills. Persons so affected (more numerous than is generally supposed) may otherwise be completely rational and intelligent, and may be found among the wealthy as well as the poor. Psychiatric treatment often helps to overcome the stealing urge.

For whom will grads work? With leading companies combing campuses for recruits, what sways college men in their choice of jobs? Public relations man Philip Lesly (New York) showed seniors at four universities (Akron, Wisconsin, Northwestern, Tulsa) a list of national concerns and asked which they'd most like to work for, and why. The answers revealed that, just as with individuals, companies have "personalities" in the eyes of the public, and that college men incline toward some firms because they regard them as warm, friendly, sympathetic, and dependable, while others are considered cold, distant, and unattractive. Size and earnings may count, but two of the corporations ranked lowest were among the biggest on the list (though lacking public good will), and some small companies were ranked very high. In another study, psychologist Robert E. Campbell (Ohio State University) found how college men rated the "prestige" attached to different industries. Of fifty-two types of employment listed, the most prestige was linked with medical services (first), then colleges, research laboratories, atomic energy plants, and banking. Rated lowest in prestige were meat-packing, labor organizations, laundries and dry-cleaning, local bus transportation, and mining.

Breast-shape obsession. When a woman seeks a beautifying operation on her breasts, the plastic surgeon should make sure she really needs it, and isn't being motivated chiefly by some neurotic urge. In so advising, Canadian psychiatrists Karl Stern, Denis Doyon, and Roger Racine (Montreal) cite these cases: A twenty-year-old blonde who so feared her breasts were "repellent" (which they were not) that the very idea of ever exposing them made her avoid men and reject marriage; a twenty-seven-year-old brilliant woman scientist, who had maneuvered several plastic surgeons into performing successive operations on her breasts, and then felt she was "deformed forever" because of the scars; and a sixty-year-old widow of an American diplomat, who underwent a breast-lifting operation with the thought that this would win back an elderly lover. All of these women required psychiatric treatment and made clear—as did many similar cases—that the morbid preoccupation with breast-shape may cover up a personality disorder arising from such situations as an unhappy or abnormal childhood, bitter rivalry with a prettier sister, hidden homosexual tendencies, extreme self-love, etc. Psychiatric consultation beforehand may often lead to canceling the desire for a breast-changing operation, or, if it is deemed advisable to have the operation performed, psychiatric assistance may help the woman toward a happier emotional and psychological adjustment. THE END

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João Martins

LATIN FONDNESS for romantic antics inspires these Coimbra University students to serenade visitors from the rooftops of Olhao, ancient Moorish village located in the South of Portugal. Students, in traditional black capes, were on concert tour.

Our Cosmopolitan Traveler Reports:

The Land of Valiant Men

Portugal has a past rich in heroic explorers and a present even richer in succulent food, golden wine, and beautiful people who say, "Everything here is yours."

BY RICHARD HARRITY

Portugal (June, 1960). This is a country where people have faith as constant as the sea and sun around them; where the lowliest fishwife, large basket lightly balanced on her head, moves with the grace of a queen; and where even the poorest of peasants behaves with the politeness of a prince. It is the country where Henry the Navigator founded the first school of navigation, inspiring some of the most daring captains, including Christopher Columbus, to sail the uncharted seas. This spring and fall Portugal will be celebrating, through a nationwide series of fetes, the 500th anniversary of Prince Henry, master seaman of the Middle Ages.

Portugal is also a country on the verge of another age of discovery—this time by tourists—who are finding it one of the friendliest, loveliest, and least-expensive countries in Europe. This voyage of delightful discoveries, I found, only takes eleven hours by air if you leave from New York City and fly to Lisbon via Swissair, Iberia, Pan Am, and TWA, and the latter two now have scheduled jet flights that link America to Portugal in just a little over six hours.

Tower of Belem

Every famed city has its favorite mark —a ruin, a church, a tower, a clock, or a building that bids challenge to the clouds. Lisbon, too, has its special landmark, a monument to valiant men who, centuries ago, ventured into the unknown and helped to discover the world we now know. The Tower of Belem is one on the Tagus River near the center of the City. From it Vasco da Gama set sail to find a new passage to India; Magellan began the around-the-world voyage which led him to the discovery of the South Pacific; Cabral weighed anchor on his way to discover Brazil; Mendes Pinto journeyed forth to help build the first Jesuit establishment in Japan; and Diaz sailed to become the first to find the Cape of Good Hope.

Like Rome before it, Lisbon was built around seven hills with the Tagus River taking the place of Rome's Tiber. My first view of the Tower of Belem and the city below was from the Hill of St. George, crowned by an old Moorish citadel, a place where people go for a Sunday stroll or an evening's promenade. From that vantage point on a sunny day which, in Portugal, means almost every day, Lisbon looks like a rainbow seen spread out along the ground. Most houses have orange-tiled roofs that shimmer in bright sunlight atop buildings of brilliant white. Here and there, the façade of a home is completely covered with multi-

(continued)

colored glazed tiles. Everywhere the eye glances there are green balconies festooned with flowers: geraniums, poppies, and buttercups. The broad, tree-banked *Avenida da Liberdad*, lined on either side with brown and white mosaic sidewalks, stretches out in the distance to end at a carpet of brightest green called the Edward VII Park in honor of Queen Victoria's son and heir to the English throne. The Tagus River seems to hold Lisbon together, tracing a silvery gray loop around the city before flowing into the Atlantic.

Aside from the Tower of Belem, which contains the tombs of Vasco da Gama and Luis de Camoens, Portugal's most famous poet, there are a few other sights which should be included on a "must see" list. One of them is the nearby Jeronimos Monastery, built in the over-ornate Manueline style; another is the Coaches Museum in which is displayed one of the great collections of royal coaches; a third is the Museum of Ancient Art. There are streets that look like the Casbah in Algiers, so narrow that in some places, there is hardly room for two persons, let alone a car. For elegant contrast, there are broad boulevards flanked by palaces and great private mansions; *Rua do Ouro* (Gold Street) lined with shops for ladies, its windows filled with delicate filigree, ceramics, handwoven materials; the avenue where there are two huge elevators or sky shuttles, built by Eiffel of tower fame fifty years ago to transport foot-weary Lisboans to another street some one hundred fifty feet straight up. In the Edward VII Park, there is one of the most unique greenhouses in the world, with green wooden slats taking the place of glass. It is filled with tropical plants and flowers, and dotted with goldfish ponds and swan-graced pools.

Twenty-five minutes by car from Lisbon is that holiday heaven for the common man and the Elysium of kings in exile, Estoril, a seaside resort clustered around a wide, golden crescent of a beach. I have never been to a place where the sun is so bright or the sea so blue. There are two luxury hotels with surprisingly low rates on the ocean front, the Estoril Palace and the Atlantico, where the average tourist can at least live like a king, and a roulette ball's throw away is one of Europe's best gambling casinos.

Royalty Haven

In and near Estoril and its twin town, Cascais, are the estates of one ex-king, two pretenders to European thrones, and a score of titled foreign personages. Former King Umberto of Italy, a slim, intellectual-looking man, can be seen almost any day hiking along the beach or playing on the golf course. Don Juan Carlos of Bourbon, a darkly handsome and rugged man, pretender to the Spanish throne, is an active participant in the sports life of the regal but popular resort, sailing his yacht along the rugged Portuguese coast, playing tennis at the local club, and swimming in the bright, blue surf. And the Count of Paris, a neat, compact man who is a descendent of Louis Philippe, and who aspires to wear the crown of France, has a farm a few miles inland where he produces butter and milk which he supplies to Estoril hotels.

A few minutes farther on is Cascais, and what a charming town it is. Built on a cliff above the sea, it overlooks Estoril and the city of Lisbon, twenty miles away. There are no hotels in Cascais, but the little town boasts two cafés that rank with the best in Portugal, or anywhere else for that matter, when it comes to sea food: *Fim do Mundo* (The End of the World), and *Casa da Laura*.

Gourmet's Heaven

I went to *Casa da Laura* one evening before sunset with Rüy Leitao and Emilio Mateus, two Portuguese friends. Dinner was an esthetic and epicurean experience. We had a glass of Madeira, that golden wine from a magic isle; then there arrived the largest and tastiest shrimps I've ever eaten, followed by *caldo verde*, a cold soup made from finely-chopped mashed potatoes and greens; and a dish called *porco a alente*, and, Lord have mercy on my gout, what a dish—tiny pieces of diced pork cooked in a cauldron with schools of baby clams still in their shells and a rich sauce I couldn't even begin to describe. A dish to remember, especially when accompanied by a bottle of dry, white Douro wine. For dessert we had a sweet rice concoction called *Anos Arroz*, followed by *serpa*, a cheese, a *carioca*, a small cup of half-strong black coffee (the other half hot water), and some thirty-year-old red port.

For gourmets, here are the recipes for those two succulent dishes:

Caldo Verde (Green Soup)

- 2½ quarts of water
- 4 tablespoons olive oil
- 4 medium-sized potatoes, peeled and diced
- 2 teaspoons of salt
- ½ teaspoon of pepper
- 2 pounds of kale

What to do:

Combine water, olive oil, and potatoes in a sauce pan. Cook over medium heat for thirty minutes. Force potatoes through a sieve or mash as fine as possible. Return them to liquid in sauce pan. Add salt and pepper and cook over low heat for one hour. Wash the kale and remove the tough fibers. Shred finely and drain well. Add to the potato mixture and cook over medium heat for fifteen minutes, occasionally stirring. This soup is a culinary delight served hot or cold. The ingredient quantities are enough for four servings.

Porco a Alente (Pork with Baby Clams)

- 1 lb. of pork
- 1 lb. of baby clams
- 2 large onions
- 2 large tomatoes
- 1 bay leaf
- Salt and pepper
- Lard

What to do:

Cut the pork, which should be very tender, into small pieces, and toss them in lard until they are nearly cooked. Meanwhile, heat a tablespoon of olive oil in a stew pan; then add the chopped onions, peeled chopped tomatoes, and the bay leaf. Add a little salt and pepper and paprika. When these are well browned, add the baby clams in their shells, which have previously been well washed and parboiled in boiling water. Add the pieces of fried pork and cook the combined ingredients on a low flame for ten minutes. Serves four.

I drove back to the city along the palm-fringed Estrada Marginal that skirts the sea, and had another *carioca* at a sidewalk café on Rossio Square, the hub around which the life of Lisbon revolves. A chair at a sidewalk café on Rossio Square on a Sunday evening after a bull fight is a good way to get to know Lisboans. Their wants are simple even at holiday time—an ice cream, a cup of coffee with friends at a café, a glass of Imperial beer, or half a bottle of port. On Sundays or an occasional Thursday in the spring and summer, they splurge on a bull fight where the matador performs on horseback and never kills the bull; or they go to the sunny beaches that are sprinkled along the coastline. During the fall and winter there is an opera season, with performances held in a great theatre dripping with gilt, and, throughout the year, there is what could be termed the national sport of Portugal: the cinema. Watching the Lisboans from a front row seat on Rossio Square as they passed, I felt they were a contented people, completely satisfied with their way of life and their sparkling place in the sun.

The Melancholy *Fado*

When eleven struck, the people, moved by common instinct, deserted the Square, and hurried homeward as though they had an urgent date with the dawn. Eleven o'clock was also the signal for the cafés to take in their sidewalk tables, pull down the shutters, and turn out the lights; Rossio Square was suddenly quiet and all of Lisbon seemed lost in slumber except the *Bairro Alto*, the oldest part of the city, where in dark, narrow streets the *fado* cafés were just coming to life. *Fado* is the ancient name for a type of song; no one knows the origin or exact meaning of the word. Listening to a lovely-looking singer, Maria Jose da Guia, one night in a small café called *A Severa* on

the *Rua das Gáveas*, I felt that *fado* was the saddest of all sad songs. What are fado songs about? About great loves of long ago, yesterday and today; about sweetly sad might-have-beens of heart and history; about Christ crucified on a cross; about the proud time in Portugal's dim past when she ruled new worlds.

Portuguese Cowboys

Leaving Lisbon at dawn and driving north toward Oporto, I made an interesting discovery: every fifteen miles the scenery changed. From gentle rolling fields to wild barren land, then from rugged mountains to the coastal plain and the sea-carved cliffs of the Atlantic. The people seemed to change as well, at least in the way they looked and dressed. I stopped and watched Portuguese cowboys mounted on sheepskin saddles, and wearing large green berets, like Moors, as they herded their cattle; farmers looking as farmers always look, solid, with hope etched in their eyes and one ear always cocked for the distant sound of thunder that brings rain and a good harvest—except the cork farmers who must wait twenty-five years for a crop yield and one violent turn of the weather can ruin a lifetime of labor; women working the fields, wearing seven skirts, each of a different color; women in black walking in line along the road, their heads crowned with baskets of flowers, oranges, bananas, green vegetables, and, frequently, heavy loads of wood; fishermen wearing plaid shirts and pantaloons, and their women dressed like widows, in the little fishing village of Nazare.

For nearly a thousand years, Nazare, named after that town by the Sea of Galilee, has been a village of fishermen. The men of Nazare, wearing brightly colored costumes, go out to sea every day (except when the Atlantic is too angry) in diminutive, gaily-painted open boats, modeled after those in which the Phoenicians sailed to the coasts of Portugal in 1100 B.C. These fishermen are deeply religious and often their faith is put to a terrible test, when the North wind whips the Atlantic and the little boats do not return at dusk or midnight or even at dawn next day. If only one or two boats return and the others don't, the returning two turn about and go out to search for the others until all are accounted for.

I watched the women of Nazare, dressed completely in black with black shawls covering their heads as though prepared to be widowed by the waves, as they patiently and motionlessly sat on the beach one afternoon, their eyes searching the broad sea before them. Then, just before sunset, one little boat came over the horizon. It was a speck on the sea, yet four women arose from the sand and walked slowly toward the water. As more boats appeared, looking exactly the same to me, other groups of women sauntered down to the sea, each knowing which tiny speck was bringing back her man.

When the boats were beached, the women, their faces relaxed, helped unload the day's catch. There was one woman, in particular, named Maria Amalia Mateis, whose face wore a look of sorrow, sad as the sound of a *fado* song. When she had filled a large basket with fish, I walked along beside her as she calmly balanced it on her head. She was fifty-four and her family have been fishermen for as long as she could remember. When we reached the little whitewashed house where she lived, she beckoned me inside. There were three small rooms, all spotless. Maria Amalia's eighty-four-year-old mother was seated near the window while her daughter, Germina, seventeen, was preparing fish soup on the stove. In a room beyond, I could see a bed, a chair, and a bureau on which there was a picture of a young man and, beneath it, in a small glass bowl, a burning candle.

Tradition of Tragedy

Maria offered me a cup of coffee and said: "Everything that is in my house is yours."

Every morning before dawn, she, her husband, and their daughter climb the hill to the nearby village of Sitio, on a cliff overlooking Nazare, and go to the church of Our Lady of Nazare, the patron saint of fishermen. The picture in the other room, a candle burning bright beneath it night and day, was of her son,

(continued)

FOR A THOUSAND YEARS men have sailed daily from this tiny fishing village of Nazare, north of Lisbon, to risk their lives on the Atlantic, while their women prayed for their safe return. Here, two visitors look down upon the ancient village.

Antonio, twenty, who was lost at sea. Maria Amalia's father also died at sea when she was a little girl, as did his father before him. Like other women of Nazare, her life exemplifies the full and terrible meaning of "the cruel sea."

Still traveling by car, I journeyed north to Coimbra, home of one of Europe's oldest universities named after this ancient city. A pleasing prospect in this medieval place is a delightful park for children and grownups who are still young in heart, *Portugal dos Pequenitos*—Portugal for the Little Ones. In it is traced, through a series of miniature buildings set down in a cool, green garden surrounded by tall privet hedges with the outlines of native birds and beasts pruned in their sides, the story of present-day Portugal and her possessions. The small buildings with doors just wide and high enough to admit a child have been faithfully copied from houses in Terceira in the Azores, Macao, Timor, near Australia, Goa, Mozambique, Angola, San Tome Island near Brazil, Cabo Verde, and Madeira, as well as from homes, churches, and public buildings in Portugal. Each is furnished with authentic reproductions of chairs, tables, and adornments, all built to scale.

White Christmas in Coimbra

But I did not come to Coimbra just to see the children's village, the old university, or the famous library. I came primarily because of a story my friends Monty and Evelyn Heyward told me back in New York City. In Coimbra one evening, they met a group of black-caped students, and went with them to a café where the young men produced guitars and, between rounds of wine, sang Portuguese songs. When Monty Heyward called for the check, one of the students said: "You are in our country and you are our guests." Then each student chipped in to pay his share of the check. Overcome by their generosity and, perhaps, the good, red wine of Coimbra, Monty Heyward arose and said: "We thank you and the only thing I can do in return is to give you my wife, who will sing for you." The students cheered and Evelyn, who has a sweet voice, accepted the challenge, and sang *I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas.*

The Heywards gave me the names of several of the students and I found two who were still at the University. We went to a place called the Beer House where beer is brewed on the premises. We talked about the Heywards and, soon, other students joined us. Guitars appeared and again the students sang Portuguese songs. On leaving, I sought out the proprietor and asked for the bill. He shook his head and, as I turned and looked at the students, they also shook their heads. Like Heyward before me, I was overcome by their generosity and, perhaps, several buckets of beer, and I thanked them. I couldn't sing for them, but I did remember a tiny Mohawk Midgetape recorder I always carry when traveling. I went out to the car and got it. Returning to the Beer House, I offered to make a record of their songs and send them a copy. They thanked me; then one of them said: "We are happy that you will make a record of our song, but please do not send it to us—send it to Mr. and Mrs. Heyward." He stood up and sang, in excellent English, an American song, *I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas.*

Since song is frequently and pleasantly accompanied by wine, I tooled over to Oporto, an hour away by car, to taste, at the source, Portugal's esteemed port wine.

Port Connoisseur

There are three kinds of port wine made from grapes grown in the Douro River Valley in Northern Portugal—red, white, and tawny. By skilfully mixing red and white port you get tawny, and, by recklessly combining all three, you get tipsy.

I took a Port Connoisseur Course lasting an hour in the blending laboratories of Senhor C. da Silva, producer of the famed *Fine Douro Port.* The Senhor poured some white port from two different bottles into a beaker. He sipped the mixture, rolled it around his tongue, nodded his head appreciatively, spat it out into the basin, then handed the beaker to me. Being a stranger in a foreign land and a guest as well, it struck me as rude to spit out so I drank it down. Next Senhor da Silva tossed two red ports into the beaker, sipped, rolled, spat it out, and again gave me the beaker. Naturally, I had to finish it off. Senhor da Silva then mixed a noggin of red port with a noggin of white and produced the prettiest-looking tawny port you've ever seen. By that time, Senhor da Silva and I were working like a well-drilled team, and there didn't seem to be anything in the port line we didn't tackle. As we neared the end of our noble experiments, it began to rain, the drops pelting down hard on the roof above us and Senhor da Silva asked: "What would you like now?"

"Oh, any old port in a storm," I said, and both the beaker and the building seemed to shake just a little.

On May 13 and again on October 13 in 1917, three peasant children reported that they had seen a vision of Mary, the Mother of Jesus, on a bleak hilltop called Fatima in Central Portugal. Since then, millions have made pilgrimages to the holy shrine. Driving down from Oporto last May, I passed many Portuguese pilgrims along the way, some of whom had been trudging for days from distances as far away as three hundred miles so as to be at Fatima on May 13. I stopped several times and I asked why they were going to Fatima. One man said because his wife had not suffered before she died of a cruel disease and he wanted to give thanks; another because his young son was well again. I talked to about fifteen pilgrims and not one was going to Fatima to seek a favor, but simply to show his gratitude for some good fortune.

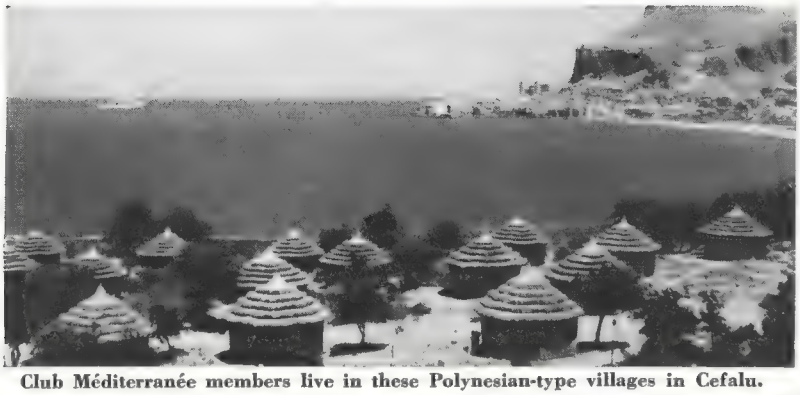
Darkness had descended when I reached Fatima on the evening of May 12, but the hillsides were atwinkle with lights cast by over half a million candles. At midnight, the church bells tolled and 500,000 voices began to chant in unison; it was a dramatic demonstration of faith.

A one-day bus tour from Lisbon to Fatima, sixty miles from the capital, including lunch, tea, entrance fees, and a guide, can be arranged for only eight dollars. Hotel prices are controlled by the government and a room and bath with three meals in first-class hotels ranges in price from $4.55 a day for one person to $13.85. If you want to splurge and live like a sultan, you can rent a suite at the *Aviz* in Lisbon, perhaps the most luxurious hotel in the world, for $27.65 a day. The government also maintains eleven attractively-appointed *pousadas*, or guest houses, scattered around the country where room and bath with three good meals costs $3.50 a day per person. The roads throughout Portugal are excellent. The Portuguese drive on the right-hand side as we do, and cars can be rented from three international drive-yourself agencies, ranging in price from $2.80 a day (plus three cents a mile per kilometer) for a two-seat Vespa, to $6.30 a day (and ten cents per kilometer) for a seven-passenger Plymouth. Train service is both good and moderately priced—the four-hour trip from Lisbon to Oporto costs $4.80—and the buses are first-rate.

Say Thanks with Flowers

Attending the opera in Lisbon, men should wear black ties. Custom rules that ladies must cover their heads and shoulders when entering a church or a cathedral, and both men and women visitors should remember that silence is particularly golden while a *fadista* is singing, since the Portuguese hang onto each and every word of these sad, romantic songs. The tap water in large cities is good, but for a short visit it is wise to drink bottled spring water. If you dine in a Portuguese home, you'll be following a charming custom of the country if you say your thanks to the hostess the next day with flowers, which are plentiful, beautiful, and very cheap. Three words that pay very big dividends in Portugal are—*faz favor*, meaning please, and *obrigado* or *obrigada* (in the feminine) thanks.

Colorful as a painter's palette, rich in history and heritage, Portugal is a country where faith and friendliness are as much a part of the people as the sea and sun around them. THE END



Club Méditerranée members live in these Polynesian-type villages in Cefalu.

On Top of Travel

A series of helpful travel ideas Cosmopolitan offers each month. For more details, write to the addresses listed.

VACATIONLANDS: NEW YORK . . . If your family is planning an auto trip in or near New York State this summer, don't leave without your free copy of the new 1960 edition of *New York State Vacationlands.* Just about all the information visitors to New York could possibly want is included in this handy booklet, with data on hotels, campsites, boating, historic shrines, children's attractions, fishing, and covered bridges in five hundred communities and sixteen scenic regions.

There is also a complete guide of what to see and do in New York City. For your free copy of *New York State Vacationlands,* write *Joseph J. Horan, State Department of Commerce, 112 State Street, Albany 7, New York.*

EXCLUSIVE CLUB FACILITIES NOW AVAILABLE IN SICILY . . . For the first time in its ten-year history, the sea-and-ski Club Méditerranée opens its doors to American students and sports enthusiasts. The Club is a low-cost travel organization designed to encourage vacationtime meetings of sports enthusiasts and college men and women. Air France, in cooperation with the Club, is offering twenty-two-day tours departing from New York by jet every Sunday from May 29th through October 2nd.

The itinerary includes three days in Paris, nine days in the Club camp at Cefalu, Sicily, and one week in Italy with visits to Rome, Capri, and Naples. Tourists stay in Polynesian-type villages, where outdoor living is featured. In Sicily, the Club provides automobiles for individual sightseers.

An added plus is free French tutoring. The twenty-two day tour costs $796.60 for transportation, rooms, meals, and activities. For a longer stay at the Club's villages, rooms, meals, and use of all facilities are available at forty dollars per additional week.

For detailed information on how to join tours to Club Méditerranée, contact *John Schneider, Air France, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, New York.*

RUSSIA: REST AND RELAX . . . Famous Crimean spas and health resorts are now available to Americans.

The holiday hotel, "Oreanda," in Yalta, on the southern side of the Crimean peninsula, offers complete relaxation to American tourists. Rates from seven dollars per day include all meals, accommodations, and beach facilities. Sightseeing tours of the historic city and its environs with guide-interpreters and motor-launch trips into the Black Sea can be arranged. Amateur archaeologists will find remnants of the Stone Age and remains of ancient fortifications in the nearby area. Climate conditions in Yalta are among the best in Europe.

Another health resort gaining in popularity with Americans is Sochi, on the Black Sea of the Caucasus. Winter and summer theatres, museums, botanical gardens, tree nurseries, and health springs all add to the allure of this lovely resort city.

For information on travel in Russia and a copy of the new "Handbook for Travelers to the USSR," write: *Valentino Spiridonov, Intourist, 255 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, New York.*

L'ORDRE DE BON TEMPS . . . In 1606, when the New World was a wilderness, French explorers who founded Port Royal in Nova Scotia organized *L'Ordre de Bon Temps*—The Order of the Good Time—a society whose purpose it was to prevent tedium.

Abolishing tedium is what the Nova Scotians are still trying to do, and they are proving successful for increasing numbers of American tourists each year. This year many new highways, new transportation services, new accommodations, and new camp-sites will greet visitors from the States.

For your free "Preview Packets," including a brochure on Nova Scotia, a highway map, and a booklet listing hotel accommodations write: *Howell Reese, Kelly Nason, 247 Park Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.* Be sure to ask how to join "The Order of the Good Time."

OFF SEASON BEGINS IN FLORIDA . . . Throughout the summer, luxurious vacations can be enjoyed for little cost at the Beau Rivage, a unique resort motel and cabana club in Miami Beach. From May through September, rates for two persons on the European Plan start at ten dollars per day and include entertainment, parking facilities, air-conditioned rooms, and TV. For an additional three dollars per person, you can get breakfast and dinner.

Two swimming pools, a private white sandy beach, and a cabana club provide plenty of swimming and sunning opportunities. The youngsters will be well taken care of in the supervised kiddie pool and playground, and there is a special club for teen-agers, with a host of planned activities.

For evening, the French night club provides top entertainment, dancing, good eating—and a new electronic television baby-sitter arrangement will set your mind free to enjoy the fun.

For a brochure, write: *Leonard Hicks, Jr., & Assoc., Beau Rivage, Dept. C, 532 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.*

INDIA INTRODUCES LOW-COST PURCHASE COUPON . . . Americans traveling in India are now able to purchase American cigarettes, tobacco, film, and liquor at approximately the same price they pay back home. The Indian government will provide tourists with a book of coupons, free of charge, which may be redeemed at United States prices at authorized dealers'. For information on how to get the coupons and a list of government-authorized dealers in India, write: *Mr. S. D. Khanna, Government of India Tourist Office, 19 East 49th Street, New York 17, New York.*

ONE BOTTLE WITH MANY PURPOSES . . . A new cosmetic is a boon to travelers. It can be used from head to toe to revitalize skin, relax tired facial muscles, and highlight sun-bleached hair. Called "Satinglide" by Evyan, it is available in a sixteen-ounce bottle and comes in long-lasting fragrances. THE END

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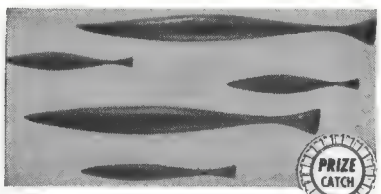

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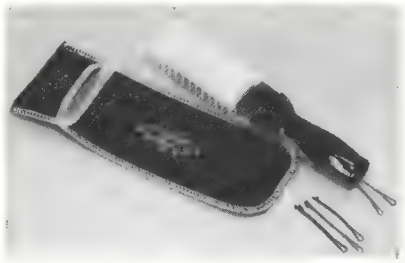
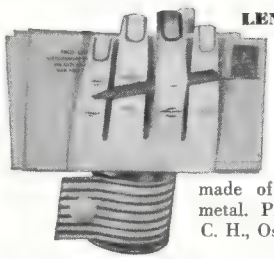


BRUSH UP ON GLAMOUR, $1.00

This fashionable combination of brush, comb, mirror and bobby pin holder comes in one compact unit. Quite handy during summer days at the beach. With its lovely Petit Point Case it's an attractive and practical purse accessory. Medford Products, Dept. CP-6, Box 39, Bethpage, N.Y.



LEND A HAND, $1.00

This novel little desk organizer is perfect for holding your bills, recipes, mail, and other do-dads. Comes with its own pencil for jotting down quick notes. 7" high, made of colorful cardboard and metal. Pinesbridge Studios, Dept. C. H., Ossining, N.Y.

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For a night on the town this magnificent lace pleated shirt will draw favorable comments. White, french cuffs, 13½ to 19 neck, 29 to 37 sleeve. $14.95. Silk satin Continental Tie with free pearl type tie tack $3.50. Lace hank to match, $1.50. Free catalog. Lew Magram, Dept. CP-6, 830 7th Avenue, New York 19, New York.

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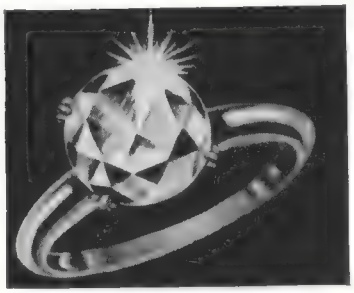

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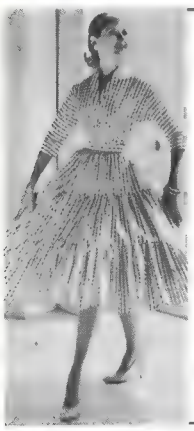

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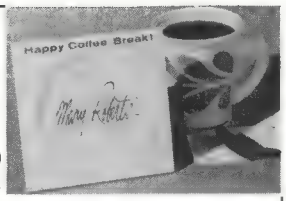

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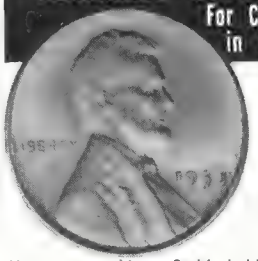

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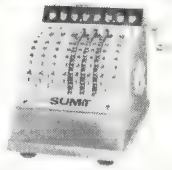

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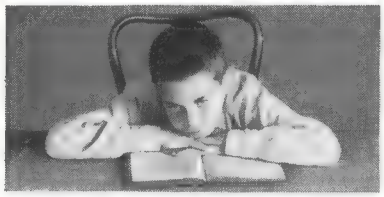

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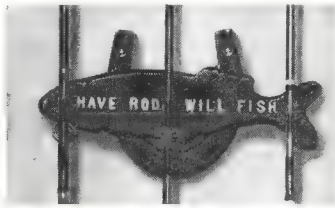

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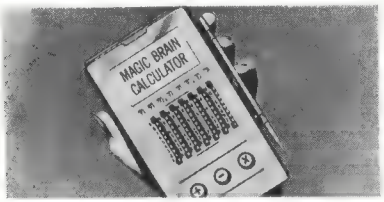

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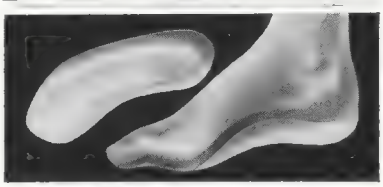

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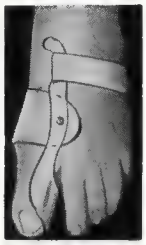

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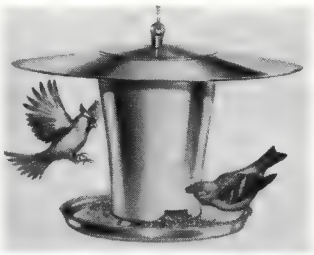

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Hang this rust-proof aluminum snack bar in your garden and listen to the happy chirping of birds. The large hood measuring 12" in dia. prevents feed from getting wet. The 6½" high hopper holds approximately 2 lbs. of feed. Regulator openings automatically funnel seed into tray. Best Values Co., Dept. CP-6, 403 Market Street, Newark, N.J.

A COOKING CAPER $2.29

This three portioned skillet is the answer for cooking baby food or leftovers not to mention its value as a time saver. Of heavy chrome finished steel measuring 10" in diameter with raised separating dividers and cool plastic handle. Sunset House, 97 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.

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MOCCASIN-CRAFT, 65-CH Mulberry St., Lynn, Mass.

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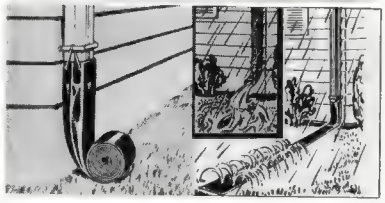

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Those Marvelous Fourteen Years

Shirts sold for twenty-three cents, a sofa for $9.98; it was front-page news when a lady's hat caught fire during a party. Despite naïveté and social injustice, "The Good Years"—from 1900 to the First World War—were America's golden age of adolescence.

BOOKS • BY GERALD WALKER

THE GOOD YEARS, by Walter Lord (Harper & Brothers, $4.95). Everyone likes to reminisce, which guarantees an audience of best-seller proportions for Mr. Lord's new book. The author of the highly successful *A Night to Remember* and *Day of Infamy* has now broadened his scope, and he has vividly recaptured the spirit of the fourteen years between 1900 and the First World War. Viewed from the vantage point of 1960, with all its cold war fears and uncertainties, one cannot but agree with Mr. Lord's choice of title.

"These were the Good Years," he writes of that long-ago period. "Good, not because rich men rode in private railroad cars and Society gave magnificent parties. . . . Good, not just because the world was at peace. . . . Good, not even because a shirt cost only twenty-three cents. . . . These years were good because, whatever the trouble, people were sure they could fix it . . . everyone at least had a bold plan—and could hardly wait to try it."

In 1900, McKinley was in the White House and business was booming. For Americans, "The Full Dinner Pail" meant sofas for $9.98, corned beef at eight cents a pound, a good suit for $10.65; and $3.20 bought four quarts of six-year-old whisky.

Untimely Death

Interrupting this economic boom a year later was the assassination of McKinley, which, in the chapter headed "A Good Man's Death" is replayed for us. On September 5, 1901, the President paid a visit to the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, New York. As usual, he planned one of his well-known handshaking sessions, at which he was so proficient that he could polish off fifty persons a minute. "The secret," Mr. Lord explains, "was the McKinley grip. As the line approached from the left, he seized each extended hand . . . gave it a quick downward jerk . . . then a hard pull sideways, sending the astonished greeter spinning off to the right."

It was one of these handshakes which led McKinley to his doom that same day, when a twenty-eight-year-old Polish-American anarchist brushed the President's arm aside and pumped two bullets into his chest. Eight days later, the combined effects of the assassin's shots and bungled surgery proved too great and McKinley was dead.

With Teddy Roosevelt now in the White House, the nation's pulse quickened and, in particular, Wall Street's blood pressure shot sky-high. Under the Federal Government's former hands-off policy, Big Business had its field day, but now President Roosevelt launched his trust busting campaign, designed to take the edge off some of the more flagrant stock market manipulations.

The Onset of Unionism

Once a few cracks had appeared in the country's economic façade, a wave of reforms began to rock the boat. In his chapters on trade unionism and child labor, Mr. Lord is adept at conveying to us an impression of how these phenomena struck people *then.* For example, he helps the 1960 reader by citing "the lingering belief, shared all over the country, that somehow unions were wrong. To many people they seemed to deny the very premise of America: that there was no working class, that anyone could reach the top."

With the shooting of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand on June 28, 1914, an era and a whole world came to an end. At first, Americans were too wrapped up in their own affairs even to notice the event. "As the Grand Forks, North Dakota, *Daily Herald* put it: 'To the world, or to a nation, an archduke more or less makes little difference.'" On July 28, Austria declared war on Serbia, however, and the bottom dropped out of everything.

"Nothing," says Walter Lord by way of summation, "seemed simple any more. Nothing was black and white. Nothing was 'right' or 'wrong,' the way Theodore Roosevelt used to describe things. And as the simple problems vanished, so did the simple solutions. . . . So the old life slipped away, never to return again. . . ."

Turning the pages of this book is like leafing through an old photograph album. It is amusing to note the strange fashions of a bygone day. More important, it is an educational experience: in a world where there are few certainties, it is significant that we be aware of the past from which we have emerged. *The Good Years* is destined to take its place on a permanent shelf between *Postscript to Yesterday* by Lloyd Morris and Frederick Lewis Allen's *Only Yesterday.*

THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S, by Rowland Barber (Simon and Schuster, $4.95). Sophisticated and brightly written, this is a compilation of some of the zanier aspects of burlesque in its heyday. THE END

Dinner at Sherry's—on horseback: One of the bizarre entertainments of the rich was this party marking completion of Cornelius K. G. Billings' $200,000 stable.

Hair of a Different Color

Change the color of your hair if you crave an escapade in New Orleans, a champagne spree, or a second honeymoon.

BY EVELYN ARCHER ADAMS

Mrs. Jane Plain had always considered herself a quiet, peace-loving woman. Thirty-five years old, tamer of three normally wild adolescents, keeper of an eight-room house, comforter of a successful man, she had long ago sacrificed care of her average good looks to nobler causes. No one complained about the way she performed her duties, and her twelve-year-old marriage seemed to be going along properly. Life, in fact, generally had an old-girdle quality—which is to say, it didn't have much lift, but it offered a kind of comfort.

Then, one day, in a fit of boredom with her routine and her mirrored reflection, Jane threw her apron on the floor, trampled it, and headed for her corner beauty parlor. Numb with fear, she presented sincere brown hair (also known as dull and lifeless) to the operator, and instructed: "Make me a blonde. I want to be a new woman." So he did, and she was, and when last seen she was on her way to a sales convention with her husband—the first he'd taken her to in ten years.

New Color for Old

Thus Jane joined the ranks of the one out of three women in this country who are taking to the bottle that gives new hair color for old, and for which they are shoveling out an estimated forty-five million dollars a year in drugstores, two hundred fifty million in beauty parlors. (Having hair colored in salons costs from five to fifty times as much as hair coloring done at home.)

It is not only the color they're buying, it's the fountain of youth, the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, the most potent aphrodisiac known to man. Having heard the countless happy tales of where good girls go when they dye, ladies of all ages are rushing to do the same. The biggest group of color users are twenty-five to thirty-five years old, but even teen-agers are using it. Clearly, the day of the mousy blonde has passed, as has the era of the platinum blonde, the carrot-topped redhead, the shoe-polish brunette. Today's new-hued lady turns White Minx, Just Peachy, Chocolate Kiss, Copper

BE AN ITALIAN-STYLE BRUNETTE? Natural blonde, Iby Krody, in black wig by Coiffures Americana, says: "Dark hair makes me feel sultry as Lollobrigida."

Blaze, Bordeaux, Honey Doux, Fuchsia Fury, Frivolous Fawn, and Tickled Pink. And if you're wondering what ever happened to your dear old gray-haired granny, she turned Night Silver, True Steel, Silver Blue Mink, or Smoky Pearl.

Does She . . . ?

Is anybody the wiser? Absolutely not, says one color producer. The hair colors look perfectly normal and natural even though they give effects like "a honey blonde with highlights of spun gold; a warm peach blonde; and a white blonde with pale pink highlights."

Actually, what is happening to give the great boost to the hair-coloring industry is that women are ceasing to care whether or not anybody knows they color their hair. You can walk into just about any of the 125,000 beauty salons in this country and see women sitting around with their hair in the process of being bleached or tinted, a sight you would not have seen even twenty years ago. Until the end of World War II, the small amount of coloring done in this country went on primarily in the back rooms of beauty salons (the clandestine atmosphere has now moved to barber-shop back rooms where men have their hair dyed), and the mysterious products sold for home use came in plain envelopes. The hair-coloring fad as we know it today is a phenomenon of the fifties, and if you think the "Merry Apricot" locks we see now are way out, wait till you see what happens in the sixties. New so far this year and hot as small cars: blonde on blonde, the invention of a Nevada hair-stylist named Pepi of Las Vegas whose inspiration was "the wonderful light and dark colors on Palomino horses." Just gaining popularity: the "blush pinks." According to James Viera of the French firm of L'Oreal, high pinks, already the rage in Paris, are going to be the same here soon.

Coiffures Americana Salons

OR A HUNGARIAN-STYLE BLONDE? Iby under own hair feels demure, less exciting. Surveys show 65 per cent of all women are dissatisfied with their hair color.

Hair dyeing has been going on since time immemorial. Probably the oldest hair-coloring materials known are henna, a red dye made from the stems and leaves of a small shrub, and indigo, a blue vegetable dye popular with ancient Egyptians. The Romans, in an attempt to resemble the Teutonic slaves brought back by Caesar's legions, bleached their hair with such mixtures as ashes of plants, oils, nutshells, elderberries, and vinegar sediment. Renaissance women were known to mix alum, black sulphur, and honey to become fair-haired. Powdering hair with gold or silver dust was the vogue among the American avant-garde after the Civil War, and, at the turn of the century, bleaching and dyeing were considered smart by actresses and playgirls. Henna rinses again became the thing just before World War I, were replaced by peroxide bleaching which became a fad in the thirties.

Green, Purple, Orange

The kind of hair dyes remembered with revulsion by women of a generation ago were usually metal salt dyes that coated the hair and became darker with each application. Metallic dyes also had a tendency to fade into peculiar colors. Those that contained lead turned purple, silver turned green, and the ones with copper, bright orange. Though metallic dyes can still be found, about 98 per cent of today's dyes are a variety that penetrates the hair shaft and removes or changes natural color pigment.

These new dyes are called tints. They are permanent colors, and cannot be washed out. But tints do not make a pale blonde out of a deep brunette. To explain: natural hair color comes from the presence in the hair shaft of brown or red pigments in varying degrees. To go blonde, you must bleach the hair, *i.e.*, eliminate some or all of the natural pigments. Brown ones go first, making the red more and more apparent, and the woman turning blonde more and more nervous. She can actually watch her hair turn from red to orange to yellow and, finally, if she hasn't fainted from fright, to straw-colored blonde. During none of

(continued)

Columbia Pictures—"Strangers When We Meet"

KIM NOVAK started out a dishwater blonde (right), got progressively fairer as her career skyrocketed. In two films, *Picnic* and *Vertigo*, she wore red wigs, but made her biggest sensation when she turned her hair "fluorescent" white with lavender cast.

Hair of a Different Color (continued)

these stages is it wise to have a fight with your hairdresser, as Zsa Zsa Gabor did. Her "friends" still relish the story of how she was thrown out of a salon with her hair "bright orange, mind you."

Most of the blonde shades currently being created are the result of a combination bleaching and tinting process; first the necessary amount of pigment is removed, then the desired color is tinted in. Even straight tints usually contain a bleach to make the hair more porous so color can penetrate properly. Color must be added to the hair as it grows in between a half inch and a full inch a month. These touch-ups are something women sometimes forget they will need because, as one color expert mentions, "Three days after a woman changes her hair color, she believes it's her own. The sight of dark roots comes as a complete surprise."

Rinses a Washout

The kind of artificial color that goes down the drain at shampoo time is called a rinse. Rinses don't penetrate hair shafts, thus can only intensify natural hair color and cover a limited amount of gray. Available in a variety of forms, from capsule to shampoo, they have no lasting effect on the hair.

Until 1950, most women resented the whole idea of hair coloring. It was still not the thing for a nice girl to do, and in that year only 7 per cent admitted to the vice. The majority of those women probably were late converts to the missionary zeal of Lawrence Gelb, founder of Clairol, who eighteen years earlier had stumped his "shampoo oil tint" into beauty salons. The fallen-woman notion was finally shattered by Tintair, the first successful do-it-yourself tint. It was introduced in 1950 with the pronouncement, "Nature isn't always right, but Tintair is." By 1951, sales amounted to twenty million dollars retail value—three times the volume done in any previous year by all other permanent coloring products combined. That same year, 21 per cent of women were coloring their

Penguin

hair. Tintair was the invention of Donu Edmond and Jean Gremault. Donu Edmond is the man who turned Jean Harlow blonde. Tintair had one ingredient in its favor: a catalyst that stopped its dyeing action after fifteen minutes. Also in its favor, a home market which had been created by Toni permanents, and two very promotion-conscious owners, the late Carl Byoir, number one public relations man in the country, and Martin Strauss II, the "right with Eversharp" man. On the heels of Tintair came a host of other products. At the present time, there are twenty-one firms in the business; more are on the way. Clairol, current market leader, spent five million dollars in 1959 expanding the use of hair coloring both at home and in beauty salons. The only women not yet hooked, says one tint executive, are "frigid, married to boors, or too strapped to spend even $1.50 a month." If nothing else will send a woman to the sink, that comment certainly should. As a matter of fact, 65 per cent of all women are unhappy about their natural hair color, and only half of them are as yet doing anything about it.

The New Fashion Wig

Many women who don't want to make a permanent change in their hair color, but delight in an occasional change, are buying fashion wigs to wear now and then. This is an idea that was spurred by the French designer, Givenchy, who showed pastel wigs as an accessory to his line in 1958. Rosalind Russell, as Auntie Mame, also promoted wig-wearing. For her interpretation of the famous aunt, she wore a different color and style of wig in nearly every scene of the play. Society women like Mrs. Horace Dodge, who has eight wigs, sport entire wardrobes of hair, change color as they do mood. Zsa Zsa is another wig-wardrobe owner, and she does night club acts under pink hair, television spots under black or other colors. Most of the wigs that are sold are made of real hair and cost upwards of two hundred dollars apiece. This has not discouraged women from buying them, however; nearly three million dollars' worth were sold last year.

Another dodge for timid souls is the business of tipping or streaking the hair, popular in big cities for the last five years and now spreading into smaller communities. Women have been very enthusiastic about this spot bleaching because it gives the effect of light around the face with fewer touch-up problems.

When women color their hair, they do so for a variety of reasons. One survey turned up these: to look younger generally, or to cover gray because employers prefer younger women; for their men—to attract one or to please one; for a change; to boost morale; for attention; to become the wearer of a more popular color. There are, of course, other motivations. For one woman the inspiration was a Christmas gift. "My husband gave me a honey-beige mink coat last year," she coos. "It was such a gorgeous color I couldn't bear to go a summer without seeing it, so I took it to the hairdresser and had my hair dyed the same shade."

Prize Story

Beautiful Dina Merrill finds her blonde hair a bit of a bore, and has twice tried to change it. The first time, she bought a red wig, and got as far as the breakfast table in it before her three children broke into hysterical laughter. The next time she went with her husband to a costume ball dressed as a harem girl complete with black wig. In the parade before judges looking for the most elegant costume, she was eliminated; so she sat down, took off the wig, and combed out her hair. At that moment, she was asked to pass before the judges again. And what do you think? She won first prize.

Whatever a woman's reasons for coloring her hair, they're not to be scoffed at. Beautiful hair is, and always has been, a powerful symbol of femininity, and the woman who does not care about having it usually has deep-seated problems. New York psychoanalyst Dr. Harold Greenwald tells of a patient he had been treating for years who did not appear to be responding to treatment. Then one afternoon she came in with a new hair color. "Suddenly I knew she was getting well," the doctor says. "At last she was ready to establish a personality, to respond to attention. Vanity in a woman is a sign of mental health."

Dr. Paul Shilder calls the desire to be looked at "as basic as the desire to see." Says a consultant to the National Association for Mental Health: "If you have self-respect, you take some trouble about your looks, and that healthfully gives you more self-respect."

Doctors have noticed, too, that a woman is likely to change her hair color in times of crisis, an action that serves as a sound morale booster. "She gives herself new color, therefore new courage," one analyst explains.

The big decision women face is rarely whether to color their hair in the first place, but what color to select if they change. The trick is to find out whether you have the soul of a blonde or of a redhead.

Natural redheads face a set of truly unique problems. It may be a blessing in disguise that they comprise only 4 per cent of the female population. For one thing they have at least 70,000 less hairs per head than do blondes or brunettes. (The mad statistician who passes on this bit of information counts 180,000 hairs

(continued)

Men expect brunettes to be sincere; redheads stormy. But blondes must be sexy, innocent, artful, and defenseless—simultaneously.

on a blonde head, 120,000 on a brunette.) Another wet blanket points out that, contrary to popular opinion, the color in red hair comes not from gold but from a pigment of iron ($C_{15}H_{20}N_2O_9$), Fe, to be exact. Bergen Evans, probing the origin of the redheaded image, says, "Redheads may be thought to be unusually fiery because of the association of red with fire or because of the old theory of the four humors, by the interpretation of which they would have a dominance of choler in their make-up. Actually, they're inclined to be anemic and languid." As if that weren't enough, they also have to live down the antics of such historical redheads as Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Nana, Madame du Barry, and Lucrezia Borgia. It's not an easy task. This is the sad story one lovely redhead named Mary Lou tells of her youth:

Redhead Problem

"For many of my early years the image I had of myself was that of a small creature completely surrounded by orange hair. Everybody who saw me—and I mean everybody—yelped, 'Look at that hair,' and insisted on running their fingers through it. As an adolescent I was homely beyond words: freckled, pale, washed out, but with a loud mop on my head. People called me 'Firecracker' and I was ready to explode. Most redheads are ugly ducklings until they reach an age when they can make up to their coloring. Then came my teen years, which just happened to coincide with the peak of Maureen O'Hara's career. Wherever I went the image followed me: 'She's a spirited wench. No one can handle her. She needs a tight rein.' I needed a tight rein like I needed a henna rinse. Later, the Gilda image took over. Remember Rita Hayworth in that part? She was the magnificent sadist, and I was expected to be one, too. For a time later I could calm down and be an earth mother *à la* Greer Garson, and finally, I reached an age when I could handle standing out in a crowd. Why I'm not completely mad is beyond me."

Technicolor Queen

What does Maureen O'Hara—that "spirited wench"—have to say on the subject? "I had such a strong ego as a child that nothing could make me self-conscious." Unlike most natural redheads who dress conservatively in the hope of being inconspicuous, Maureen dresses to every inch of her spectacular feminine form. "My favorite gown is ruby red velvet," she says, "cut down to here (a gesture meaning *low*); is so tight to the waist I can't breathe; and has a great bouffant skirt."

Intensely serious about her acting, she feels her hair kept her from getting roles she always wanted. Her coloring made her the Technicolor queen, and she was almost limited to that. "But," she adds, "nobody has better histrionics than I have."

Before you decide that red hair is not your dish of pigment, ponder this little tale of a bachelor girl who turned light auburn: Sitting with two brownette friends in a restaurant, she was suddenly confronted with a bottle of imported champagne followed by a young South American diplomat. After much popping of cork, the Latin lover lifted his glass with a Spanish toast that, roughly translated, went, "To such beautiful eyes and such color of hair."

About the nicest thing that anybody ever says about brunettes these days is that they are sincere. Come to think of it, that's *all* anybody ever says. Sincerity, it seems, is to the American woman the most desirable of all human qualities, for brown is the color that 70 per cent of hair tinters prefer. A public relations man points out that faking hair brown isn't a very sincere kind of thing to do—and he should know—but maybe the more important thing is at least to *appear* to be honest.

Brunettes had their moments of glory that time there was an epidemic of Italian movies starring a bevy of dark-haired beauties with such tongue-twisting names as Silvana Pampanini, Rossana Podesta, and Gina Lollobrigida. Largely because of them, hairstylists created the tousled Italian hair-do—for a change, something that looked best on brunettes. Also in the early fifties the idea of a gamin type evolved, and she was usually a brunette in the style of Leslie Caron, Jeanmaire, or Audrey Hepburn. As the gamins grew up, the fiery Italian *signorinas* chickened out (both Sophia Loren and Gina are blondes in their latest films), leaving brunettes with barely an image to call their own. From all reports, they never get a seat on a bus, never get free cha-cha lessons, never get invited to Cuba on week ends, can't even get themselves strangled in a crime of passion. These things happen to blondes.

Gentlemen *Do* Prefer . . .

Gentlemen—unless they are the age of television's Beaver, Jerry Mathers, who asks "Blonde what?"—do prefer them. Not only prefer them, but worship them, pamper them, chase them, covet them, love, honor, and obey them. Obviously no woman ever invented such expressions as luscious blonde, gorgeous blonde, big blonde. And why is it that a dizzy blonde is a woman with fey charm, but a dizzy brunette is a female with vertigo? There are enough reasons to make your American brown head swim.

Starting with little boys who inevitably go for little girls with blonde curls, the attraction is a look of cleanliness.

JAYNE MANSFIELD had always displayed her monumental measurements with vigor even as a brunette, but until she bleached her hair, nobody really seemed to care.

"Youngsters quickly learn from their mothers that to be clean is to be good," says Dr. Greenwald. "Since little blondes manage to look cleaner more regularly than anyone else, they appeal to little boys looking for the good and the pure." Americans stay notoriously "clean conscious" all their lives.

Blondes have been a symbol of purity and divinity throughout history, and visions of blonde angels, blonde goddesses, blonde ladies fair, blonde saints, blonde fairy godmothers have been handed down from generation to generation. Very early in life children hear about blonde princesses and blonde heroines like Goldilocks and Alice in Wonderland. So conditioned do children become that 75 per cent of all dolls are made with blonde hair to suit their preference.

Then there is the ethnic fact that the Anglo-Saxon type has always been idealized by people who are not in this group. The darker-skinned, darker-haired immigrants who were comparatively late arriving in this country quickly identified fair coloring with status, assumed that to be blonde was to be acceptable. One of the predominating blonde images is that of the eternal debutante, the fair-haired lady of the manor.

Naïve Sexpots

The blonde movie sexpot is a recent invention, and an enormously successful one because it is so incongruous. Whereas the black-haired siren is sultry, conniving, obviously a bundle of smoldering passion, *e.g.*, Hedy Lamarr in her heyday, Ava Gardner, Elizabeth Taylor; the blonde one is defenseless, pillow-soft, kittenish, and naïvely virginal. Brigitte Bardot and Marilyn Monroe do more than their share to perpetuate this image on screen. The idea of lurid blondes has been created in a large part by newspapers, particularly tabloids.

Alfred Hitchcock prefers cool-type blondes for his productions because they look so ladylike it's always a shock when they commit murder. He says, also, that he could never get his love scenes past the censors if his heroines had black hair. But perhaps the most fascinating comment on blondes is this one volunteered by a worldly bachelor: "I picture all women in an arc. At one end of the arc is the extreme of purity; at the other, the extreme of lust. At both ends of the arc are blondes; all other women fall somewhere in-between."

"A woman who turns blonde has to be able to cope with the hostility of other women," warns a respected psychologist. To which a blonde convert named Tex Temple adds, "not single women; married women." According to Tex, there is nothing to fear from a blonde flirt. "Men expect blondes to be flirtatious," she insists. "They never take them seriously. The flirt to watch is the brunette kind; she is the one who is up to no good."

REMEMBER DINAH SHORE as the brunette vocalist on the Eddie Cantor radio show? She turned blonde in the forties at the suggestion of Warner Brothers' cosmeticians.

Blondes abound in Miami, Las Vegas, and in Brooklyn, where one salon called House of Blondes offers sixty-four different shades. Of course, in Hollywood, testimonials to peroxide are endless. "Without blonde hair I never would have been a success," says Peggy Lee, who now sports an all-white wardrobe that is sexy even on hangers. "I have to look like the songs I sing, like *Fever* or *I Enjoy Being a Girl*."

Pale Constance Towers, whose cinema days are just beginning, feels being blonde has helped her career "if for no other reason than that most leading men are dark, and the contrast seems appealing. It's ironic that in Hollywood, blond men seldom become stars, but blonde women get further faster." How far and fast can they go? Look what happened to these former brunettes: Lana Turner, Jayne Mansfield, Janet Leigh, Dinah Shore, June Haver, Arlene Francis, Jane Powell, and Zsa Zsa Gabor.

Though some women feel you have to be young to take the pace blonde hair sets, beauty experts agree that soft shades of blonde are flattering to older women. Without exception they mention that light hair around the face softens lines, gives a youthful look. "Not enough women realize this," says Anita Colby, "and in an effort to cover gray they make their hair too dark. As you get older, your skin tone changes; circles under your eyes deepen. If you tint your hair back to the way it was when you were twenty, it won't match the rest of you."

New Blonde in the Office

Fair hair looks better than dark hair on more women than you'd expect, even the ones with dark eyebrows, but there are some women who simply can't live with it. One young career girl tells about the day she wore a blonde wig over her black hair to see if she wanted to make the change. "I never had so much attention in all my life," she says. "Everywhere I went people turned around to look at me. I am accustomed to talking to people sort of eye to eye, but as a blonde you talk to them eye to nose; their eyes are on your hair. Three businessmen I respect made absolute fools out of themselves over the new blonde in the office; women followed me into the ladies room to find out where I had my hair done. By the time I got home I was a nervous wreck. I wouldn't be a blonde for the world."

Another brunette who stayed blonde for a week end gives only one reason for her quick changes: "I found out I just don't think like a blonde. I don't know how that is, but I know I think like a brunette." Two other bleach combers suggest how blondes think: "Misty," says one; "Deviously," says another.

Playing the Blues

If you'd rather hear zany remarks about your hair than catty ones, you might try turning blue, as a *New York Times* reporter did for a story last year. Learning that Bergdorf Goodman had just sold four pale-blue-tinted, real-hair wigs, at more than two hundred dollars each, the reporter decided to borrow one to uncover its appeal. Walking down Fifth Avenue, these are the remarks she heard:

"She looks like Harpo Marx in technicolor."

"It has to be a wig, Charlotte, nobody could grow hair that bad."

"I think it was gray and she went and dyed it blue."

"You certainly see everything in New York."

And last, but hardly unexpected: "Hiya baby, feelin' blue?"

What the matter boils down to is that any hair that's bright, shiny, healthy, and well-groomed attracts the eye. However, until you try to live up to an adopted color you never know what turns frowzy spinsters into femme fatales, how undistinguished-looking models become scintillating sex symbols, why settled matrons hear admiring whistles. THE END

ALONE, *unsure of herself, looking "wrong from my hair to my shoes," Angela Howard arrived in Penn Station. "The only men who noticed me thought I was lost and wanted to help me find my mother."*

Modern Pygmalions

The challenge of turning a sweet country girl into a stunning high-fashion beauty is not confined to playwrights. Here is the story of the way it happens in real life.

PHOTOS BY CAL BERNSTEIN • TEXT BY LYN LEVITT TORNABENE

"You have the instinct of a great model. Let me make you beautiful and you'll go straight to the top." Could any girl resist such an invitation from the head of a famous high-fashion model agency? Angela Howard couldn't, and didn't. When Eileen Ford, of New York's Ford Model Agency, offered to be her Professor Higgins, Angela happily became Eliza. "You can even call us Svengali and Trilby; it doesn't matter to me," Angela says. "All I know is that Eileen has made good her word and I'm so happy with the results."

Eileen and Angela met in New York City through a mutual friend. At that time, Angela was a tall (5'9"), gawky high school senior from Arlington, Virginia, who had neither experience nor aspirations for modeling. "I was just a wide-eyed kid from the country," Angela says. "I thought Eileen was kidding when she said I could make money modeling." But Eileen doesn't kid about such matters. The agency she runs with her husband, Jerry, handles eighty of the top names in the modeling field, and grosses, on its 10 per cent agency commission, nearly two million dollars annually. A model herself, in the early forties when the rate was five dollars an hour and "anyone who could stand still could get a job," Eileen has never cared for any other field of endeavor. "To take someone, add a few bottles of paint, subtract a few pounds, and make that girl successful is a real challenge," she says. "If I weren't a models' agent, I'd probably be a professional busybody. To me, arranging things for other people is more satisfying than modeling myself."

Being Beautiful Is Hard Work

What Eileen arranged for Angela was something like an Olympic training program. Angela, considered "fat" at 125 pounds, was put on a broiled meat and fresh vegetable diet aimed at trimming seventeen pounds. For banana-split-loving Angela, this was nothing short of torture. Additionally, Eileen sent her protégée to two salons where every area of her body was pounded, rolled, and dehydrated. She was packed off to museums and libraries to study classic forms of beauty; to modern dance classes to learn movements; to a dramatic coach to refine the projection of her expressions. The money for Angela's grooming came out of the Ford till, but it was a sound investment. When she was ready, Eileen introduced her to the market at a starting rate of forty dollars an hour.

Every year, thousands of girls discover there's a big difference between having a beautiful face and being photogenic. As Eileen points out, "Top girls have that certain sparkle. They can stand in front of hot lights for hours and look cool as a cucumber, model furs in August and make you feel it's cold outside. I'm always interested in seeing pictures of new girls and interviewing them, hoping to find even one in a hundred who might make the grade."

Would she play Professor Higgins for all her discoveries? "If a girl has something to start out with, I'll gladly take care of making her glamorous," Eileen says. "That's the way I felt about Angela Howard. Watch for her pictures in the fashion ads."

For pictures of Angela's transmutation, turn the page.

FIRST ORDER: *"You must slim down, the camera puts ten pounds on you." First try: a mechanical roller and exercise treatment for spot reducing (especially the hips). The cost: ten dollars a half-hour, with exercise instruction.*

(continued)

Modern Pygmalions (continued)

OUTLINE *for a metamorphosis. At the Ford Agency, Angela and her counselor check the day's schedule. Eileen, who can spot a potential model "by the cut of her jib," has discovered a host of top names including Suzy Parker and Dolores Hawkins (*COSMOPOLITAN*'s cover girl). In Angela Howard she saw a "great feeling of beauty."*

"I SWEATED OUT *becoming a model," Angela reports. Part of her routine: sessions in Elizabeth Arden's steam cabinet to help the body lose excess fluids, thereby aiding weight reduction. Individual plastic cabinet replaces the need for a group steam room; treatment should be followed by a massage. Price with a massage is twelve dollars.*

THE GIRL IN THE MASK *is our Angela, getting a glow on. Method: first, face is massaged to relax tension lines around the eyes, then a light cream mask is smoothed on and the face tied up with moistened cotton to aid the cream in penetrating. Hour's treatment costs ten dollars, makes you feel "fresh and rosy-cheeked."*

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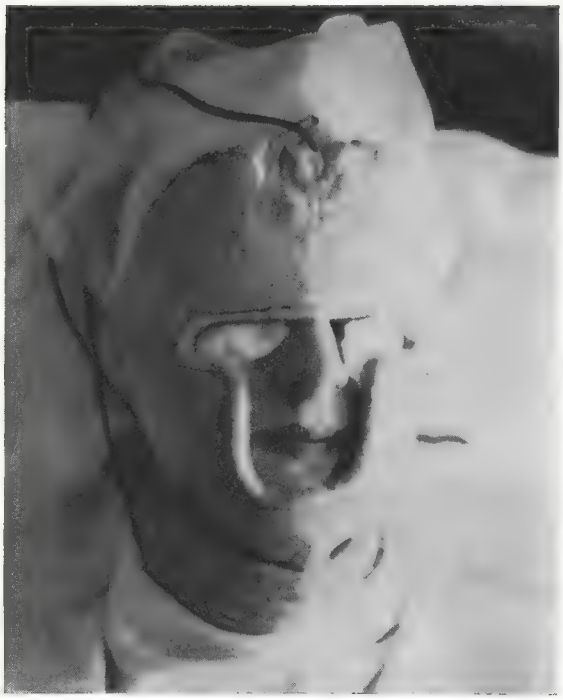
Modern Pygmalions (continued)

ROUTINE EXAMINATION *of blood pressure, heart, and lungs was made by staff doctor at Helena Rubinstein's; is prerequisite to taking exercise in the salon.*



MORE FACE WORK, *now by an electronic machine that stimulates circulation. Treatment includes face and throat massage, and costs $25.00. Six are recommended.*

PASSIVE EXERCISER *was next on Angela's list. Tiny pads through which current passes are attached to her legs by rubber straps. Half-hour costs $6.00.*

PARAFFIN BATH *sweats off fluid weight. Body is covered with warm paraffin, then with blankets. "It's like burning a candle at both ends," says limp Angela.*

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GETTING THE WORKS—*facial massage, pedicure, paraffin manicure—Angela says, "For a minute I felt like a princess being prepared for a royal wedding."*

COIFFURE *by expert beautician Enrico Caruso. Models must have healthy hair to take frequent color changes and permanents, spend about $25.00 a week in beauty parlors.*

Modern Pygmalions (continued)

EYEBROWS *are shaped at Arden's into perfect arch. If her brows were too thin, she could buy false ones for six dollars. Fake eyebrows are applied with surgical glue, then lightly penciled to assure a natural effect.*

MODEL'S EYES *are almost as important to her fortune as her figure. Angela is fitted with false eyelashes to add density rather than length. Lashes are made of real hair, cost $4.50. They're easy to apply, wash off.*

SUBSTITUTE *for plastic surgery: make-up tricks that, under the camera, straighten noses, make eyes larger, lips smaller. Here, line is drawn on Angela's cheek. Shaded, it will photograph like a hollow under the bone.*

LIPSTICK BRUSH—*an instrument models learn to use as another finger. Since Angela does not need a "new" mouth, she is taught to emphasize her natural contour. Hour of salon make-up instruction costs ten dollars.*

(continued)

Modern Pygmalions (continued)

YOGA SESSION *with Sachin Majumdar teaches discipline needed to stand endlessly before cameras in position. Angela practices Yoga before retiring, but, as a beginner, must be careful to avoid muscle strain.*

EXERCISE CLASSES *are recommended for posture, poise, and muscle toning. At right, Angela (at Helena Rubinstein's) exercises to reduce calf and ankle; these are two of the most important areas of a model's figure.*

WHAT IS BEAUTY? *Angela seeks the answer to the eternal question in sculpture at the Museum of Modern Art. "I plan to be an artist, someday, myself," she says.*

"TO LOSE WEIGHT *safely and permanently, one must diet," stress the Fords, so Angela sticks to meat, black coffee. Once a month, she splurges for her sanity.*

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THE CRUCIAL LINE. *Now that she's down to the minimum, Angela needs a waist-cinch to break straight line of her figure. Deciding to buy the best available, she is fitted with an eighty-dollar variety at Bonwit's. Average model owns at least a half-dozen slips, bras, girdles, a dozen pairs of stockings, six suits, six cocktail dresses, and two ball gowns.*

ON BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY, *Angela spends free time filling in her shoe wardrobe. Models are often expected to supply their own shoes for jobs; most own at least twenty pairs. Favorite style is medium-heeled leather pump that "goes with everything." When not working, models wear simple, casual outfits by day; feminine but unadorned dresses for dates.*

OUR FAIR LADY *reaps the rewards of her constant grueling attention to face and form. In first weeks of modeling, Angela posed as everything from a bride (right, being fitted for cover photo at Pellegrini studio) to a mother. Never taught how to strike a pose, she quickly eased into all required roles. Says her mentor, proudly, "I told you so."* THE END.

Beauty Winners...

What—other than up to $75,000—is a girl left

BY GERALD WALKER

Once upon a time there lived a Greek shepherd named Paris who should have had his head examined. The man couldn't possibly have known what he was doing when he agreed to judge the world's first beauty contest. By awarding the golden apple to the goddess Aphrodite so that she would lead him to the fairest woman in the world, he set off that extremely untidy war over who owned the residual rights to Helen of Troy. And, from that day to this, the world has never been quite the same.

Of course, there's no denying that for American males with a high enough red-blood-cell count, beauty contests are jim-dandy things to watch. But how are they for the girls who happen to *be* in them? What happens to a girl who wins the Miss America title or even a lesser crown, such as Miss Montana or Miss Long Island Poultry Queen? What subtle psychological changes take place, and do they forever separate her from the rest of American womanhood? How did beauty contests get to be such big business? . . . and who runs them, anyway?

If one were to total up all the beauty contests currently held in the United States, including regional competitions and local eliminations for the major titles, one would find that they come to about five thousand annually. Even allowing for duplication—there are some "addicts" who compulsively enter contest

LYNDA LEE MEAD of Natchez, Mississippi, was crowned 1960's Miss America in Atlantic City. In racier days, one contestant ran off with a married juror. Winners' marital records are poor because "being a housewife isn't enough."

Can Be Losers

with after the contest is over?

after contest—a conservative estimate would be that between seventy-five and one hundred thousand girls take part. Evidently, we have come a long way from that day in 1904 when the Reverend Thomas B. Gregory, shocked by the beauty contest which was a part of the midway of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis, Missouri, exclaimed, "No truly refined girl would submit to such a thing. The bare thought of it would drive her mad."

Perhaps the most obvious comment to be made about beauty contests is that someone has to win and someone has to lose. But not even the judges, once they've finished distributing the laurels and the loot, can say with any certainty just who are the fortunate ones in that long line of swim-suited lovelies filing off the brightly-lit stage for the last time. For some of them, the losers, the immediate aftermath brings stinging tears of disappointment and a sad trip home where no crowds wait to greet them.

And yet, however patently depressing the loser's fate seems at the moment, it may, in fact, be a less unfortunate one in the long run when compared with the delayed, far subtler troubles which have been known to stalk the girl who comes out on top. Her letdown may be postponed by the elating hustle and bustle of victory, but when it comes, it can last —and wreck—a lifetime.

Several years ago, a veteran reporter covering a major beauty contest watched knowingly, as only veteran reporters can, while the newly annointed beauty goddess strode regally down the long ramp. Then he shook his head and said to the man beside him, "This is only the beginning. That girl is going to spend the rest of her life looking for something. It's inevitable. They *all* do."

Some Have Regrets

Needless to say, beauty-contest winners are by no means exempt from the hard rule of life by which what one looks for is not always the same as what one finds.

As Jean Bartel, Miss America of 1943, disenchantedly remarked to an also-ran at the conclusion of the following year's contest, "Don't be sorry you lost. When it's all over, you don't end up with anything; and nobody wants an ex-Miss America anyway." In later years, she had cause to recognize the validity of this prophetic outburst as her one brief marriage was quickly annulled, and the singing career she sought, the prospects of which seemed promising, somehow managed to keep on escaping her.

Severe Contest Critic

The harshest beauty-contest critic of all the girls who have won a major title is Yolande Betbeze, 1951's Miss America. By now, she has given up plans for an operatic singing career and is known among other Miss America contestants as "the one who married a millionaire," movie executive Matthew Fox. "How can you *enjoy* being Miss America?" exclaims this clever-Alabama-girl-now-turned-sophisticated-New-Yorker. "It's so saccharine, all that sweet-girl, glorious-bit-of-Americana jazz. After visiting the first few towns, it becomes a blur of faces. All those cheap people giving you keys to the city—clay keys, tin keys, papier-maché keys. There *were* three gold keys, though. I kept *those*. But if I ever see chicken à la king again, I'll throw it across the room."

"Being Miss Rheingold," says Nancy Woodruff, now married to New York stockbroker Jack P. Adler, "seems ages ago even though it was only 1955. I expected to rise to the heights—and here I am a housewife and mother. When my year was over, it was followed by quite a letdown. I was very depressed. People *still* introduce me as a former Miss Rheingold, but I wish they wouldn't. Women ask about it more than men. I get tired of talking about it, and I think women dislike me for it. Sometimes, I'm sorry to say, I'm short with them."

In all fairness, it should be said that there are quite a few beauty contestants who do not knock the events which played such a large role in their lives. One such is BeBe Shopp (Miss America of 1948), currently Mrs. Bayard Waring of Barrington, Rhode Island. "I love the Pageant dearly," she states with emphasis, "and believe in what it stands for. It did change my life, and the outlook I have today must be due in part to my having been Miss America. My title also led to my husband!"

A MOTHER OF FOUR, Margaret Priebe was named Mrs. America, 1959.

But not all contestants wax so ecstatic. A young actress named Salome Jens, who was a former beauty-contest winner, refused an interview when she discovered what its topic was to be, saying, "I'm bitter about beauty contests, so if you don't mind I'll just skip this bit of publicity." When an actress passes up publicity, that's bitterness indeed.

When the Queen Descends

A sensible, middle-of-the-road viewpoint is that of Pat Donnelly, Miss America of 1939, who gave show business a brief whirl, and has been married for the past twelve years to public relations man Robin Harris. Highlighting a beauty queen's need for a very healthy ego, Pat recalls, "As soon as you've crowned next year's Miss America, you feel, literally, pushed aside in favor of the new girl. The photographers, who've been your buddies all year long, suddenly start saying, 'Pat, would you mind stepping back out of the picture?' Still, not being Miss America gets easier as you go on. You get your sense of humor back again. And by the way, you need it when one of your kids takes a long look at you and then tells you that you must have been pretty good looking in the old days. All in all,

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Winner's lament: "My children's friends don't believe I ever was a beauty queen."

I'd say there's no reason for COSMOPOLITAN's readers to envy us or feel sorry for us. We live just about the same kind of lives as women everywhere do, and we're probably less neurotic than most."

Most people who have had extensive contact with beauty-contest winners would probably interpret this statement to mean that Pat Donnelly herself is less neurotic than most. As to the stability of the rest of the Miss America sisterhood, that can be inferred from one particularly graphic signpost. Figures compiled by the U. S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare show that, except for a hike after World War II, the divorce rate for women has remained remarkably steady: 8.8 divorces per one thousand married women fifteen years of age and over in 1940, and 9.2 in 1957. A look at the marital record of the twenty-two girls who won the Miss America title before 1950 shows that they alone rolled up a total of nine divorces, two separations, and one annulment. In other words, scarcely two dozen former Miss Americas showed more domestic discord than a thousand non-beauty-contest winners.

Before going on to further exploration of what beauty contests do to and/or for the girls who enter them, a closer look at contests themselves seems in order. Let's see how they got to be the way they are today—ultra-respectable, almost pious-sounding procurers and packagers of female flesh for fun (ours) and profit (theirs).

Accidental Winner

It is written in the sands of time, not to mention the beaches of certain seaside resorts, that the initial link-up of pulchritude and public prize-giving in the New World occurred exactly eighty years ago. As the Pennsylvania Folklore Society has solemnly recorded, "The first American beauty contest for adult women was held at Rehobeth Beach, Delaware, about 1880. The contest, sponsored by the promoters of Rehobeth Beach, was won by 'Miss Pennsylvania,' one Myrtle Meriwether of Shinglehouse, Potter County, Pennsylvania, who happened to be in Rehobeth Beach by accident, being there as secretary of a convention of business women."

One measure of the subsequent spiraling of beauty contests in this country is that when yet another Miss Meriwether (Lee Ann, by name, of California) took top honors in the Miss America Pageant of 1955, she was definitely not in Atlantic City "by accident." For one thing, the title Lee Ann sought carried with it a $5,000 scholarship award; for another—and even more impressive—point, the year's round of personal appearances and product endorsements which were bestowed with the title of Miss America profited the second Miss Meriwether to the extent of a cool $62,000 (of which, incidentally, she hasn't a cent left). In short, there is now altogether too much money involved for anything about the contest to be even remotely accidental.

Resorts Promote Pageants

Nevertheless, that great-grandmother of all American beauty contests at Rehobeth Beach four score years ago did set one major pattern which has been followed by most of the others. That is, the majority of contests are basically resort promotions, at least in inception. The Miss America Pageant, which is the country's oldest continuing annual charm affair, began in just this way, in September, 1921. It is worth taking a close look at the boardwalk event, first of all because the Miss America contest has left a more complete record than the others; and secondly, because the changes that crept in at Atlantic City later made their appearances elsewhere.

For the first few years, the Miss America contestants' bathing attire was on the demure side, with suits featuring skirts and long silk stockings. Then, the Jazz Age spirit infected the festivities, with skirts and stockings making a fast exit while the suits became more skin-tight and revealing, if not actually proclamatory. The Roaring Twenties also influenced the proceedings in other ways. For instance, it was not uncommon for the girls to be squired around town by the male judges and sponsors of the contest. One thoroughly uninhibited Atlantic City entrepreneur even went so far as to run off to France with a comely and congenial contestant, leaving behind him a trail of tears shed by a weeping wife and a pregnant mistress. Another juror, grown equally palsy-walsy with one of the young hopefuls, forged her name on every Miss America ballot he could lay his hands on. Nor was it unheard of for showman Earl Carroll to be a member of the judging panel while a couple of his own chorines stood hip to hip with legitimate contestants. Other high jinks of the period included the exploits of a certain Miss St. Louis, Charlotte Nash by name, who ended up in a French court of law for the fatal shooting of her rich hubby on the sunny Riviera.

By the time the 1927 contest had run its course, criticism from Atlantic City women's clubs and religious groups made money-raising impossible and the "coarse flesh show," as the local bluenoses put it, was dropped for five years. In 1933, another group reinstated the contest, but the Depression had no soft spot for pretty girls, and it failed again. However, when Lenora Slaughter was wooed away from the St. Petersburg, Florida, Chamber of Commerce to revitalize the Miss America staff in 1935, things soon started humming—along with the hum, of course, came the hollering and stomping that usually accompanied this strong-minded woman's attempts to impress her will on the Pageant's sponsors.

The first thing Miss Slaughter did to insure good behavior was to recruit a corps of flinty-eyed chaperones from local women's groups. "I always say," went Miss Slaughter's line of logic, "the masses follow the classes." Then, in the judging, she subordinated beauty to less tangible qualities, such as talent and intelligence. She traveled around the country and tried to get the local contests out of the hands of newspapers and show-biz impresarios whom she felt over-sensationalized them for personal gain; today most local judgings are sponsored by Chambers of Commerce, other civic groups, and colleges. Miss Slaughter, who never went to college herself, gave herself the vicarious pleasure of inaugurating, in 1945, a policy of giving scholarships to contestants who thenceforth had to be high school graduates; today, Miss America gets $10,000 to further her general education or professional training, while another $250,000 is divided among the finalists of the thirty-five-hundred annual local contests.

Not an Unmixed Blessing

Unimpeachable as many of these reforms are, and however understandable may be Miss Slaughter's desire to make an honest, respectable woman out of the Miss America Pageant, it has not been an entirely unmixed blessing. There are certain purists who have been heard to groan that the September event has been thoroughly scuttled by Momism to the point where it is no longer a beauty contest. The sex symbol, in short, has become the girl next door.

Another objection is that the Miss America lily has been over-gilded. If one believed every word emanating from its boardwalk headquarters, one would conceive of it as the Jersey coast's answer to the Ford Foundation, with scholarships and runaway civic rectitude seeping from every corporate pore. When the elevating overlay is penetrated, you realize with a start that what is being discussed is merely the most successful press-agent stunt of our time.

Publicized Probity

What with Pageant rules automatically disqualifying a girl who so much as speaks to a man when unchaperoned, or takes a sip of beer, things have reached such a point of well-publicized probity that Yolande Betbeze was once moved to describe the typical Miss America—from whom she vigorously dissociates herself—as "the kind of girl who goes into a bar and says, 'Ah'll (they're usually Southern) have an orange juice,' just loud enough for everyone in the place to hear her. Most of them are unpretty, untalented, dull, and square."

At the time she made this pronouncement, Miss Betbeze was ensconced in a dimly-lit corner of a Manhattan cocktail lounge, quite contentedly quaffing a tall glass of Danish beer.

In short, in the words of one jaded feature writer, "The standard beauty queen of today is no longer the blatantly money-hungry little main-chancer she used to be. Now she's an ambitious, wooden, soft-sell phony who tells the contest judges that she wants to win because it will either start her on a career of doing good for humanity or provide the funds so that her father can have a needed heart-valve operation."

Why does the Pageant now take itself so seriously as to court actual dullness? As the saying goes, there is nothing so timid as a million dollars, and there are now many millions tied up in the annual proceedings on the boardwalk. Its five exclusive commercial sponsors (Joseph Bancroft & Sons, Co., Pepsi-Cola, Oldsmobile, Philco, and Toni) have large advertising tie-ins to protect. Fully $15,000,000 is pumped into promoting the Pageant and the local contests. The Pageant budget, which covers the cost of staging the event plus year-round operating expenses including salaries for a staff of eight, comes to over $300,000. And, far from incidentally, about two hundred thousand tourists are drawn to Atlantic City during Pageant week, each of them spending about twenty dollars daily for meals, accommodations, and entertainment.

But it is probably more than a case of running scared in order to protect various parties' financial stakes in the Miss America competition. Miss Slaughter and Bradford Frapart, her husband and Pageant business manager, have also taken a keen sounding of public opinion and concluded that the country does not want in 1960 what it did in 1920. On the whole, American life is tamer today than it was four decades ago, and the new look in beauty queens is but one more reflection of the new national mood.

No Bathing Beauties, But . . .

This same conservative, puritanical spirit has infiltrated every other major beauty contest which has put in an appearance in this once carefree field. When the Mrs. America contest began in 1938 at New Jersey's Palisades Amusement Park, just across the Hudson River from Manhattan, it was an unabashed beauty contest. Today, based in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, and sponsored by seventeen national advertisers, who pay $20,000 apiece for the privilege, it has become a competition in *homemaking*, with the married women demonstrating their skills in using the products of each of the sponsors. Furthermore, now that $50,000 worth of prizes are awarded and over $8,000,000 are spent on promoting

Central Press

MISS WORLD CONTESTANTS smile for the press at Lyceum rehearsal in London. Backstage, however, smiles turn to glares, jealous inventory is taken of rivals' charms, and angers build up to explode in post-contest accusations.

(continued)

Biggest change in judging since 1921: from blatant sex to homemaking abilities.

the contest, things have gotten so respectable that, for the past six years, Mrs. America contestants have never once appeared in bathing suits as part of the official proceedings. However, as a knowing press agent has remarked, "*If* one of the contestants should just happen to be in swimming with her family and friends, and *if* a photographer just happens to be on the beach at the same time . . ."

This anti-bathing-suit trend probably stemmed from the views of Lenora Slaughter, Miss America's fairy godmother, who is so against them personally that she insists on everyone around her using the (to her) less opprobrious term "swimsuit." There is little doubt that, if she had her way, the bathing suit (pardon, swimsuit) part of the competitions would be eliminated. However, the Pageant's predominantly male board of directors voted her down for once, settling for de-emphasis rather than discontinuation.

In 1951, when Yolande Betbeze refused to do an eight-week tour of department stores wearing the Pageant's "official" Catalina bathing suit ("It's kind of tacky. Besides, my refusal made all the wire services and raised all my other personal appearance fees"), Catalina Swimsuits pulled out of its share of Miss America sponsorship and declared a vendetta. Catalina played a large role in launching, the following year, the Miss Universe Beauty Pageant in Long Beach, California.

In an effort to replace the Miss America Pageant as the number one beauty contest in the country, the Miss Universe people, in the opinion of veteran newsmen, have run the gamut of unblushing press-agent stuntery. The promoters have so gimmicked up their contest with silly-season news stories each year that even the cautious *Wall Street Journal* has been moved to observe, "To tell the truth, the more uproar, the better. For the motive of the global quest for beauty is publicity, and the motive for the publicity is profit."

Silly-Season Stories

Some examples of the articles which achieved free space:

. . . Miss Akiko Kojima, 1960's Miss Universe, vigorously denies a story given out by a Tokyo plastic surgeon who claims that he helped upholster her thirty-seven-inch bosom by adding a substantial quantity of interior plastics.

. . . Miss New York State for 1956, who was supposed to be unmarried like all the other contestants, arrived in Long Beach sporting a black eye administered by her second husband.

. . . Another Miss New York State had also been, in previous years, Miss New Jersey, Miss Miami Beach, and Miss California. As one item noted, "establishing residence for the beauty contests seemed to be her livelihood."

. . . When Maryland's Leona Gage won the Miss U. S. A. title in 1957, it developed that she was actually ineligible because she was the mother of two, whereupon she was sued for thirty-thousand dollars by her Maryland runner-up, who protested, "I think it was downright mean of that woman to cheat me of the big chance."

. . . That same year, 1957, Peru's Gladys Zender won the Miss Universe title before it was discovered that she was three months shy of the minimum age of eighteen. The judges decided to let her keep the title anyway.

Partnership Dissolved

Evidently, things got to be a little too much even for the publicity-minded citizens of the California resort, and last year Long Beach and the Miss Universe affair parted company. From now on, Long Beach will play host to its own newly formed International Beauty Congress which will comply with religious and other civic objections by not requiring contestants to model bathing suits, substituting, instead, evening gowns, play clothes, and native costumes.

Meanwhile, Miss Universe has shifted her residence to Miami Beach where, as a Pageant official sententiously observed, "The Pageant will go on doing its job of promoting international understanding." Although it still proudly proclaims itself an out-and-out beauty contest (brains and talent not necessary), there will be at least one concession to the pietistic criticism which has been raised. This year, the girls will not troop around in bathing suits in front of a curtain. This, the Miss Universe people feel, is too "artificial." What they are going to do is add a special item to the $350,000 budget in order to create a beach scene onstage so that the girls' attire will seem more natural.

The only other major national beauty contest is the Miss Rheingold affair and this is somewhat different because it is limited to professional models. Jinx Falkenburg, the first Miss Rheingold, was chosen by a brewery official and two experts in photography and advertising back in 1940. Now the contest has grown to a point where more than twenty million ballots are cast annually to elect one girl out of a panel of six candidates: more votes are cast than in any other United States election except the one for President. Today, Miss Rheingold receives $50,000 for a year's services. This may sound like a lot of money, but many of the girls found that they were so "over-exposed" during their year, and so closely identified with Rheingold, that other advertisers could not use them. Marge McNally, whose year was 1957, says that she was the first ex-Miss Rheingold to begin modeling again without any interruption and that her income now is still around the $50,000 level.

The economically less-fortunate Miss Rheingolds show a distinct tendency to marry the year after their reign is up. Why? "First of all, they're pursued, and secondly, the girls feel worn out from working so hard," says Miss Falkenburg who, in her own case, held out for five years before she became Mrs. Tex McCrary. The fatigue theory is borne out by the fact that at least one girl, dizzied by the Miss Rheingold merry-go-round, had a nervous breakdown before her year was up. But there is a third explanation for the early marriage of the ex-Miss Rheingolds which is a simple one. "Maybe," says one of them, "it's because work is so hard to get."

Sales Follow Votes

There is no precise way of measuring whatever sales benefits accrue when a particular company decides to sponsor or tie-in with a beauty contest as an advertising-promotion gimmick. Some idea, however, is conveyed by these figures. In 1940, the year the Miss Rheingold contest began, sales of Rheingold beer came to four hundred thousand barrels. In 1941, voting was extended to include 20,000 Rheingold dealers, and the following year the public was allowed to vote, 200,000 strong. The 1942 sales figure totaled a million barrels. For the past five years, approximately 20,000,000 votes have been cast annually and sales have leveled off at a cool, satisfying three million barrels. This relationship, as stated axiomatically by Rheingold's advertising manager William L. Dye, is:

"the sales curve follows the voting curve."

Thus, beauty contests are caught in a continuous, outward spiral motion. The more money sunk into them for prizes and promotion, the more successful they are at catching the public eye; the more prominent they become, the more profitable for the backers; the higher the financial stakes, the more conservative and less like a beauty contest of old.

However, for those who have a hankering to return to things as they were during the twenties, there are hundreds of small local beauty contests held annually throughout the country whose primary interest is still to pick the best-looking dish onstage, not to judge talent or improve international relations. True, there is often a public-relations twist to them, as is evidenced by such titles as Miss Potato Chip, Miss Flowers By Wire, or Queen of the Speedboats. However, they are far more relaxed events than the Very Big Deals.

Royal Theories

A public relations man recently said that not a day goes by without the crowning of at least one of these lesser-known beauty queens. Just *why* America should be so queen-conscious, no one really knows. It has been suggested that this is proof positive that we are unabashedly drifting into a matriarchal society. Another theory has it that the beauty-queen tradition is a symptom of royalist tendencies hidden below the surface of our democratic veneer.

Whatever the exact socio-cultural explanation, the fact remains that this country has gone farther overboard on beauty contests than has any other nation in the world. There are no reliable statistics on the number of contests held in other countries, but, as a prominent New York psychiatrist has observed, "We merchandise beauty more than anyone. We've made it a big industry, and women have been made to feel that if they're not beautiful, they're wicked, poor, lazy, or stupid. In America, not going to the beauty parlor is worse than not going to church!"

The South leads the rest of the country in the number of beauty contests held. According to Bradford Frapart, "There's almost nothing which comes from the South for which they don't have a queen and a festival!" This partially accounts for the fact that belles from Dixie are so seasoned that they habitually walk off with most of the top prizes in national contests. Other contributing factors are the Southern climate, which accustoms the girls to spending a lot of time in bathing suits, and also the old ante-bellum tradition of glorifying the womanhood of the South.

Not that the North is what you might call cool to beauty. Take the Palisades Amusement Park in New Jersey. It bills itself as the "Beauty Contest Capitol of the World," and for good reason. Over seven thousand beauty contests have been held there during the past twenty years, often with as many as three thousand girls participating during the course of a single summer. Park president Irving Rosenthal spells out the drawing power of a beauty contest this way: On a Wednesday night, for example, when no contest is held, attendance is about five thousand persons; on a Wednesday *with* a contest, over ten thousand people show up; these people spend an average of $2.50 each.

Winning one of these minor contests can affect many girls as strongly as being named Miss America. Most contestants are young, either still in high school or recently graduated. All of them share that powerful and naïve American dream (or is it a pipe dream?), the desire to *be someone*, to become famous overnight. They enter a contest and win it, their picture appears in the newspaper, and then . . . usually, nothing. They go right back to school or business and continue as before. Except for one little difference: the moment of success has strengthened the desire to "go places." The gradual, almost inevitable, wearing down of the initial joyous reaction to having won a contest, by the passage of time and the buffeting of the world, is a disheartening thing to witness. Which of us has not known the stenographer who makes a regular thing of working into casual conversation some reference to a beauty contest she won . . . years ago? "Not that it matters," she will add wistfully, but not altogether truthfully.

U.P.I.

AKIKO KOJIMA, of Japan, won the 1960 Miss Universe crown in California. This eight-year-old contest has run the gamut of lawsuits, tantrums, and frauds.

Underground Lovely

New York's Miss Subways contest is a case in point. Let us sit in with Mark Elsis of the New York Subways Advertising Company, which sponsors the contest, as he interviews contestants in a penthouse suite of the John Robert Powers Model Agency. Winners get nothing but their picture displayed for two months in all subway cars, yet more than twelve hundred girls send off snapshots and letters of application each year. Every four months, about two dozen semi-finalists

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are interviewed and Mr. Elsis is confronted with what seems like an endless conveyor belt serving up one pretty face after another (some, actually, not so pretty) at fifteen-minute intervals. If you ask them why they entered the contest, most will say they "don't know," or someone dared them. But the answer is plain. Their hair colors vary, as do shapes and sizes, but one thing remains constant: the almost embarrassingly transparent eagerness to be the cynosure of all eyes, even if it *is* only underground and for one-sixth of a year.

Most return to anonymity and nurse this moment of glory for the rest of their lives. It is the very rare ones who enter this contest, or any other, clear-eyed. One such is young Lynne Galvin, a former Miss Subways, who at twenty has been a veteran of the Metropolitan Area's beauty contest circuit for four years and who has covered more ground along the road to maturity than most persons twice her age. Miss Galvin has some twenty-eight titles to her credit, including Miss Bay Shore, Miss Typical American Girl, and Miss United States Auto Racers and Drivers Association. Of a calmly practical turn of mind, she parlayed these into a job in the line at the Copacabana. She used her earnings to study acting for six months until she decided that "Hollywood needs me like a hole in the head." Now she is back at the Copa while studying to be an interior decorator at New York's Traphagen School of Fashion. "Beauty contests have been good to me," she says. But only, one cannot help thinking, because she made them a means to a definite end and did not get swept into thinking of herself as the beauty of all time.

From Contestant to Call Girl

Dr. Harold Greenwald, executive director of the Association for Applied Psychoanalysis and author of a social and psychoanalytic study entitled *The Call Girl*, recounts that one of his call girl patients first started thinking of herself as a professional beauty after winning a small-time beauty contest in the southwest. Dr. Greenwald feels that this was a direct causative factor in her drift into prostitution. Not only do some beauty-contest winners end up as call girls but, adds Dr. Greenwald, some call girls have been known to reverse the process, slipping unnoticed into some of the most stringently supervised contests and winning major titles. Why? "It's good for business," Dr. Greenwald laconically observes.

These, however, are certainly the exceptions. How does winning a beauty contest affect the lives of the majority? One generalization that can be made is that beauty contests are taken in stride much more easily by a girl who has already embarked on some career in the entertainment world or who has definite plans to be married some time after the contest is over. In the first instance, the beauty title is a means to an end; sometimes, with agents or producers who have a stereotyped conception of what a Beauty Queen is like, it may be a disadvantage, but usually it is "that extra something" which frequently helps girls land their first jobs. In the case of girls who are getting married, the contest rapidly falls into perspective as a sentimental memory, with unsatisfied dreams at a minimum, though not entirely absent.

Found Themselves Famous

It is the girls with no definite plans who are hit hardest by winning a title. One moment they have nothing in mind; the next thing they know, the sky seems to be the limit. What happens is that they hurriedly try to capitalize on their titles and reach out for some career for which they are entirely unsuited. It is here that disappointment and bitterness hit hardest and linger longest.

Even when a girl is fairly level-headed and has a plan for her life, there can be problems. For example, South Carolina's Miriam Stevenson, Miss Universe of 1955, was quoted as saying, "Ah woke up with all those roses in mah room an' ah thought for a moment somebody had died." Well, in a way, someone had—her old self.

According to Bess Myerson, 1945's Miss America, how could it be otherwise? "It's bound to change you," she says, "and give you new values—after all, it's not gradual; it happens overnight!" Miss Myerson added that one of the personal problems she encountered was that she wasn't used to being looked at that much. "At first," she recalls, "it was the very *physicalness* of being Miss America that got me. I found myself becoming very careful about my make-up and what I wore. But that eases after a while and you're able to relax again. Nowadays, I don't worry about my looks, not even when my daughter asks me if I'm the oldest living Miss America. I've seen and been moved by a Mrs. Roosevelt or a Golda Meir, who looks like a female Abe Lincoln, and I know that beauty is not that important."

Miss Myerson's last remark can come easily to a woman who is secure in her own appearance. Many girls enter beauty contests in the first place because they are seeking precisely this kind of reassurance. "I think girls enter because they don't really believe they're pretty. They want it in writing," says actress Renee Roy, who was Miss Connecticut in 1951 and is now the wife of adman Seymour Steinhart. "Even so, I felt guilty at Atlantic City, as if I'd fooled people, and they still might find me out."

This insecurity hits all the girls but it is assiduously covered up during all the subtle sizing-up that goes on between contestants. To be sure, many of the girls proclaim that, no, they didn't feel competitive toward the other girls, but like true goody-goodies, made new friends. However, anyone who has ever seen a planeload of cold-ridden, headachey, sore-throated, bronchial-congested, exhausted, and sour-visaged girls take off for home at the end of a big contest cannot but doubt that the experience had been a traumatic one, and not conducive to friendly relations.

"No competition!" exclaims singer Jan Crockett, 1951's Miss Florida, now married to Ted Devlet, staff producer at WNEW-TV. "Who are those girls kidding? They're kidding *you*. They wouldn't be human if they didn't react to competition. If they aren't interested in being Miss America, what are they there for?"

Yolande Betbeze puts it even more succinctly: "I hated all those other girls and they hated me."

More recent Miss Americas like Mary Ann Mobley (1959), Marilyn Van Derbur (1958), Sharon Kay Ritchie (1956), Lee Ann Meriwether (1955), and Evelyn Ay (1954) are not only friendly enough to visit back and forth, but they also speak most glowingly of the Pageant. Their sentimental attachment is so great that they return to Atlantic City as often as possible and have been known to weep and relive their own experiences while watching subsequent Pageants.

When asked, however, if having been Miss America was not a mixed blessing, one of them looked extremely thoughtful for a moment, then allowed that, perhaps, it was "too soon to tell."

Reunion of Beauties

One thing is certain and that is that beauty contests do not leave former contestants cold. For one reason or another, most contestants keep alive their connection with this part of their past; few are willing to lightly let go of their brief celebrity. By way of monumental proof, more than seven hundred out of eleven hundred former Miss America contestants from the year 1921 to date have accepted invitations to return to Atlantic City with their husbands and children this September for a gigantic reunion and what promises to be an unqualified orgy of reminiscences. One does not have to be clairvoyant to predict that it will be a time when the ghost of many a lost hope will once again lightly and breathlessly step up to the fabled boardwalk and tread its length—looking, looking, looking. THE END

THE FRAGRANCE FIELD *has acres of growing room. Americans spend $120,000,000 a year to smell enticing, but two-thirds is for colognes and toilet waters. One-half per cent of American women wear perfume every day.*

Your Scent and Romance

It can be love-at-first-smell when a woman has the skill to combine the manufactured fragrances with her own natural body odors.

BY T. F. JAMES

One day last summer, a freighter was plodding south through a placid sea a hundred miles off Cape Lookout, North Carolina, when the crew was suddenly overwhelmed by an odor which the average seaman expects to inhale only when he is in port. All around them the air was billowing with the rich, thick scent of expensive perfume. Looking down, they realized that it was emanating from a peculiar film of oil on the water around them. The baffled captain decided to radio news of the phenomenon to all the ships at sea, and in a matter of hours a good portion of all the newspapers on land were carrying the report—with the explanation.

The captain had sailed blithely into $25,000 worth of eighteen-dollar-an-ounce Red Satin, which Charles N. Granville, president of Angelique & Company, Inc., had poured into the Gulf Stream at Miami, Florida, in the fond hope that this mysterious "ocean river" would carry it to England. Granville had the cooperation of the University of Miami's Oceanographic Department, which hoped the experiment would provide scientific data on the path of the Gulf Stream, but his purpose was somewhat less altruistic: he wanted to sell more Red Satin.

Old-World Odors

If this seems to you a far cry from the days when Cleopatra came cruising down the Nile with her regal self and all her slaves and even her immense purple sails soaked in heavenly scent to stun Mark Antony—you are absolutely right. The American approach to perfume—both selling it and wearing it—is as different from that of the Old World as Rockefeller Center is from the Palace of Versailles. Few Americans realize this difference. Even fewer realize that one whiff of the perfume Cleo wore to lure Mark boudoir-ward would probably make them physically sick. "Overpowering" is a tame way to describe it. The subtle blend of scents which characterizes modern perfume was beyond the chemistry of earlier times. The ladies used one basic odor.

Playing Johnny-one-note was not the only trouble these ladies had with their perfumes. Their scents also had the durability of a snowflake in July, and disintegrated into odorlessness, or worse. To quote the experts at *Harper's Bazaar*: "For ten centuries poets celebrated perfume on the basis of split-second sniffs."

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Perfumes have more than just sex appeal. Today,

Only since the late 1800's has the world had perfumes as we know them today. But the trouble is that, in America at least, we do not really know them. To understand what goes into a modern perfume is essential to selecting the scent which is right for you. To understand how perfume is sold may help you buy it more economically, and will at least protect you from some of the fringe operators who trade on the prevailing ignorance.

Eau de Fifty-seventh Street

To find out how a perfume is put together, let us take a quick tour through the plant of a major manufacturer. International Flavors and Fragrances, Inc., on West Fifty-seventh Street in New York, do not have their name on any perfume bottles. But they do the manufacturing for a score of major names in the perfume business. Just which names these are is a closely guarded secret.

The heart of the I. F. F. factory is the perfumers' laboratories where the men work. They could well be hospital laboratories; the technicians—actually perfumer trainees—who work in them wear hospital-like white frock coats, and the walls are lined, over virtually every available inch, with small brown bottles containing every natural and synthetic scent known to man. Torsion-balance scales, accurate to a quarter of a grain, rest on the black-topped worktable, to be used in the precision blending of perfume ingredients. Elsewhere on the table, groups of five or six bottles rest on formula-sheets, like chemicals waiting to be blended into prescriptions, or samples waiting to be analyzed. About all that's missing to complete the hospital atmosphere is a surfeit of stainless steel, and rows of microscopes.

The master perfumers themselves (called "Noses" in the trade) sometimes sit at desks in separate rooms and send the lesser "artists" into the blending rooms to do the actual mixing of ingredients. They are surrounded by forests of odd bottles and samples—not the orderly rows of the blending-room shelves, but a haphazard profusion of containers of all sizes, both tin and glass, some of which bear the imprint of European and Far Eastern producers.

Six-inch-long strips of blotting paper, about a quarter-inch wide, are used by the perfumers to test the smells they are about to use. These strips are either fanned out like a hand of cards, or clamped in small chromium stands, like miniature hat-trees, that sit on the perfumer's desk. Each stand holds from one to ten strips.

Each formula is written on a ruled sheet of paper, with blanks at the top marked "customer," "order number," "scent," and "remarks." One verticle column contains a list of ingredients—some with names like "tincture of civet" or "oakmoss," others with chemical titles—and another column holds figures denoting the quantity of each ingredient to go into the sample blend.

The Noses—the I. F. F. New York plant employs about fifteen—work with a variety of scents which would have made the perfumer of ancient days give up in despair. There are no less than 500 natural oils, and over 2,500 synthetic odor elements are available. If there were only twelve different elements, they could be arranged in more than 479,000,000 different combinations. So the possible combinations available to the modern Nose is, for all practical purposes, infinite. How does he work? As the musician creates a melody. A great Nose must have an incredible memory for odors. Almost always, he imagines a scent before he creates it. Like the good musician, he settles for nothing less than perfection. His nose is so sensitive that he can detect a substance in a perfume even if it is only present in the ratio of 1 part to 5,000. As many as fifty times he may try to construct the perfume he has in mind, smell, and say, "That's not it," and try again.

He "Bombed" Los Angeles

As Charles Granville of Angelique has amply proved, all you need in order to start a perfume company of your own is a good name and enough money to pay for a first-class composition from a first-class Nose. This is exactly what Granville did. He and a friend decided they were weary of commuting to their jobs in New York, and conjured up the name Black Satin. They then went to I. F. F., who produced a first-class perfume for them. From there, Granville's flair for promotion took over. He set up a machine outside Angelique's Wilton, Connecticut, factory (which he calls The Skunk Works), which spattered the town with perfume bubbles. He "bombed" Los Angeles with Black Satin, and once used dry ice to produce scented snow over Bridgeport, Connecticut. For a topper, he sprinkled Paris itself with his made-in-America love potion. In ten years, Angelique's sales reached the $1.3-million-a-year mark, and Granville had a full line of perfume (Red Satin, Gold Satin, White Satin), colognes, and bath powders.

Basically, all perfume formulas have three major sets of ingredients. First there are the odor elements which make up the base and which may number anywhere from twenty to a thousand. The combination of these base ingredients gives the perfumer the foundation, or main outline, of the scent he wishes to create. Second come the "top" notes which adorn the base; these are especially volatile aromas which catch the sense of smell the instant a perfume bottle is opened—aromas like lavender, bergamot, and lemon. Third come the modifiers and fixatives. Favorite modifiers are geranium, clove, jasmine, lily of the valley, and floral bouquets. The fixative, a most important ingredient, keeps the perfume's complex mixture of scents together, equalizing their rates of evaporation so that the fragrance is always just as the perfumer creates it.

Costly Secretions

Ambergris, civet, musk, castoreum—called tinctures of natural animal secretions—are among the perfumer's favorite fixatives. Ambergris is the result of the sperm whale's difficulty in digesting cuttlefish and squid, and the sailor who finds it floating in the sea often makes enough to retire from sailing. Civet is a glandular secretion of the civet cat, a native of Abyssinia, Guinea, Java, Borneo, and Sumatra. Musk is a dried glandular secretion from the male musk deer of the Himalayas. Castoreum is much the same thing, except that it comes from the Russian or the Canadian beaver. Each of these substances has a vile smell in itself. But when added to perfume in minute quantities, they create its permanence, and what some Noses like to call the "profundity" of modern perfume.

Another description of this same process calls the first note—usually a basic flower oil—the "head" of the perfume. Then comes the "heart"—the complex blend of scents designed to create the idea the Nose has in mind. The final step is the "feet"—the animal fixative.

Choosing a perfume requires a knowledge of these fundamentals of manufacture. It also requires an awareness of: (1) your own personality, (2) your range of choice. Let us start with the second. Experts do not agree on how to divide perfumes. One school makes three main divisions. In the first division are those scents generally supposed to be the most exciting, which come from the

they help sell everything, from medicine to movies.

"night blooming" flowers: gardenia, jasmine, certain types of rose, carnation, and hyacinth. Next is a category called "soft and gentle"; the third is called "light and floral." More comprehensive, and more helpful, is a division worked out by a company called Nips, Inc., which has made a thriving business out of helping people select the scent which is best for them. The company's "Perfume Typer" comes in a plastic box the size of a cigarette case, and consists of sixty-five bottlettes of perfume (thirty-five unmarked, so you won't be influenced by brand names), plus a thirty-two-page perfume guide. You can then experiment on yourself, to your nose's ultimate content, in the privacy of your bedroom. Here are Perfume Typer's seven categories:

The Scents

FOREST BLEND. Sandalwood, rosewood, balsam, and cedarwood, singly or combined, characterize these perfumes that often have an earthy background of fern, herbs, or lavender.

SPICY BOUQUET. Familiar spice ingredients like cinnamon, clove, and ginger often go into these perfumes, which may also be combinations of spicy flower aromas.

ORIENTAL BLEND. The sophisticated, sexy aura of oriental perfumes comes from a mixture of the warm, intense notes of musk, ambergris, civet, and other such heady fragrances.

MODERN BLEND. The modern blends, also known as aldehydes, may resemble the other groups but are distinguished by a brilliant sharpness that heightens the overall effect.

FLORAL BOUQUET. A general bouquet effect is achieved in the scents of this group, which are given balance and body by a combination of base notes like ambergris, musk, and vetiver.

SINGLE FLORAL. Actually the product of subtle blending, each single floral type smells like one specific flower—carnation, rose, violet, lilac, or other popular scent.

FRUITY BLEND. Fruity blends, identified by a clean, fresh, citrus fragrance or by a smooth, mellow, peachlike warmth, are the result of a combination of ingredients.

The people at Nips, Inc., urge you to try each of the seven basic types of perfume, and to give each several trials. Whether you follow them all the way or not, their advice on how to sniff a perfume, either at home or in the drugstore, is sound. Before sniffing, don't smoke, or eat heavily seasoned foods. Try the lighter floral types first, the heavier oriental group last.

Don't waste time sniffing the perfume in the bottle. All you get is whiffs of alcohol. Rub the perfume gently on the inside of your wrist or the inside crook of the elbow. These are pulse spots, where the blood runs closest to the surface and its heat speeds the action of the perfume. Wait several minutes for the alcohol to evaporate. Then sniff. This first impression is important, but it is only the volatile top note, which will soon disappear. Wait about fifteen minutes, sniff again, and this time you will get the lasting "base note"—the real character of the perfume, personalized by contact with the oils of your skin. Top note and base note are often radically different. Pink Satin, for instance, has a spicy carnation top note and a rich rose and jasmine base.

If you are in a hurry, have the salesgirl place one perfume on the right wrist, another on the left. After sniffing one scent, be sure to blow out through the nostrils to clear them for the second sniff. If you don't like either one, try a dab of a third. But, unless you are a professional Nose, stop here. Three or, at the most, four scents are as many as the average nose can judge at one time.

Once you find something you like instinctively—and this is important—then you must ask yourself whether it is a realistic choice. If you are a Greer Garson type, you will not go well with a sultry, oriental perfume. But you may be able to wear a spicy bouquet, or a single floral or a floral bouquet might be perfect. (Remember, within each category there are dozens of individual variations.) On the other hand, sultry Hedy Lamarr types, who can wear the oriental blends, sometimes want a scent that will contrast with, rather than heighten, their Salome effect. So they choose a floral bouquet, or a single floral—a more daring approach, but often highly successful.

What Shall I Wear Today?

Once you find a scent that sends you—what then? Do you use it exclusively? Some people say, Yes. "The old-fashioned division into day and evening perfumes is dead," declares Charles Granville. Other people say: Don't be a one-perfume girl. Have a wardrobe of scents to change about—a party perfume, an everyday perfume, an outdoor-sports perfume. Most women today, goes this argument, lead many-sided lives, and there is a fragrance within your basic perfume type to complement each of your roles.

How often should you use perfume, how much should you put on, and where should you wear it? Here is where the Old World divides sharply from the New. Frenchwomen are outnumbered three to one by their American counterparts; yet *les mesdames* and *mesdemoiselles* use four times as much perfume annually, according to the experts at The Fragrance Foundation. Two-thirds of the $120,000,000 Americans spend on fragrance preparations each year goes into cologne and toilet water, which are cheaper, and supposedly go farther. But these dilutions lack the sophistication and subtlety of genuine perfume, and they do not last nearly as long on the body. Also, in America too many women are still in the grip of the "special occasion" approach to perfume wearing; only one-half of 1 per cent wear fragrance every day. This is, in part, the perfume industry's own fault. For years they built their advertising compaigns around the special-occasion idea, and then suddenly woke up and realized how silly it was. Now they are spreading the notion that no woman, no matter how well dressed, is completely groomed without perfume.

The Fragrant French

American women use perfume with a kind of nervous caution. They much prefer being under- to over-scented. The French approach is much more confident. They recommend applying a few drops to each of the pulse spots—inside wrists and crooks of elbows, at temples and behind the knees—then soaking a small wad of cotton and placing it inside the brassière to make the effect more lasting. One French expert, Mme. Marie-Louise Bousquet, also recommends applying a bit to the thigh. Few, surprisingly, recommend the traditional behind-the-ears dab. "The scent travels up," one Frenchman snorted at me. "What is the point in having the aura over the head? It should *surround* the body."

If you want to go all out, you may take the advice of the late Prince Matchabelli, who believed that a scent should be like a musical theme, running through all aspects of a woman's life. "Spotty use," Matchabelli declared, "won't surround a woman with glamour. It is the continued repetition of a favored fragrance, selected to jibe with mood and costume, that calls forth a portrait of

(continued)

Americans are apprehensive of fragrance. The average French woman uses twelve times as much perfume as her American counterpart.

you to all who have met you, everywhere."

Matchabelli recommended scenting bath oil with perfume, and even "stimulating" eau de cologne with it. He also thought highly of placing little sachet pillows in boudoir drawers to scent gloves and lingerie, and even repeating the perfume in dusting powder. He praised hostesses who placed a drop or two of bath oil on the light bulbs in their living rooms to "scent the whole room with the personality of the woman who lives there." One famous New York beauty of his acquaintance used a few drops of eau de cologne in finger bowls to give a fragrant aura to the end of a dinner party. Through such repetition, Matchabelli believed, your personality and your favored scent become inseparably identified. "The effect, nine times out of ten, is: 'What an enchanting person lives here!' rather than 'What an extremely lovely fragrance this is.' "

Where Expense Is Reasonable

Many people might blanch somewhat at the thought of using perfume so lavishly. For most women (and men) the sixty-four-thousand-dollar question about the perfume business is: Why does the stuff cost so much? One reason is the high cost of the natural essences. A 250-pound piece of ambergris can bring over fifty thousand dollars on the world market. It takes 350 pounds of white jasmine blossoms to produce one pound of jasmine oil, which sells for five hundred dollars. Few women realize that the bottle of fragrance on their night tables encompasses the efforts and ingenuity of thousands of men and women all over the world. Almost certainly, the flower oils in perfume came from around Grasse, France, which is still the manufacturing capital of the perfume world. No other nation has been able to equal the flowers grown in these sun-kissed fields not far from the Riviera—jasmine, the golden treasure of the industry; tuberose; jonquil; rose; narcissus; violet; lavender—these are only a few of Grasse's treasures. Equally famous is the small island of Réunion off the coast of Madagascar. Here grow geranium, ilang-ilang, vetiver, and other special flora, in quantities sufficient to meet the normal demands of the entire world. From Java come citronella and patchouli oils; from Bulgaria a special kind of rose.

But this world-wide dispersal of perfume ingredients is not the only reason for the high price of fragrance. Approximately 40 per cent of the cost of a scent goes into marketing and advertising. Few people are aware that the perfume manufacturer pays the salaries of the girls who serve at the perfume counters in our department stores. Unlike most industries, perfume companies must pay for all local and all national advertising. Finally, a store is under no obligation to keep the perfume it does not sell. If Macy's buys five hundred bottles of a perfume and sells only four hundred, the extra hundred go right back to the hapless manufacturer.

One-quarter of all the perfume sold each year goes over the counter during the Christmas season, and it is in this same time of year that you must be on your guard against the fast-buck boys who come out of the woodwork with a wide variety of gimmicks designed to separate you from your money and give you nothing but a little scented alcohol in return. Typical of these operators is one Carl Zingale, otherwise known as Cue Ball Kelly, who was arraigned one recent December in Upper Manhattan Court. According to the prosecutor, this gentleman was caught in the act of selling thirty-six bottles of perfume labeled Chanel No. 5 to a cab driver. Another hundred one-ounce bottles were found in a nearby pool hall, where Mr. Zingale, as his nickname suggests, spent much of his time. In the Zingale home, a mixture was found in the bathtub, and a number of bottles were "settling or cooling" on the fire escape. The prosecutor said Zingale admitted that he had sold fifteen gross of one-ounce bottles in two weeks, and had hoped to sell another thirty gross before the holiday season was over. His formula—one part synthetic Chanel scent to six parts alcohol and one part water—produced a mixture which smelled, according to the prosecutor, "like a barbershop shampoo that might be used as an after-shave lotion." Yet there were apparently more than enough innocent noses in New York to keep Mr. Zingale working overtime at his bathtub, until the law closed in.

Door-to-Door "Bargains"

Not all phony perfume salesmen are as unstable as our friend with his bathtub brew. There are companies that manufacture a low-grade, but moderately appealing, scent; they take ads in the fashion magazines in June or July, advertising their product for twenty-five or thirty dollars an ounce. Then, in the Christmas season, their salesmen appear on the nation's doorsteps, with copies of the ad in hand, peddling their poor man's fragrance for two or three dollars a bottle. A genuine, smashing, incredible bargain, they explain, caused by "overproduction." If some doubt is expressed, they have the ad from the authentic, trustworthy magazine in New York to prove the perfumes were selling for twenty-five dollars per ounce in July.

Judge Perfume By Its Cover

The Better Business Bureau has been vigilant in hounding these scent shysters out of town. The B.B.B. has also recently come down hard on a major chain of retail stores for selling rebottled toilet water and cologne in small purse-size containers more commonly used for real perfume. Apparently, scores of people thought they were getting essence when they were actually getting cheap toilet water. In Oakland, California, the B.B.B. recently broke up two "fake perfume rings," one of which was blatantly selling scent marked "C" and "S" and represented as rebottled Chanel No. 5 and Shalimar.

Any time someone tries to sell you a rebottled perfume, you can be certain he is a faker. The genuine perfumers know how important bottling perfume is to its longevity, and simply would not allow anyone else to do the job. A similar warning should be issued against those shady characters who whisper that they are ready to sell you genuine French perfume bought in Paris and smuggled into the United States. At one time some people estimated the smuggled perfume racket to run as high as $70.000.000. Now, thanks to increased vigilance on the part of the perfume business and the government, it is much less. The trouble with smuggled perfume is the condition in which it reaches our shores. Often it is hidden in some hot corner of the ship, and then it is left on an icy wharf for a day or two when landed. The abrupt changes in temperature completely disintegrate the delicate chemical combinations, and you get something that approximates vinegar instead of cut-rate ambrosia.

The best defense against this kind of scent chicanery is an educated nose. Unfortunately, most Americans just don't have one. Smell is our most neglected and least understood (scientifically) sense. In his recent book on the subject, naturalist Roy Bedichek complained that we don't even have a vocabulary to describe the thousands of different odors which the nose can distinguish.

However, all this may soon change, because the perfume industry seems determined to add pleasing odors not merely to male and female torsos, but to just about everything in sight. Symptomatic of the future is the recent debut on Broadway of two movie processes, Aroma-Rama, and Mike Todd, Jr.'s "Glorious Smell-O-Vision"—designed to add the dimension of odor to sight and sound in moviegoing. In spite of the barrage of puns with which these efforts have been greeted ("scent-sational," "at last, a movie that smells and admits it"), many serious movie makers feel the idea does have merit, and may become a basic part of film technique. We do know that smell has a far more immediate effect on the emotions than sight or sound. Everyone knows from at least one experience that a long-forgotten smell—of baking bread, or lavender—has carried him back, instantaneously, to childhood.

The perfume chemists who have created these movie processes are already operating in a bewildering number of directions, all of which are bringing odors into your life to a heretofore unprecedented degree. Listen to Dodge & Olcott, Inc., one of the nation's leading aroma makers, thinking out loud about the automobile:

New-Car Personality Plus

"A new automobile reveals its personality in many ways . . . not the least of which is its very characteristic odor. The combined scents of lacquers, paints, plastics, rubber, leather, even the heavy odor present in crank case oil . . . all blend into one fragrance that is associated with a new car. A number of years ago, D&O was asked by an enterprising used-car dealer if such a scent could be developed by the industrial perfumer for spraying in his old models. It could be, and it was . . . and today the odor or modification of it . . . can be sprayed on the floor mat, back of the front seat . . . and will change or modify the complex odor of an old car, giving it that fresh, newly milled scent of the year's most recent model. Not that anyone really thinks he's getting a new car . . . but the psychological impact of the new-car odor has proven to be a definite aid to sales."

D&O is also busy giving imitation leather products the smell of real leather, making fertilizers smell pleasantly of peach, strawberry, violet, or pine, putting perfume into dog shampoos, metal cleaners, dish detergents, floor waxes. All are aimed at what D&O calls "the scented household." An even greater effort is being made in textiles, and with a shrewd eye on the customer. Scented stockings, for instance, sell much better than those with no odor at all. The same principle undoubtedly applies to other lingerie.

Equally ambitious is Mr. Alfred Neuwald, President of The Fragrance Process Company, Inc. Neuwald has perfected a formula which enables him to add perfume to printing ink. In the future, when you open a magazine and see a dish of oatmeal staring up at you, the chances are, thanks to Mr. Neuwald, you will also smell it. Neuwald has quite recently been called into the medical field by a drug firm which had an excellent but evil-smelling medicine. Since they could not add anything to the medicine to change its smell, they put the aroma in the plastic bottle top; now, when a user picks up the bottle, he smells the aroma in the top, and forgets about the real taste of the contents.

If this trend keeps growing, and there is every sign that it is moving with avalanche speed, we may soon become the owners of the most educated noses in history. Then, when we pick up a perfume, we can say, with confidence: "A little more ilang-ilang, a little less geraniol, and a teensy-weensy bit more oakmoss, and this would be perfect for me." However, until the day of supernoses dawns, we will have to keep buying perfume with that sixth sense which says, for reasons we know not: "This one is for me." It is, in the final analysis, a little like falling in love. Which brings us to that authentically French remark from Madame Bousquet: "Perfume is love, love is perfume." Some people, especially perfume manufacturers, consider it immediately more profound than that stuff Keats wrote about truth and beauty.

Perfume Don'ts

- DON'T put perfume on clothing or furs. It may stain fabric. Also, blending of skin oils with perfume oils is what makes your perfume distinctly yours.
- DON'T expect one application of perfume to last all day.
- DON'T store your perfume in hot closets, near radiators, or in bright light.
- DON'T hoard perfume, once opened. Within a few months it may spoil or evaporate. Experts estimate that daily use consumes only four ounces of perfume annually.

THE END

SENIOR PERFUMER *Gus Schwinderman searches the Dodge and Olcott Company's racks for components to mix a new fragrance. Ingredients are expensive: a 250-pound lump of ambergris is $50,000; pound of jasmine oil, $500.*

Werner Wolff—Black Star

CHARLES HASKELL REVSON, President of Revlon, Inc.—most spectacular man in the $5 billion cosmetic business.

"What I Don't Know About Women"

BY CHARLES REVSON

"Plenty. But what you don't know about women is the key to understanding them. *Never*, with women, can you take *anything* for granted—every woman always has some unknown quantity. She is always changing—*that is* her never-ending desire. She is always creating new mysteries about herself; her clothes and fashions change, she changes her make-up, she changes mentally and emotionally. By aiming for real beauty potential, she actually can affect herself spiritually. I agree with Jean Cocteau who said, 'A defect of the soul cannot be corrected on the face—but a defect of the face, if you can correct it, can correct a soul.' "

"The search for ways to help a woman become more beautiful must be scientific *as well as aesthetic. For example, a woman's mouth should look neither dry nor greasy; it should have a luscious look. If she does not have it, it must be created for her."*

(continued)

"Mistake: Some women clever enough to play up their most beautiful feature will often neglect the rest of their assets."

"One of our greatest problems is that many women use a little too much make-up. Yet, if a woman experiments delicately, she can improve her morning looks and her afternoon looks, as well as her evening appearance. To be successful, she must use her aids correctly."

"Three things are vital to a woman's beauty. First: her figure. Second: clothes that best show off that figure. Third: cosmetics that enhance her looks. Think of it as a form of art. Over the years we have learned that a woman achieves the most harmonious and dramatic effects by choosing to let her skin be a simple background. She gets her 'accents' by what she does to her lips and eyes. Or, if she chooses to emphasize her skin, then she gets the most stunning effects by underplaying her eyes and mouth. But she cannot successfully do both."

"*A woman must glorify her* natural *characteristics, not create something different and false. In other words, she should approach the truer* she."

"*Fragrance...what should the fragrance be? Should it be woody? Floral? Whatever it is, it should be nebulous, yet obvious.*"

(continued)

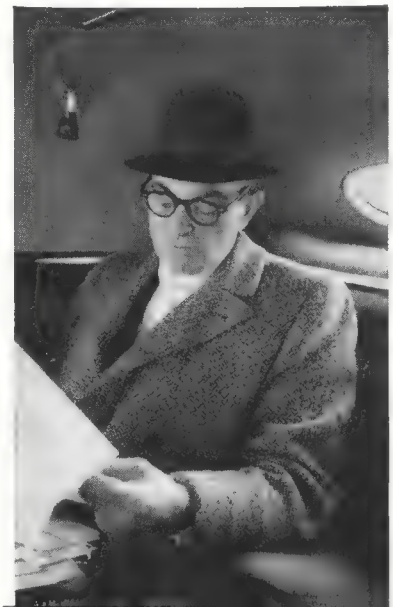
"A woman has the right to be conservative, and she has the right to be daring. But she's courting disaster when she allows her looks to become stale."

"Compared with ten years ago, all make-up is on the lighter side—and that is true of the texture of anything ***a woman puts on her face. If I were to say any particular 'look' for women is coming up, I would call it The Lighter Look. Lipsticks are lighter. Fragrances are becoming lighter. Clothes are lighter. The lighter look creates a woman of more elegance. She has a younger, more blossoming look."***

"The wisest women I know take an inventory of themselves about every three months. A new way of wearing her hair, or a change of hair color, can pull a woman up to a higher plane of beauty."

"At 8 A.M. *every morning it begins all over again—the eternal pursuit of womanly beauty."* THE END

"I pedal ten miles a day to nowhere on this machine every morning. We're always talking about what women *should do and how* women *should look their best. What goes for women ought to go for men, too."*



JAYNE MEADOWS, *(left)* lovely star of stage, screen and television, co-starring with *Steve Allen* in Universal's new motion picture *"College Confidential."*

AUDREY MEADOWS, co-starring this year with *Sid Caesar,* has starred in many of television's outstanding productions.

"The atmosphere at these Sarah Coventry Shows is relaxed and congenial. Guests see new treasures and greet old friends, and have a fine time doing both."

"That Sarah Coventry fashion jewelry is exquisite. And what variety! No matter what your requirements, there's a just-right accessory for every occasion."

The Show that drew "Raves" from Jayne and Audrey Meadows!

Recently we asked those beautiful and talented sisters, Jayne and Audrey Meadows, to help us develop some ideas for a Sarah Coventry television commercial.

But first, to familiarize the girls with our jewelry and method of selling, we arranged to have them sit in on a typical Sarah Coventry Home Fashion Show . . . They went. They looked, listened and learned. And returned to tell us their ideas.

"Honestly," remarked Audrey, "The Sarah Coventry Fashion Show is the best 'commercial' you could possibly have. Both Jayne and I were amazed at the ability of these showings to combine good fun, good fashion, and good showmanship . . ."

"Aside from the exquisite jewelry," observed Jayne, "what intrigued us most was the way everyone got a full measure of expert, *personal* attention — so important in the selection of smart, correct accessories."

"And it was all so relaxed and pleasant," Audrey added. "We just can't imagine a more sensible and economical way to acquire the kind of jewelry wardrobe every well-dressed woman needs! Jayne and I are sold on the plan 100%."

Perhaps *you* would like to attend one of these delightful, informal showings. You can do so — *in the company of your own friends* — merely by dropping us a line today . . . without obligation of course. Address Sarah Coventry, Inc., Dept. C-160, Newark, New York State.

SHOWN *ONLY* AT SARAH COVENTRY HOME FASHION SHOWS

AS FEATURED ON QUEEN FOR A DAY—TV

Sarah Coventry

THE EXCITING NAME IN FASHION JEWELRY

"And so versatile too! Why, with even a small wardrobe of Sarah Coventry jewelry, you have a practically unlimited variety of styles and combinations."

"Those Sarah Coventry Fashion Show Directors really know their jobs. They're experts at choosing jewelry that suits a gal's purse and personality to a T."

"Even the hostess has a wonderful time. Besides serving refreshments, all she has to do is enjoy the show and accept a valuable free gift."

"Yes, it's a wonderful way to acquire good fashion jewelry. And seems like a wonderful career idea too, for anyone interested in style and in people."

California's Teen-Age Model Business

The West Coast—one part health, one part youth, two parts glamour—is issuing a challenge to the rest of the country. Much of the credit goes to an unusual agency, which turns gawky thirteen- and fourteen-year-old girls into svelte, poised beauties.

PHOTOS BY C. ROBERT LEE • TEXT BY STEPHAN WILKINSON

Tell a mother her teen-age daughter should become a photographer's model and the usual reaction is, "Not yet—she's too young for that sort of work." But one Californian is doing a great deal to change the attitude that modeling is a woman's and not a girl's job.

William Adrian is, at forty-one, the head of America's first modeling school and agency exclusively for teen-agers. Since 1946, when it was established, his office has been the world's leading source of models, who have the commercially valuable quality which their creator calls "that unspoiled outdoor look."

Much of Adrian's success as a glamour promoter is necessarily due to the fact that parents trust him; they know his school will not only teach their daughters to become good models, but also that his agency will keep an unobtrusive eye on the girls, once they enter the business.

"It's also no coincidence that Bill Adrian set himself up in Pasadena," says photographer Paul Hesse. "He's got the pick of that city's beautiful debutante crop." California's combination of sun and sport has been good for the beauty business, and Pasadena seems to have profited more than most towns. All the girls on these pages either live in Pasadena or within ten miles of that suburb.

Kathy Kersh

Last November, seventeen-year-old Kathy (left) posed as the "girl friend" of rock-and-roll singer Fabian for a magazine cover. Hollywood rumor-mills began hinting that the Kersh-Fabian romance was the real thing. "Not true," says Kathy, but publicity-plus-beauty has been a combination good enough to put her picture on ten covers since, and to bring Kathy bids from every major studio. Kathy, who graduates from high school this June, joined the Adrian Agency nine months ago. She is already in demand not only with West Coast glamour photographers, but as a fashion and trade-show model. Appearances such as Kathy's have netted Adrian Agency models up to $1,000 a day.

Sheri Rice

A girl who came to the Adrian Modeling School four years ago, Sheri has since made her mark on one hundred magazine covers and innumerable fashion pages, ads, and TV commercials. William Adrian recognized Sheri's potential when she was thirteen, and immediately enrolled her in his classes. Teen-agers invited to the Adrian School study thirteen subjects, from make-up application and correct speech to techniques for television modeling. Girls can continue with classes as long as they like, after initial payment of a two-hundred-dollar tuition fee. Most models study for a period of six months: some continue indefinitely.

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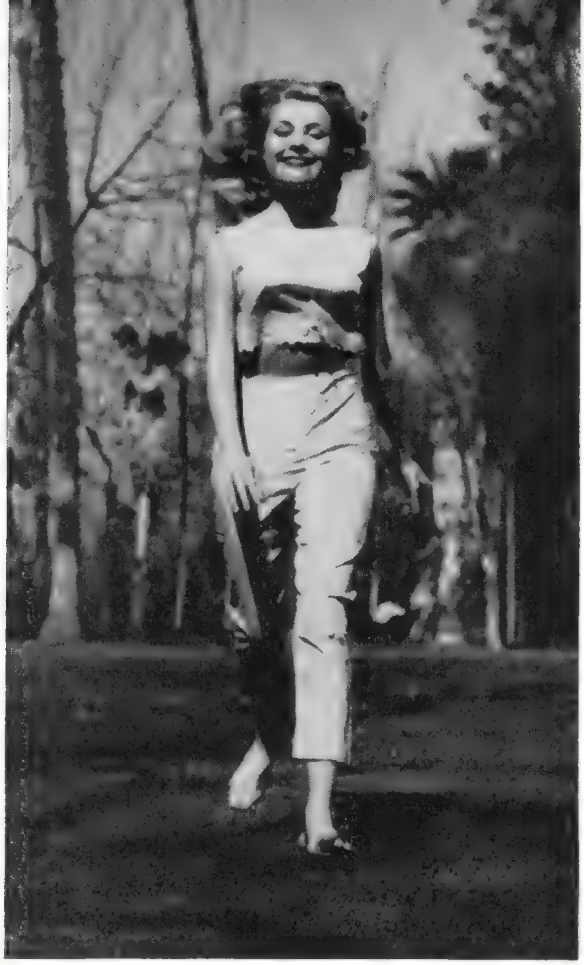
Teen-Age Models (continued)

Sue Hubley

Blonde Sue Hubley's girlish figure belies the fact that she was champion swimmer of Los Angeles County at sixteen. Now a year older, she is one of California's top fashion models. William Adrian usually has forty teen-agers enrolled in his classes and another forty graduates working as models. These girls not only find time to show clothes and pose for pictures, but one has become Miss America, three have won Miss California titles, and seven have been Queens of Pasadena's famous Festival of Roses. Only 10 per cent of Adrian's girls continue modeling as a career.

Yvonne Flint

Beauty can be a family trait—a fact demonstrated below by fifty-year-old Margaret Flint and daughter Yvonne, twenty-one. Yvonne is Adrian's TV-commercials specialist, a job she has filled since her junior high school days. Though she is now married to pro football star Jon Arnett, a former fellow student at the University of Southern California, Yvonne is still modeling. Television is a lucrative field, since models receive "residual" payments every time the commercial they are in is shown, plus their seventy-dollar-a-day rate during initial filming of the advertisement.



Sharon Girot

Although she has never appeared in a national magazine, eighteen-year-old Sharon (above) has still earned more money than most cover girls. Her specialty is publicity modeling, and she is constantly photographed to promote new products, trade shows, and special events. When Sharon first came to the School, she was accepted only as a self-improvement student, and not as a prospective model. She lost twenty pounds, changed her hair style, developed poise. Sharon is today one of Adrian's number-one publicity girls, and is a perfect example of his teaching ability.

Paulette Lollar

Paulette, just fifteen, is one of Adrian's youngest photographer's models—the reason she is often pictured as a "typical teen." Discovered when she was twelve by the parents of Yvonne Flint, Paulette has since done more than a dozen magazine covers and several national TV commercials. Though Adrian warns that "only one model in two thousand has that cover-girl face," many of his teenagers find steady work as fashion models in factory showrooms, department stores, and fancy tea-room shows. Models' salaries range from $40 to $125 a week. THE END

A Lovely Voice— Woman's Best Asset

Can you imagine Lauren Bacall without her sultry drawl? Or Marilyn Monroe without that tone of breathless intimacy? A few simple rules can reveal the hidden magic in your own voice—and add new dimension to your beauty.

BY EUGENE D. FLEMING

Just the other day, an actor friend of mine was passing a Fifth Avenue beauty salon when an expensively dressed young society matron emerged, newly coiffured and blooming after several hours of exotic beauty treatments. He probably wouldn't have done any more than glance at her, except that, when she asked the doorman to hail a cab, her voice cut through Manhattan's midday clamor like the screechy rasp of a file on steel. "She had the voice of a cold-hearted hag," he told me. "For all the good those beauticians did her, they might just as well have given her a broom and a babushka and sent her on her way."

A TAPE RECORDER will show up vocal flaws. Above, at Powers School, Peggy Lackey (with mike), Joan Thomas (standing), instructor Paula Kurman.

An extreme example, perhaps, but it is one which serves to emphatically underline the beauty-conscious American woman's Number One beauty sin. "The voice," says famed fashion photographer Erwin Blumenfeld, "is the key to a woman's beauty." Yet, like the stylish screech owl above, the majority of American women, speech experts unanimously agree, have considerably less-than-appealing voices—harsh, shrill, nasal, whiny, flat, wispy, to name but a few of the more common defects. Noted Broadway voice coach Alfred Dixon, who has speech-doctored eighty-one shows in the past twenty-six years, fervently believes that a full 80 per cent of these women could, without benefit of professional help, give themselves what he calls "the supreme beauty treatment—the development of a warm, rich, full speaking voice." What's more, he thinks they could do it "with no more time and effort than they spend on other beauty measures." The trouble, he points out, is that not one woman in a hundred has the slightest awareness of how she sounds, or more important, how her voice labels her in the eyes of other people.

The Sound of Beauty

"When a woman enters a room," says internationally known charm seer, John Robert Powers, "the people present immediately form an impression of her on the basis of her face, her figure, her clothes, and her carriage. But," he adds, "no matter how great her beauty, no matter how much time, energy, and money she has spent in perfecting her appearance, that initial impression will be later confirmed, or radically altered for better or worse, by the one thing she has probably paid no attention to: the way she sounds when she talks."

Strongly supporting this viewpoint is New York psychiatrist Dr. Dominick A.

Barbara, author of the book *Your Speech Reveals Your Personality*. "In our particular culture," he states, "people judge your character, your intellectual capacity, your social standing by the way you talk." Moreover, even *what* a person says seldom means as much as *how* he or she says it. Dr. Barbara feels. Can you, for example, imagine sultry, imperturbable Lauren Bacall speaking in the shrill, high-pitched voice usually associated with an excitable, nervous woman? Or breathless sex queen Marilyn Monroe speaking in the flat, clipped tones of, say, an efficient, dispirited spinster? Their voices are part and parcel of the personalities they project, the personalities that have made them famous.

The "Talkies"

As a matter of fact, the careers of more than a few silent film stars ended abruptly when "talkies" came in, simply because they didn't sound as alluring as they looked. In one typical example, a featured actress made her first talking picture in the role of a medieval princess. With a stunning shape, blonde hair, and a pricelessly innocent face, she was every inch the fairy-book image of the part. At the première, however, her first words in the opening scene, set in a vaulted, authentically regal throne room, sent the audience into gales of giggles. Although all she said was, "Yes, my lord," it sounded like the squeaking of a harmonica in a cathedral. She looked like a princess, but she sounded like a poorly tutored high school girl from the Bronx. Many of the flawlessly beautiful models who appear in the TV commercials speak with the voice of a bespectacled lass named Joyce Gordon. Joyce, who also dubs the English voices of beauties in foreign films, sounds the way the models should, but don't. Her voice is so appealing that when she herself appears in commercials, she gets away with wearing her glasses on camera, something no other picture-tube pitch girl has yet dared to do.

Naturally, the advantages of an attractive voice are by no means limited to show business. At home, for instance, says Dr. Barbara, "The husband who turns a deaf ear whenever his wife starts to talk is usually reacting less to the words than to the tone and delivery. If a woman talks to her husband as a well-spoken human being," he declares, "he will be relaxed and able to listen to what she wants to tell him." Take a woman whose tone of voice is a perpetual whine. Everything she says sounds like a complaint; even her most insignificant remarks become weighted with the weariness and dejection of an unwilling martyr. Actually, she may not feel that way at all, having merely inherited the voice from a whining mother. Untold numbers of women whose husbands regard them as nags are really only the unwitting victims of unpleasant, grating voices. No matter what they say, their inflection, delivery, and tone make it sound demanding, harsh, or, in a word, unsympathetic. Ironically, such women will talk to their babies or pets in a voice so soothing it would charm a wild man. They never stop to realize that husbands are just as susceptible as babies to the soothing effects of sound.

Sexually, any psychiatrist will testify that the voice, like the mating call, is an all-important part of a woman's animal magnetism. "The devil hath not, in all his quiver's choice," wrote the great romantic poet, Lord Byron, "an arrow for the heart like a sweet voice." If a woman's voice sounds warm and inviting, it implies a relaxed, receptive person, a creature any man would find well nigh irresistible, even though she had an imperfect nose or overly padded hips. A cold, flat voice, on the other hand, will repel a man. In at least one case, a man heard a woman talking in another room at a cocktail party and was so enthralled with her voice that he took pains to meet her. The voice continued to charm him right into marriage. "If a woman would really stop to think about it, and give an honest answer," Alfred Dixon asks, "would she rather be a beautiful woman physically, and have a terrible, squeaky speaking voice, or be somewhat less than beautiful and have a proportionately better, more seductive voice?"

Ingredient for Success

When it comes to a career, the quality of a woman's voice can make the difference between success and failure. Dixon tells of one of his former pupils, a good looking young woman from Louisiana, who had a very broad and very raspy southern accent. She wanted desperately to become a dress designer, but couldn't get started because her voice was such an irritant that it automatically prejudiced manufacturers' opinions of her drawings. She went to Dixon, eliminated the rasp and enough of the accent so that she didn't sound as though she had just left the bayou, and immediately thereafter, she began to sell her designs. Today, she is one of the top designers in the country.

Needless to say, in these days of the business-wife, a husband's career can also be held back by his wife's unpleasant voice, or conversely, it can be furthered, if she has an appealing one. Fishwives and obvious graduates of P.S. 12 in Flatbush are not exactly welcome at the delicately balanced social councils of the corporate elite. Not surprisingly, some companies now prescribe voice lessons for the less-than-promising wives of promising young executives—subtly suggested.

Obviously, no woman can afford to be without an attractive voice. So why not acquire one? It's really quite simple. The first step entails no more than hearing how you really sound. "As soon as a pupil hears herself," says one voice coach, "improvement begins almost at once." Go to the corner of a room, cup your hands behind your ears, and say a few words. That voice you hear is the very same one that has been identifying you in people's minds for years.

Play Yourself Back

Better, rent or buy a tape recorder. One model which is on the market sells for only thirty-five dollars. Others cost about one hundred twenty-five dollars new, much less when secondhand. Whatever the price, it's worth the investment. Almost all speech teachers use tape recorders because they give you a true reproduction of your voice—the way other people hear it. Interestingly enough, more than one million recorders are now being used for self-improvement at home, according to the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Corporation. It's safe to assume, however, that most of the self improving is being done by career-conscious, speech-making males. In any event, the company has just come out with a tenzar-backed recording tape which is sturdier and can be used longer and more often than the standard tape, thereby cutting the cost of developing a new voice with the help of a tape recorder.

The next step, once you've recovered from the shock of hearing your own voice, is to start listening to it whenever you talk. Says a New Jersey speech counselor: "There is no such thing as voice culture without voice consciousness." To use your voice effectively, you have to think of it as a musical instrument. Every musician listens to his instrument as he plays it; otherwise, he couldn't know whether he was playing poorly or well. Speech, at its best, is really spoken song, anyway. The only technical difference is that in song, the tone is prolonged and fixed by a score, whereas in speaking, the pitch and tempo are governed by the speaker's mood and his subject matter.

Most people, if they become voice conscious at all, only worry about their articulation and pronunciation, two factors which are of decidedly minor importance when it comes to voice appeal. Pronunciation is bad only when it calls attention to itself. Your articulation needs correction only if you slur words so badly that others have difficulty understanding you. A major fault here is running words together, instead of enunciating each separately: "Whyn'cha comere?", "Whattaya know?" Another reason why American speech is sometimes called "unenunciated English" is the all-too-common tendency of Americans to drop the last letters of words, and say "goin'" instead of "go-iinng-a," or "fack" for "fa-ck-ta." Most of this poor articulation is caused by tongue and lip laziness, and the best remedy is whistling

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The key question: Does your voice fit your personality?

and practicing tongue twisters like "The seething sea ceaseth and it sufficeth me," or "The bleak breeze blighted the bright blossoms." Don't overdo lip movements, though. Theatrical voice coach Dr. Simon Mitchneck believes that shaping the mouth for words makes the face ugly. "It's not necessary for proper articulation," he says. "TV and movie stars who can't afford to distort their expressions are still well understood. Besides," he adds, "if you waste all your expression on articulation, there's nothing left for emotional expression." As Alfred Dixon tells students at his nonprofit speech clinic, "A little articulation goes a long way, but tone can antagonize or enslave. Tone—pace, range, and shading—accounts for 95 per cent of the voice's power to attract or alienate."

Tone Treatment

Dixon's instant tone treatment consists simply of talking more slowly. "The major fault of American women is that they talk too rapidly," he says. "Worse yet, in a group, they pick up each other's tempo, which results in a cacophonous marathon race with words." When people speak rapidly, he explains, their voices get higher in pitch and become raspy. By slowing down, the voice tone drops nearer its proper level and gains in warmth. Speaking more slowly also gives you a chance to articulate more clearly, and more time to think, so that you don't have to "uh" and "ah" so much.

Test Your Speech Pace

A moderate rate of speech is about one hundred twenty-six words a minute. Test yourself. Mark off that number of words in a book or magazine, then time how long it takes you to read the passage. Says Dixon: "At a cocktail party, you can talk double talk and, if you do it slowly, people will look at you with interest, and not because of the double talk. And," he adds, "in a tight, emotionally charged situation, you can calm everyone down just by slowing the pace of your words."

Speaking slowly, in a calm manner, also helps preserve the youthfulness of your voice, according to voice specialist Loraine Osborn. "It has been my observation," she says, "that age shows more quickly in the average person's voice than in anything else." The youthful voice is usually clear, the aging one harsh from years of abuse. Aside from talking too fast at too high a pitch, the prime cause of this abuse is "talking in the throat," or "on the vocal chords," instead of floating the sound up on the air from the diaphragm. This is that band of muscle a few inches above the midriff that works something like a bellows, and compresses air through the larynx, thereby creating sound. Dr. Mitchneck calls talking in the throat "a national malady," and compares it to riding a tire on its rim. "Because English is by ancestry a Germanic language, it's easy to talk in the throat, thus stifling or blurring the sounds."

The corrective is a better-developed diaphragm that projects the sound out of your throat. Place your hand over your diaphragm. If it doesn't bounce when you shout "Boom!", it needs strengthening. Dixon recommends panting, breathing in and out in a regular rhythm. Another technique is to lie on the floor with a heavy book over your diaphragm, and shout words like "home, hy, he, ho, hoo." "Invariably," says Dixon, "when the diaphragm is developed, the voice tone seeks its proper level. Your tone," he points out, "should strike the high point on the roof of the mouth." This also eliminates a nasal tone, another all-too-common quality of American voices. You should *talk* through your nose; this gives you voice resonance, which adds vibrance and vitality to your tone. But only three sounds should resonate in the nose: "m," "n," and "ng." Pinch your nose closed and then say, "Father Manning." You should only feel vibration in your nose on "Manning." If you feel further vibration, you probably have a nasal voice. To cultivate proper resonance, hum, and say words containing the resonators, like "home, came, dam, man." For a voice that is naturally high pitched, a strengthened diaphragm won't lower it. About the only thing that can be done is to practice words that resonate in the chest cavity, like "alone, alone on a wide, wide sea."

Breath Control

Regardless of the type of voice you have, a strong diaphragm can't beautify it without breath control. Hold a lighted candle about four inches from your mouth and say, "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers." If you control your breath properly, the candle will remain lit. When you expel all your air explosively in the first few words after a breath, your voice is likely to be too loud, or, if you continue talking without a supply of air, raspy and strident. Continually gasping for breath, you'll sound wispy and weak. To develop breath control, try whispering as loudly as you can. Loraine Osborn recommends this exer-

Hearst Photo Library

ACTRESS GERALDINE PAGE had high-pitched voice unsuitable for aging movie queen role in *Sweet Bird of Youth*. For part, she lowered voice an octave.

cise: Stand erect, and inhale slowly through your nose, keeping your spine rigid and without allowing your shoulders to rise. Then exhale slowly through pursed lips. Good posture, incidentally, is essential to a good voice, because it's impossible to breathe properly unless you sit and stand erectly.

For controlled breathing to have its desired effect, your throat, not only your mouth, must be open when you speak. Your mouth may be wide open, yet your tongue can be blocking your throat and stifling the tone. To get the feel of an open throat, say "ah" with the tip of your tongue resting on your lower front teeth. You should be able to see the back of your throat in a mirror. Let your breath out for a few seconds, without moving your tongue; then close your mouth and add an "mm" sound to give the tone resonance. The sound you'll hear is the one to strive for in conversation. It's your best sound.

New Color—New Woman

The final touch in the creation of the voice beautiful is color—your style, or delivery. "At least half of your voice impression is delivery," says Alfred Dixon. Much of his work with stage and screen stars like Katharine Hepburn and Mary Martin is, in fact, teaching them the right delivery for particular roles. "Even if a piano is out of tune," he explains, "a practiced pianist can sound pretty good on it. On the other hand, a poor pianist will sound terrible on a perfectly tuned instrument." Some women, whether with tuned or untuned voices, can say "How do you do," and make it sound like a bell-ringing compliment, while also making themselves sound full of life. Others say it so listlessly, or forbiddingly, that they send shivers through the person being introduced. A voice without color is flat and dull, and its possessor appears the same way she sounds—flat, dull, totally lacking in color. You would not seek to cultivate this woman's friendship.

As Loraine Osborn points out in her excellent book, *Your Voice Personality*, most people use only three or four tones in speaking, although the normal voice has eleven tones it can put to work without strain. Starting with "mi" or "fa" in the do-re-mi key most suitable to your voice, these tones go up five notes and down five. They range from the plain statement or normal tone ("How is everything today?") up through emphasis, earnestness, fervor ("America, the land of the free."), excitement, and great excitement, and down through seriousness, awe, impressiveness, reverence, and great emotion ("How dare you!"). At least six tones should be used in normal conversation. One voice counselor suggests laughing up and down the musical scale, first using ho, then ha, he, and hoo, just to experience the zestful range of your voice. Notice how an accomplished actor or actress uses this range to enliven a role, especially a difficult one. Katharine Hepburn recently rounded much of her famous flat tone in order to achieve a more flexible range for the role of Cleopatra in the Shakespeare festival at Stratford, Connecticut.

TV PITCH GIRL Joyce Gordon (with M.C. Bill Cullen) has voice so appealing she can afford to wear glasses on camera. She dubs voices for foreign films.

Inflection is important, too. Listen to what can be done with a single sentence just by successively emphasizing different words. First say in a monotone: "What am I doing?"—then, "WHAT am I doing?", "What AM I doing?", and so on, testing all possibilities.

You Won't Sound Affected

Will changing your voice tone and delivery make you sound affected and phony? No, says Alfred Dixon. Just because you are conscious of your voice doesn't mean you're acting affectedly. Affectation comes from overdoing pronunciation, like saying "cawn't," for can't. It makes sense for a person to use his or her voice as effectively as possible, if he has any respect for what he is saying. Just because someone speaks in a dull monotone, or a maddening shriek, doesn't indicate his sincerity. By that criterion, only the most boring, aggravating speakers would be unaffected. Nor will you feel affected once your initial resistance to sounding different is overcome. "Strangely," says Dixon, "women don't feel affected when they change their hair style, or improve their minds, but when it comes to their speaking voices, they all want to hang onto the ones they grew up with, regardless of how unattractive they may be. Just don't magnify the changes," he advises. "Remember that an extracted tooth leaves you with what seems like a crater in your mouth, until you get used to it. Tell a weak-voiced woman to talk louder, and she always feels as though she's shouting, when in reality she's just barely reaching normal volume.

Pleased Reactions

"Besides," he adds, "the change won't take place overnight." He recommends reading aloud—prose, not poetry—and practicing appropriate vocal exercises for about a half-hour a day. Then, in about six weeks, you should begin to get pleasantly surprised "Who's this?" responses when you call old friends on the telephone. The love-of-your-life's response may possibly be expressed more in action than in words—but, whichever way, it will indicate his pleasure.

Of course, a new voice doesn't give anyone a new personality. It only helps to better express the one that already exists. Similarly, if a woman tries to improve her voice just to add another dimension to the mask she presents to the world, her effort will be doomed to failure from the start. Unless she is a consummate actress, with the energy to perform during all her waking hours, her insincerity will soon filter through. No one can disguise herself with words, no matter how sweet, for very long. Even the multi-bodied Joyce Gordon says, "You have got to be yourself when you're projecting."

So, be yourself, but be your best self—with a beautiful voice. THE END

RUMORS OF BANS *on bikinis abound, but are hard to track down. Many countries have laws against indecent exposure, but enforcement depends on police judgment. Here, an Italian* poliziotto *gives ticket to a blonde at Rimini. This would never happen in France—the land of high fashion and Brigitte Bardot—and occurs very rarely in Italy.*

The Bikinis Are Here!

The European variety has been tempered for American tastes. One fashion expert says only a man hunter, sun worshiper, or someone *very* young (at least in heart) will dare wear one, but manufacturers have many styles of bikini in their lines this year, and sales might reach 10 per cent of the total swimsuit market.

BY BARBARA W. GERMOND

The girl who has been dining frugally on lettuce leaves and four ounces of lean steak all winter will have her reward this summer, for 1960 will be The Year of the Bikini on American beaches. In years past, the bikini wearer has had to have an enormous amount of savoir-faire and the zeal of an innovator, for this absolute-minimum bathing suit has stirred comment, criticism, cries of indignation, and—occasionally—a summons to court.

Just what constitutes a bikini—once described as "two tiny strips of cloth to which is entrusted the weighty responsibility of keeping milady out of jail"—is a matter of controversy. Generally speaking, most of the American suits available this year are considerably more modest than the European versions. On some styles, the lower half can be adjusted upward to become as large as that of a standard two-piece suit, through the use of tabs-and-buttons, drawstrings, or elasticized material. Bra tops are slightly—but only *very* slightly—smaller than standard cup sizes. Many of the suits come with matching jackets, and in one line, wearers are offered the option of an intriguing accessory—a matching skirt called a "navel cover."

Sales to Reach New High

Most bathing suit manufacturers, after test runs on one or two models last year, now have five or six models of the bikini in their lines—vivid printed knits and jerseys, bright cotton plaids, bold stripes. As might be expected, the suits are being made primarily in the smaller sizes—10 to 14, or 30 to 36; prices vary from a low of five dollars to around twenty-five dollars. The bikini is expected to account for about 5 per cent of industry sales this year, which may not sound like much, but two years ago the percentage was zero. Some manufacturers see this as additional business—the average bikini buyer (if there is such a creature) is reputed to be a female with several suits who buys this one as an "extra." Before this year, the woman who bought a bikini was likely to be the owner of a private pool or someone who had traveled to Europe, where bikinis are a common sight.

Fourth-Century Models

Historically speaking, we can look back sixteen hundred years for the first picture of this costume. Archeological excavations of a fourth-century Roman villa in Sicily have revealed a fascinating mosaic in the family gymnasium, on which eight females "engaged in aquatic sports" were wearing—bikinis!

It seems likely, however, that if the ancient Romans had a name for these suits, it was not "bikini." This atomic-era term came into use to describe certain bathing suits manufactured after the 1946 bomb tests at Bikini Atoll in the Marshall Islands.

In the twentieth century, the story of women's bathing attire is a combination of increase and diminution—more and more women going swimming in less and less. In the early 1900s, about ten yards of material were required for creations which consisted of trousers that went below the knee, long-sleeved blouses, hats, bathing shoes, and long stockings. The first rebel was Miss Annette Kellerman, who announced in 1909 that she couldn't swim in "more stuff than you hang on a clothesline." Her solution was a suit with trousers that ended two inches above the knees and a top with sleeves shortened almost to the shoulders. After a brief moment of shocked horror, the public reacted with a loud denunciation of this "scanty" attire and of Miss Kellerman, who was arrested in Boston.

Despite the furor which greeted this and subsequent abbreviated versions of the swimsuit, the revolution in women's bathing suits was on. Stockings were abandoned, skirts became shorter and shorter, and necklines—both back and

AMERICAN VERSION *offers more coverage than typical European bikini. This one, of white Arnel jersey with pink, blue, or black polka dots, has optional accessory for the indecisive —new, matching "navel cover" skirt.*

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Are they "wonderful," or "more naked than nothing at all"? This year, neutral observers can get their facts firsthand.

front—crept downward. Then, in the 1930s, from France—also credited as the site of the invention of the bikini—came two-piece suits for women.

Each step of progress, from the voluminous attire of 1900 to the current figure-hugging suits, has been marked by great public protest and by editorial speculation that the moral fiber of the country was being weakened. Inevitably, predictions followed that, in any case, *this* was the absolute end: *nothing* more could be cut from the latest suit.

Will the appearance of bikinis on American beaches this summer provoke the same clamor? Right now there are rumors of the bikini being banned, but a check of many sources—public authorities, resort hotels, tourist offices—failed to turn up any sun spots where it has been banned by name. Communities have ordinances against "indecent exposure," but few of them are specific and enforcement is usually a matter of police judgment rather than a measuring tape. Near large cities and especially around resorts, the bikini is becoming more acceptable as it becomes more common. From Seattle, where the Chamber of Commerce reports no legal restrictions, comes the comment, "City officials believe in the official slogan, 'See Scenic Seattle.'"

All-Girl on All Beaches

In other areas, it might be well to have an understanding judge in mind before taking the plunge in a bikini. As recently as 1956, at a Long Island, New York, beach, a dancer was summoned to court for wearing a bikini which a policeman believed to be a little short on material. The dancer—who said she was fighting the case on principle, "for all girls on all beaches everywhere"—modeled the bikini in court to prove it was not indecent as charged. "What may be immodest to one may not be to another," said the magistrate, and he promptly tossed the complaint out of court.

How about the current observer—American male, 1960? Is *he* ready for the bikini rage? One man-about-town, queried on the point, pursed his lips thoughtfully and stared off into the middle distance. "I may not be ready," he said, sighing, "but I'm certainly anxiously waiting for hot weather."

FUNCTIONAL BOWS *let wearer switch from bikini to conventional two-piecer, in this red or blue cotton plaid by Rose Marie Reid ($15.95). Other "convertibles" have drawstrings or tabs-and-buttons; some are of elasticized fabric.*

SUN-WORSHIPER'S SPECIAL. *this suit (right) has brief pants, boned bra. In sapphire, emerald, or topaz dots on white satin jacquard lastex, it's made by Catalina. $15.95.*

"JUST WEAR A SMILE *and a Jantzen" is slogan which may have inspired this suit, "Bold Venture," complete with fringe, in blue, red, brown, moss, black checks. $14.95.*

CHECKS À LA BARDOT *are featured in this sun set by Lovable, in pink or blue gingham ($4.98 together; each piece is sold separately). Bra is wired, foam-rubber lined.*

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The Bikinis Are Here! (continued)

U.P.I.

VIGILANT LAWMAN *with a dream assignment: Officer was assigned to protect bikini-clad American actress Julie Newmar from "admirers" while she appeared in drama festival production of* The Marriage-Go-Round *in Puerto Rico. One manufacturer, showing bikinis for first time this year, doubts the American man is "ready" to accept them—at least not as beachwear for his own wife.*

MOTHER-AND-DAUGHTER BIKINIS, *by Cole of California, are fluffy style in Arnel and cotton with nylon lace—for mother, $16.95, daughter $5.95. Suit comes in blue, pink, or parchment. Standard two-piece suits are regaining lost popularity. With bikinis, they now constitute up to 25 per cent of swimwear, more than double the amount which was sold last year.* THE END

Clever you—saving a dozen dollars (or *more*) every time you have a Toni! Beauty shop bills and tips, goodbye. Beauty shop dates and waits, good riddance. With Toni—you get the prettiest permanent of your life. And no more dryer-fidgets!

But the thing you'll love—is Toni's "Hidden Body." Everyone's wide-eyed at the way it adapts. Set it satiny smooth, or curly as a chrysanthemum—"Hidden Body" *holds!* Exclusively Toni's —you won't find it at any price—in *any* other permanent.

And here's some happy news! Toni's neutralizer is *already mixed.* Just snip the tip off the plastic bottle—then squeeze. Creamy drops slide through your curls—lock "Hidden Body" in. So neat—not a drop dribbles down your face or neck.

Wonderful way to have a wonderful permanent! So, give beauty shops the "go by" and go buy a New, No Mix Toni. You'll never bother with a beauty shop permanent again! (Don't forget—Toni also makes Tonette for children and Silver Curl for gray hair.)

Cosmopolitan's Special Fiction Section

NO TIME LIKE YESTERDAY

There is a delicious joy in knowing you will be loved no matter what time does to your looks—a joy that only a beautiful woman may someday be denied.

BY ETHEL EDISON GORDON ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

The last person in the world anyone would waste sympathy on is a pretty girl. Especially when the girl was like Peggy, for example, who was not only pretty but who was sensible besides, and didn't let the prettiness go to her head; who took in her stride manifestations like the faint hush that generally accompanied her entrance into a room and the increased animation that seemed to come after; who early grew accustomed to people, even strangers, beaming on her with pleasure and seeming to enjoy just being near her. Sympathy for Peggy? The biggest problem she could ever come up against was something like: who will I let take me home from the party? Bill again, because he's asked me twice; or that dark, attractive man, but he's a little high for so early in the evening and he looks as if he might be hard to handle; or someone who looks solid, and built for a future, like George.

And because she was sensible as well as pretty, she let George take her home, and in a year she let him marry her. At her wedding the guests whispered to each other, "She already has George eating out of her hand." Her mother exchanged a glance with her adoring father and said, "George can't seem to take his eyes off Peggy." And her father replied, "Can you blame him?"

George Rogers worked hard to give Peggy and their two healthy, handsome children a split-level home in Locust Grove on a quarter of an acre not far from the golf course. Peggy now grew used to hearing, "Here comes Locust Grove's candidate for Mrs. America," or, "George, what was so great about you that you rated Peggy?" said lightly, of course, by men who had their own wives whom they loved in varying degrees, their own problems like oil burners that conked out on the coldest day of the year, invariably, and tremendous orthodontists' bills ("Don't kids ever come with straight teeth these days?"), but who could forget those problems after their first drink and, with the second, feel that they had earned the license to say aloud the thoughts they were thinking.

On Peggy's thirty-second birthday, the exact year known only to George but shrewdly estimated by her friends, George gave her a little mink stole and promised her a full-length mink coat after they had paid off the new kitchen appliances and if business continued to be good. For the last year or two Peggy had begun to cream her face faithfully every night and to shop for clothes with extra care because once you were thirty and had two children the cut of a dress could be very important to a figure that was imperceptibly changing. She still had not had to admit to herself that it was important to her to be the prettiest woman in the room, her figure the best, her complexion the freshest: this was the accepted substance of her life ever since she had been dressed up at the age of five for her first birthday party. If on leaving someone's house at least one of the men didn't say to George, kidding of course, "Do you mind if I take Peggy home for once?" she would automatically check herself: did I look tired? this dress was never my color; why did I ever buy it?

The night of Peggy's birthday, they had been to Marie and Bill's for the dinner Marie had given for her: in the car going back home, Peggy nestled close to George and waited for him to say as he always did, "Honey, you looked beautiful tonight." But he was strangely silent. She waited until they were almost home and then, indirectly prompting him, she murmured something about wearing this same dress to death.

He said, almost uncomfortably. "I never liked that dress, Peg." She was startled: he seldom criticized her clothes.

He said, "I don't know, but the other girls wear their dresses . . . more loosely."

She said, "I couldn't wear this dress loosely, George. It isn't the style. I wear loose dresses, too, sometimes."

He said, "Forget it."

She couldn't stop watching JoAnne and Warren. "I'm afraid," she thought in disbelief, "afraid of a nineteen-year-old girl."

But it happened a second time not too long after, when they were coming home from a Membership Dance at the club. He said, "Peggy, I don't think you ought to let Bill fool around the way he does."

"*I* let him!" she cried, astonished. "Has anyone ever figured out a way to *stop* Bill?"

"Marie doesn't like it," he said. "Marie and Bill are our best friends, and she made some sort of remark when you and Bill were dancing."

"You can't be seri us," she said, laughing at him in such a way that he came up to her and took her in his arms.

And then something came up about Peggy and Fred.

"It isn't my fault, George," she said. "I can't be rude and hurt him, can I?" It really wasn't her fault, except for being the kind of girl she was; perhaps girls who are born as pretty as Peggy are also born to talk to men in that particular way. It certainly wasn't her fault either if most of the other girls tended to let themselves go a little, and stopped thinking of themselves as girls rather than settled married women. They'd get in a huddle over the new curriculum in the Junior High or argue whether Mapes Street should be zoned for multiple dwellings, and they'd forget even to powder their noses which had gotten shiny in their excitement. Once past thirty, a girl had to work a little to keep looking nice, and you couldn't blame Bill or Fred too much if she was one of the few left in the crowd who looked like the kind of girl they used to want to date.

The one disturbing thing about it was a kind of coldness that Peggy felt from the girls, a kind of massing together against her. She was fond of them. They were her friends, and she was alarmed at the thought of alienating them. She tried to mend fences by being with the girls as much of the time as she could spare, consulting with them on the phone, shopping with them, wearing her oldest skirts and sweaters. . . .

With Warren, at least, there was no wife to be needlessly upset.

Warren was the new doctor who had taken over most of old Dr. Schwarz's practice: someone had urged him to join the club which was a practical move for a doctor who had to meet many people fast, and, in no time at all, he was established, and knew most of Peggy's crowd by their first names. That was the year Laurie's tonsils were troubling her, and in the spring she had them out: meanwhile Warren was a constant visitor, not only professionally. He and George had met by accident on the Fisherman's Special to Montauk, and it turned out they had gone to the same college, though Warren had entered at just about the time George was graduating. George invited him home for dinner. It seemed natural after that to ask him to stay for dinner when he looked in on Laurie. When any of their crowd bought theatre tickets, George usually asked Warren if he wanted to join them, and pretty soon Warren was part of their inner circle of friends.

Warren was quiet, and rather shy, and not used to the life of a small suburban community where everyone moved in cliques and knew each other intimately and spent part of each week in each other's houses. He maintained a kind of reserve, and never made the remarks about Peggy that the others did, which fooled George at first, but not Peggy. It would be hard to explain how she guessed, but she did guess: Warren was a little in love with her. She had never known anyone like him before, with his professional detachment, who seemed attracted in spite of himself. She could almost calculate the effect a certain dress or hat would have on him, or an accidental contact. And no one could even guess which made it even more exciting.

Or *did* anyone guess, the girls, for instance, with that sense for this kind of situation that women have? It seemed to Peggy that Marie would look at her closely if Warren's name came up in conversation. Nowadays, whenever they talked about Warren, it was about finding a wife for him. What a shame he wasn't married, the girls said, and had to live alone in that big, empty house—such a nice, shy guy who could make some girl very happy. Everyone had someone in mind for him: Janie's kid sister had just had an unhappy experience, had *almost* become engaged and then it had broken up; Bill's secretary was terribly attractive and Marie would feel lots better if she was married and out of Bill's office. And so, whenever their crowd got together now, there was generally a single girl around for Warren. He would dance with her, and sit with her, and take her home, but nothing ever happened.

"No wonder," said Marie, when she and Bill and Peggy and George were playing Scrabble one night. "With our natural competition here."

George looked up sharply. "What do you mean?" he said.

Marie said, "What chance does a girl have with Peggy around?"

George stood up from the table so abruptly that the words scrambled together on the board. "I don't think that's funny, Marie."

"George," said Peggy, "Marie's only joking."

"I just don't appreciate the humor," said George, saying each word distinctly. "I wouldn't like to think that talk like that went on outside this room, Marie."

Marie gave a high laugh. "Some girls have all the luck. To have a husband still jealous, Peg, after being married to you for eleven years!"

"George isn't a jealous husband," Peggy said. "He's never had any reason to be and he knows it, and all this talk is ridiculous." She said it with unexpected dignity because it was true, and she had never thought seriously of any other man but George. Her voice quieted them. George flushed; he went up to her and kissed her on top of her head.

"I'm sorry, Peggy," he said. "You're right, and I do know it."

"Warren just feels safe with me," Peggy said. "I'm an old married woman and so I can't possibly have any designs on him. Whenever he feels threatened by some especially nice girl, he just settles down with me in some corner where she can't get at him."

No one speculated too much when Bess Carter said her niece was coming up from Cheraw, South Carolina to spend Christmas week with them: everyone took it for granted that, sometime during the week, Bess would have the crowd over and Warren would be there. "Make it a New Year's Eve party," someone suggested. "You have a big playroom, Bess."

"I think I will," Bess said. "That'll give JoAnne a chance to wear a floating kind of dress, and you know Southern girls are irresistible in floating dresses."

"Is she pretty?" Jane asked.

"At nineteen, isn't everyone?" said Bess.

Maybe all girls weren't equally pretty at nineteen, but they did have something that was gone when you reached thirty-two. Peggy went upstairs and looked in the illuminated magnifying mirror she had George hang on a wall in the bathroom. ("How you can want a gadget like this!" he had said. "It would scare me to death to look at myself in it!") The magnifying mirror was as indispensible to her as the shelf in the medicine chest with her lotions and creams and foundation make-up. Her skin was perfect, and could stand scrutiny, although in the last year very faint lines had begun to appear radiating from each eye, and she could detect one on the left side of her mouth. Laugh lines, she told herself; I've had them since I've been sixteen, practically. She snapped off the light and hurried through her bedroom, pausing mechanically for an instant before the long glass over her bureau. She was as slim as a nineteen-year-old, and her shoulders were even handsomer: she would wear her black chiffon New Year's Eve, which would set off her shoulders and her very fair skin. Her hair. The only thing that was growing more and more

unsatisfactory was her hair: it had become positively mousy, especially since she had found one or two milk-white hairs in it. She should do something about her hair, and before the party.

She didn't have the chance to meet JoAnne before the party because Christmas week was unusually busy, with the children home from school and having to be chauffeured around, and her mother and father coming for a few days, and taking them into New York for the theatre and shopping, and gifts to be wrapped and cards sent, and all the extra marketing and cooking. But some of the others had seen her. Marie called to tell her that she had met the Carters and JoAnne and Warren going to the movies together and that, if Warren didn't like her, he was blind.

"Warren's so serious," Peggy said. "I don't think he'd fall for a pretty face."

"Show me the man who wouldn't," said Marie.

"What is she like?" asked Peggy.

"Taffy hair and blue eyes," said Marie. "She should come done up in ribbons. Were we ever that young, Peg?"

On the morning of the party, Peggy told her hairdresser to give her some kind of brightening rinse, the kind he'd been suggesting for months. After her hair was dry and combed, she was a little startled by the change. Her prettiness had always been enough to make people stop for a second glance, but it was a soft, delicate kind of prettiness; the red-gold rinse had transformed her completely. It was dramatic and exotic, and not like her at all. The hairdresser conceded that perhaps it *was* too much for her, it needed toning down, but he was too busy today with all the New Year's Eve customers. The next time she came in he would try something less radical. George is going to notice it right away, she thought, a little apprehensively.

He did.

"What did you do to your hair?" he demanded the moment he stepped into the house, even before he kissed her.

"Don't you like it?" she said.

"It's beautiful," he said. "But I don't know whether I like it."

"It's a little too bright for me. He used the wrong color," she said. "It will wash out."

"What's the matter with you, Peg?" he said. "Haven't you anything else to do all day except think about ways to fix yourself up?"

"You know I have plenty of things to do all day." And it was true: she had help only two days a week and the house was large and generally full of friends, theirs or the children's, which meant lots of cleaning and lots of extra meals, and there was the dentist, and piano lessons to which the children had to be taken, and homework to supervise, and—

"Why don't you leave yourself alone?" he burst out. "What's driving you, Peg?"

"Is it wrong if I try to look nice?"

"For me?" he said.

"Of course for you!"

"Like hell," he said.

For an instant she stared at him incredulously, then she turned and ran upstairs where she knew he would follow and try to make amends for his harshness. He did follow her; he sat down on the chair in their room and pulled her down on his lap. "Don't you know you don't have to try to make yourself more beautiful for me? Don't you see it doesn't matter to me whether you hair is red or green?" he said, his kisses gently and pacifyingly circling her neck.

George was dressed early that night and went down to help Rod with the gears of a model car he was trying to put together. The bedroom was all Peggy's, as she liked it to be before a party; it was scented and a little steamy from her bath, her dress and fur and bag and gloves were spread at the foot of her bed. She worked on her face before the lit magnifying mirror, but the laugh lines kept creeping out from under the foundation cream: she pressed at them with her fingers, but they reappeared. Well, let's face it, they're here to stay, she told herself lightly, and snapped out the light and put on her dress. Her gilded head shone splendidly, her shoulders were as fine and white as she had known they would be, but when she checked herself in the miror she still saw, large and magnified, those little lines creeping out from under her make-up. She felt suddenly oppressed: she had always loved parties, she went to them with the sure knowledge that she would shine, but tonight she was conscious of an inexplicable oppression.

When George saw her, he told her how beautiful she looked, but the weight did not lift; the corrosive, magnified image of those creeping little lines were imprinted on her eyes. Waiting for George at the Carters' front door, for the first time in her life she felt reluctant to go in.

"Okay, we're off! George has finally brought Peggy," someone called out from across the room, but it seemed to her that the words rang hollow. *I'm afraid*, she thought in disbelief; *I'm afraid of a nineteen-year-old girl.* There she was, you could see her at once in this dim room in one of those youthful, floating dresses. The hair that Marie had called taffy-colored bobbed softly above her shoulders. She wasn't *that* pretty: she was just nineteen years old. Warren was dancing with her: when he saw Peggy and George he brought JoAnne over with him, and introduced them.

Cream hair away the beautiful way... with new baby-pink, sweet-smelling NEET. *Always* to nicen underarms, *everytime* to smooth legs to smoother beauty, and *next time* for that faint downy fuzz on the face, why not consider NEET? Goes down deep where no razor can reach to cream hair away the *beautiful* way.

"Wasn't it perfectly darling of Aunt Bess to have this dance for me? She's just a *darling*." Everyone smiled, because she spoke exactly as you would expect someone from South Carolina to speak, and her face was so smooth, and her eyes so blue and clear.

"Who did you say was a darling?" said Bill, coming up from behind her and dancing off with her.

She and George and Warren remained standing, fondly looking after her; we're the older generation, Peggy thought. Except that she didn't feel like the older generation; she felt no different from the way JoAnne felt, and it was so unfair, because when JoAnne was thirty-two there was every likelihood that she wouldn't be half as pretty as Peggy.

"Would you care to dance?" said Warren to her, looking enquiringly at George at the same time.

"Go ahead, take her," said George, moving away.

She came into his arms. "He wouldn't have said that so freely ten years ago," she said.

"He didn't mean it now either," said Warren matter-of-factly. He had been drinking, which was unusual. "One Scotch," he said. "I'm relaxing tonight."

"I'll have a drink, too," she said. "Do you think it will help this tired feeling, Doctor?"

"You don't look tired," he said, studying her. "You look fresh as a daisy." He brought her a drink, and carried another for himself.

"No one in this room looks fresh as a daisy with JoAnne around," she said. Contradict me, she asked him silently, lifting her face to his.

He said, "Well, she has a dozen years' edge on most of us."

Warren had no talent for flattering banter; none of the other men would have answered her so honestly. She almost laughed at him, except for that painful weight still pressing down on her. "I really think you like her, Warren."

He said, "She's a very nice girl. She's studying to be a kindergarten teacher, which is sort of funny since she seems like such a kid herself."

"And she's pretty, too," she said. "Or hadn't you noticed?"

"Oh, I noticed," he said.

Someone had put on a tango. "George loves to tango," she said. "He'll feel cheated if we don't have this one together." She ran up to George. "Isn't it about time you danced with me?" she said. Out of the corner of her eye she could see Warren moving across the floor to where JoAnne was.

All evening she found herself looking for them, hearing their laughter, wondering what JoAnne had said to make Warren smile in a way she had never seen him smile before. The other men were always cutting in on them, and he kept coming back to claim her again. Peggy found herself beside Bess and Marie, clearing away plates.

"Why did we have to have your niece here tonight?" said Marie. "Bill hasn't been near me all evening."

"Aren't the men being ridiculous?" said Bess, laughing. "Of course they're just acting up, but did you see Warren? I think he's actually interested in JoAnne. Wouldn't it be funny if it took?"

"I know what's wrong with me," said Peggy. "It's New Year's Eve and I don't feel even a little bit high." She left them. Warren was alone at the bar, mixing two drinks.

"Do you know," she said to him. "It's New Year's Eve and I've had only that one small drink you brought me before?"

"Take this one," he said. "I'm just fixing this for JoAnne."

She watched him walk carefully across the room, carrying the glass gingerly so as not to spill it, and this time she did laugh out loud, but at herself. She put her glass back down on the bar, and just then the siren at the Fire House sounded off, and someone shouted that it was midnight, and put out the lights so that there was only the light of the candles on the buffet table left burning, and everyone went around kissing everyone else, which they always did on New Year's Eve.

A queue formed near JoAnne; she was laughing, protesting; the line kept noisily re-forming. "It just turned midnight in Jersey City," shouted Fred, getting back on the end of the line. "And then there's Chicago. And San Francisco. And Honolulu. Boy!" Bess called from across the room, "JoAnne, do you need any help?" Then Warren whisked her away. Everyone was laughing. Peggy found herself beside George.

"Happy New Year, honey," he said, and bent to kiss her.

She flung her arms around him and kissed him hard, and suddenly she was crying uncontrollably; she couldn't stop.

"They'll turn the lights on any minute," he whispered unevenly. "Better come outside." He drew her out onto the Carter's terrace just as the room flashed again into brightness.

"It's my hair," she said thickly. "I feel so awful about my hair. You were right, George."

"It isn't your hair, Peggy," he said, and his voice was flat. He handed her a handkerchief and moved away.

She looked up at him, abruptly shocked into quiet. On his face was an expression that seemed to tell her that he knew what it was that made her cry, that for the first time he was seeing her as she was. She said very quietly, "You're disgusted with me, aren't you?"

"I feel as if—" he hesitated "—as if I—" He stopped. "You make me feel sorry for you, Peggy."

The blood rushed flaming into her face.

"You're not in love with Warren, are you?" he asked.

"You know I'm not. I've never loved anyone but you."

"I don't think you've ever loved anyone but yourself," he said. "You know something? I could understand it more if you really were in love with him, I could understand your being jealous of JoAnne." He said, "I don't want to go back in there. I think I'll go home."

"George—" She caught at his arm.

He flung it off. "Is that what you want out of life, just for people to notice you and tell you over and over again that you're a knockout? Is that what you've dedicated your life to?"

"You can't ever understand," she said. "I can't even understand it myself."

Because it was all tied up in being pretty, her life was, its successes and triumphs came out of being born pretty, her good luck, her loving husband; even her children, and how were you going to explain the fear that everything would end when the prettiness ended? How were you going to explain, or ever really comprehend it yourself, a fear that all you were was a pretty girl, that was all that people ever saw in you, and maybe . . . maybe . . . that was all there really was to you?

Maybe that was all there ever was to her. . . .

Panic-stricken, she cried out, "George, what am I?"

He stopped; he heard the sharp fear in her voice, and he came back to where she stood.

He said, "You're the girl I love. You're the girl who's bringing up our two children, and loving them. Maybe you're the girl that loves me. That's what I used to think, anyway."

He put his arms around her to comfort her, as if she were a little child, which is what she had been: a pretty child going through the motions of growing up.

He said, "Can't you see that we're all bound up together, that we're important to each other, that we can't get along without each other? That's what you are, part of it at least, the part that'll stay, that won't change like everything else."

She was shattered, and the wreckage of the old Peggy lay in bits around her feet. But she was lucky, and there was that sensible streak to her that allowed her to realize that he was giving her the chance to put the pieces together in a new and better way. She listened, comforted, holding on tightly to him. THE END

SOMETHING UNEXPECTED

His love for his wife seemed buried under the weight of total familiarity. Nothing about Jessie, he thought, could surprise him now.

BY NADINE GORDIMER ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE SAALBERG

An old man sat in a hotel bedroom at ten o'clock at night. The room was charged with an alert irritability that emanated from him and his movements and then came back at him, electrically, with the bright yellow light that sprang from the walls. The room was too small for the light and it was too small for him. Luggage, not unpacked, stood around him; two cases of the kind used for air travel, an umbrella, and brief case, all bearing the dangling airways-label with the flight number scrawled on it, the name "Bruno Franz," and the destination, "Zurich." He stood in the middle of the room in the concentration of one possessed by what is going on in his own mind, and, ceaselessly, it went out toward the walls and beat back upon him again. He went to the telephone beside the bed and snapped some enquiry into it, first bringing himself to the state of communication with the world by a sharp cough and a tremor of effort that moved his head unsteadily. He waited, holding the receiver, and the middle finger of his other hand beat jerkily on his knee. He got the information he wanted, and made another request; at last, he heard the phone ring in a house he had never seen.

The man and his wife were in the becalmed state that follows a quarrel, when the telephone rang. It was not a lovers' quarrel, but "nobody's fault"; a deadly examination of the dissatisfactions and burdens of their daily life, which each took as the unsaid reproach of the other. Each felt the other was known to the bone; there was no possibility that a sudden turn of courage, of frivolity, even, might reveal itself unexpectedly in one of them, and so restore something unexpected, something of the mystery, to life itself. The phone rang four times, and then Tom Stilwell went slowly to pick it up. "Here is Franz. Bruno Franz. Who is that speaking?"

Tom did not catch the name properly. "This is Tom Stilwell. Who do you want?"

"This is Franz," the voice came back sternly. "I'm speaking from the Queen's Hotel. I was on my way to Europe, and the plane is delayed."

"Mr. Franz! That's unexpected," said Tom, in the disbelieving tone of one unfairly singled out by a man who had never paid him any attention.

"Can you see me?" said the voice insistently. "Couldn't you come into town? I'm at the Queen's Hotel and I'll only be here a few hours. I'm on my way to Europe. You've got a car, eh, Stilwell?"

"Well, the trouble is, it's rather late."

There was a strangely stirring silence on the other end of the telephone.

Why should a man who hardly knew him put such pressure on him? Stilwell said, "Just hold on a minute, will you, I'll speak to Jessie."

Tom went back into the living room where his wife was lying face-down on the divan. "Have you heard anything from your mother? Anything you haven't told me? That's Franz on the phone."

The woman stayed quite still for a moment, and then she turned 'round and sat up, all in one movement. "It's Franz?"

"Yes, at the Queen's. He's phoning from there. He says he's on his way to Europe and the plane's been delayed."

She nodded her head. "Well, that's that. He's threatened my mother for weeks that he'd go." She sat stiffly.

"What should I tell him? He wants us to go to the hotel. The plane doesn't leave till two."

There was a moment's silence. "I won't go," she said. "Did he mean me?"

"I suppose so. Why should he want to see me? I hardly know him. I don't suppose I've seen him more than three times."

She gave a strange, set, painful blink, like the cringe of an old woman. He felt uneasy, an outsider to the silence between the man on the telephone and the woman bolt upright on the divan. He said, trying to be of use, "Do you want me to go?"

"I won't go," she said, and sat running her hand through her hair.

He went back to the telephone. "Hello? Mr. Franz, I'll be there in about half-an-hour. Jessie's in bed already. Where will you be?"

"In the room," came the voice, suddenly strong—Tom did not know whether it was the telephone, but the voice seemed to fade and rise to strength, intermittently. "Number one hundred and ninety-six, it's on the second floor. I won't go from the room."

Tom Stilwell drove over the dark country road subdued, but not too unwilling. A quarrel, like anything else, is better rounded off than left in the air, a miasma. He was doing something now that he wouldn't be doing if he were not Jessie's husband; the relationship was quietly validated by this performance of a piece of family business. It was a token performance, of course, just as Bruno Franz was a token relative. Franz was Stilwell's wife's stepfather, a strange, foreign choice made by her mother because, so far as Stilwell understood, Franz had been her real father's best friend. She did

not remember her own father, whose early death coincided with the early years of her own life, and Franz, it seemed, had scarcely meant any more to her. Jessie talked a great deal, and with great resentment, of her mother, but Franz—"And Franz? What did Franz say? Wasn't he there?" he would ask.

"Oh, he was there, all right," came the answer, as if it made no difference whether he was or wasn't.

Mrs. Franz, Jessie's mother, had the cynical pride of bearing of the woman who has set herself to live out the length of an unhappy marriage. Where Jessie was careless of her appearance, and, in her middle thirties, already no longer beautiful, Mrs. Franz, at nearly seventy, was dressed in the perfection of cut and matched color that demands unflagging concentration on one's own person. Tom had never seen her without a hat. Even in her own house, she looked perpetually like a visitor dressed for some occasion to which nobody else has been invited.

"Why is she so cold?" he had asked Jessie one time, struck, on meeting the woman again, with this quality in her.

"She loathes Franz," said Jessie simply. "She's frozen into the state of living in the same house with him."

Mrs. Franz had never been happy with the man, but since he had got old, he had become demoniac. From the coast, where they lived in retirement, came reports, year after year, of his moodiness, his contrariness, his downright devilishness. He was ill and quarreled with his doctors. He made it impossible to keep servants for longer than a few days at a time. He brooded and threatened to sell up his excellent investments. And when, Jessie said, he had stilled her mother to a state of tight-lipped, despairing consternation at his recklessness, he suddenly burst out laughing in her face, as if all of it, everything, from the refusal to take his medicine to the threats to their security, had been directed to this one end: to make a fool of her.

Tom wondered, from time to time—with the impatience one feels toward other people's troubles—why the old woman hadn't left Franz long ago. He meant to ask her, just as a matter of curiosity; but somehow, once in her presence, he never felt himself taken sufficient account of to be allowed such a question.

Jessie's relationship with her mother was a strange one, to say the least of it. She had felt herself passionately dependent on her mother, as a child and girl; as a woman, she understood that the truth was that her mother had been passionately and ruthlessly dependent on her. Her mother had clipped her wings and brainwashed her, to keep her near; her mother had sucked from her that delicious nectar that she had never known she had—the half-shaped years, the inconsequence and freshness without fingerprint, of the time from fifteen to twenty. As Jessie had grown older and come to understand, through her feelings for her husband and her children, the free nature of love, her fascinated resentment toward her mother had grown proportionately; yet she supported the woman, at a distance of five or six hundred miles, against Franz.

The situation—comfortably chronic and far away—was doubly foreign to Tom, first because he himself was fond of his old father (a retired doctor who gardened or smoked a pipe on the veranda while he gazed peacefully at the result of his labors) and, secondly, because there *was* something foreign, in the national sense, about it. As Bruno Franz had grown older and more difficult, he had also become more and more markedly a stranger in South Africa; his twenty or thirty years as a chemist in the South African mines were brushed away and his foreign identity—a Swiss-German, a man of Europe—reasserted itself. Yes, Franz was unmistakably foreign, and the emotions of the situation he created about himself were foreign—the theatrical behavior, the air of aged defiance, the melodrama, for example, of this sudden arrival in Johannesburg. Last week there had been a letter from Mrs. Franz saying that he had gone into a nursing home for observation. What was the sense of hitting out like this, once you were old?

Tom approached the Queen's Hotel with a set mood of almost professional patience—like a paid mourner at a funeral—that did not touch himself. The Sunday night streets of the city gaped; there were only a few black men, looking long and steadily into the windows of the outfitters'. The Queen's had the cold, sour smell of a drinking hotel—it was not a place where people went to dine or to live. Although it was Sunday and the public bar was not open, two or three tables in the bar lounge held up the elbows of men in striped blazers—perhaps some visiting bowlers' team—and an elderly tart was arguing in drunken dead-seriousness between two men in a dingy corner.

When you have your home in a city, it is always a shock to enter the brutal homelessness of a place like this; like everyone else who has his own bed, his own fire, and his own cat, Tom forgot, for stretches of years on end, that such places exist and are part of the true character of all cities. He went to the desk where a night porter with the deeply suspicious face of his kind picked up a telephone without a word when Franz's name was pronounced. While he waited for the phone to be answered, the man moved his left hand strongly over his face, pushing his eyebrows up out of line and then down, rubbing his nose sideways, pulling over his mouth and chin, like the rough tongue of some animal going over its young.

"Second floor. One-nine-six."

Tom went up in the lift, and, with the sense of being led deeper and deeper into places where neither dark nor daylight exist but only the light of single bulbs gathered like beads of sweat on the ceiling, came out into a passage. Past doors and more doors; before he knocked, it seemed the door opened, and there was a blazingly-lit room, yellow-walled, with the luggage heaped, as it had been put down, in the middle, and the figure of an old man drawn up like an exclamation point, before it.

They looked, the man and the luggage, ready to take off for anywhere. The visitor was ready to back away before them.

"So I wait," said Franz, without any greeting. "They will come for me soon."

Tom Stilwell would not have known him if he had seen him on the street. Was he really unrecognizable? After all, Tom had seen him only a few times, altogether. He walked into the room and sat on the bed, under the chandelier that had been meant for grandeur and shone as a merciless inquisition of glare. No, Franz must have changed. The way he looked was not as something that could last.

He was ill, but it wasn't that. It wasn't just the usual old men's symptoms of the collar grown too big; the hollow, delicate-looking as the skin over an infant's fontanelle, in front of each bloodless ear. He was blazing behind his line of tight mouth, behind his dark eyes made dominating as an insect's, in the diminishing face, by his magnifying glasses; he was blazing like the dreadful chandelier. Something—a pulse, a convulsive swallowing?—agitated all the time in the thin turkey-fold that connected his chin to his Adam's apple.

"They told me a wait of forty-five minutes," he was saying, without a pause. He gave the tight little unpleasant smile of a man who knows better than to expect efficiency in matters that are out of his hands. "I should get off the plane from Port Elizabeth and then go straight

Tom, listening to mother and daughter, felt their quiet words fall upon him like stones. Suddenly he was overwhelmed with sadness and tenderness for his wife.

through the customs and so onto the plane for Europe. That was the information. No one would have known. You would not have heard from me, eh? I would have been," he threw up his unsteady hands like a drowning man, but in triumph, "many miles away by now."

"It's very annoying to be delayed," said Tom, but his eyes were on the luggage. "When did you decide to go to Switzerland?"

"Yes! I should have been gone!" The old man took a swift turn about the room. He checked himself abruptly; he moved with the incalculable rushes of a faulty clockwork toy that jerks into action, moves with nimbleness, and then, just as suddenly, runs down and is arrested feebly in the middle of an uncompleted movement. He laughed. "Switzerland! Yes, begin with Zurich. I was a boy there, a young man, living as young men live. Zurich to begin with, but I won't stay. Don't think I'll stay! I'm not crawling back to Zurich to . . ." He stopped. A close look came over his face. It was not so much as if he had lost the thread of what he was saying as that he had found himself saying something unexpected, something that lay in his mind, ignored. He went on. "There are plenty of places in Europe where you can live, still. Well, I should have been gone already. I should have been on the way, eh?" He sat down suddenly, gleeful, shaken, on the chair.

A waiter came in with whisky and soda that Franz must have ordered to be brought when his guest arrived. While the man was in the room, the old man did not speak, and had a curious air of impatient resentment. When the waiter had withdrawn, he made sure the door was properly closed behind the man, and then handed Tom a drink: "Whisky is all right, eh?"

"And Mrs. Franz?" said Tom.

The old man drew the whisky round his mouth and then put the glass away from him. "I'll tell you something," he said. "When she wakes up, she'll find there isn't a penny. I've got all my money out. Here, in my pocket—here's a check book for the Zurich bank. I've taken it all out. There are ways, you understand. I know people. I managed—never mind. It's all there. All I have to do is write out a check."

The young man smiled awkwardly. "It sounds as if someone's going to have a good time." He knew it was impossible to remedy this conversation in which both were talking of different things, although their remarks appeared to follow one to the other in the parody of communication. Oddly, he was reminded of times when, talking to his wife, he became aware that they were not talking about the same thing; Jessie sometimes went through the motions of communication, with her lips, while what she really was doing was to hug further and further into herself what it was she had to say.

"I'm sorry about Jessie. She wanted to come; she would've . . ."

Suddenly the old man seemed to realize Tom's presence; he smiled a slow, grudging recognition, and the lie lay exposed between them.

The old man took up his glass of whisky and finished it at a gulp, getting it over with, like medicine, and his other hand was raised, calling for attention, promising. "*She* doesn't know I've gone, and when she finds out—well, too late!"

"She wrote to Jessie last week. She said you were in a nursing home."

"That's all right!" said the old man, swaggeringly, grimly. "That's right! They wanted me in a nursing home. But I tell you"—he stopped and leaned forward as he might have done if he had wanted to use the name of someone with whom he had entered into conversation in a bar, only to remember that the man was a nameless stranger to him—"I tell you, they won't get a penny from me, just the same! I'm going to spend it all. D'you follow me? I may not be young, but I've got money, and a man with money is never lonely. There'll be women—you understand? I'm not finished with it all yet!"

His voice rose powerfully, as it had on the telephone, and it came ringing back from the four walls of the room, shocking, so that it silenced even himself.

He sat back in his chair, fixing his eyes on Stilwell angrily. He looked once or twice around the room, like the circus lion puzzled and restless on its painted barrel. And then he said again: "Women. There are women who won't say no to my money."

The middle finger of his left hand beat continuously against the chair arm. Tom saw him notice it out of the corner of his eye, as an animal looks up, helpless, to see its rump twitch against the attentions of a fly.

Tom spoke. "I wonder if you're well enough to go."

The old man's mind darted at once to the real meaning of this. "What's the use to stop me?" he said. "I've told you, there's not a penny here. And she can never get it into the country again without my signature. I'm not going to be buried yet."

Some hostility stirred between them. "Jessie should have come," said Stilwell, almost crossly.

"I didn't expect her to come. She's never been much like a daughter. Well, that's an old story. Never mind. *Kaput*. You know what that means? 'Ancient history,' eh?"

Tom smiled. "Well, she's only a stepdaughter."

"Yes, her mother kept that up. 'For the memory of poor Charles,' she said. We both loved poor Charles. Only she couldn't have loved him so much, could she? Eh?"

Tom was bewildered by the old man's wry grin, the surly, sly self-contempt that sounded in his voice.

"Charles?" he said. "Jessie's father?"

The old man nodded with exaggerated vociferousness, like someone satisfying a child with a careless lie. "All right. Jessie's father. My friend Charles. Only I couldn't have been such a good friend, after all, eh? She makes a great fuss, she bursts in tears when I bring up the name of Charles. Because we both loved Charles, she says. . . . What's the difference; the girl and I never had much to say to each other, anyway." His mind turned back rapidly to the obsession of the present; he looked at his watch for the fourth time since Stilwell had come in, and said, with the fierce satisfaction of time passing: "Tell them what you like. Tell *her* what I said about going to Zurich and what I'm going to do. She'll be on the telephone tomorrow. You'll see. Well, you can tell her I've gone—what you like—you understand? You tell her I'm not finished yet."

As soon as he decently could, Stilwell offered to drive the old man to the airport. The truth was that he felt he could not stand waiting shut up in the hotel with him until the airline sent a car. Franz watched with glittering eyes while the luggage was being carried out of the room. And then, with one strange look around it, a curious look of blind courage, he snapped off the blazing light, and walked out.

He did not speak on the way to the airport. He seemed exhausted, or resting, or husbanding himself through the drive in the dark. At the airport he became talkative again; the strength of his desire to be gone, the desperate glee of his going trembled through his body almost ecstatically. Now and then he said, forgetting, as he had seemed to do from time to time all night, that Jessie was Stilwell's wife: "Let them both look for me. Not a penny. Not a penny."

At last he was called. The number of his flight echoed and re-echoed through the airport halls, and Stilwell watched him walk down the brightly lit ramp to the dark runway. He did not look back or wave. He walked slowly, but the extreme lightness of his body, hardly there at all inside the tailor's shape, suddenly came to the young man watching. Stilwell noticed for the first time that he was immaculately dressed, like a corpse laid out for his long journey in new clothing. There was a moment's last glimpse of the face; the mouth was stiff, a little open, the eyes looked straight ahead into the

dark. Then the figure came out in the stream of light from the aircraft, and was seen climbing, through the shafts of mottled light, up the gangway.

Jessie Stilwell woke the instant Tom moved into the room. She put up her hand and turned on the light, full in his eyes. He moved the lamp's neck.

He began to describe to her how the old man had been, standing with his luggage, ready to go, in the hotel room. He did not know how to convey the queerness, the dread, the sickness, defiance—madness, perhaps—in the room. But she seemed to know at once exactly what he had found there. She pressed her fist into her cheek and cried out, from something in herself: "He wants to live! Isn't it terrible? He still wants to live!"

Tom Stilwell's mind turned like the needle of a compass coming inexorably to the North, to one utterance among all the nightmare mutterings of that night. "She's never been much like a daughter."

Other phrases came to join it. "Only she couldn't have loved him so much, could she?"

What else had the old man said? Suddenly, because it became important to Stilwell to remember that part of the evening, he could not; it was all muddled up with other things that sounded through his head in the old man's voice. "Jessie's only a stepdaughter," he could hear himself offering, platitudinous, soothing; he had been so busy treating the old man like an invalid or a lunatic that he had not listened properly. What was it the old man had said? "That was kept up, of course" or "Her mother kept that up"—something like that. And again and again Stilwell sounded the same note, like a piano tuner looking for true pitch: "The memory of poor Charles . . . only she couldn't have loved him so much, could she?"

He watched Jessie when she was unaware. What would it mean to her if she knew that she was Bruno's daughter? Was she Bruno's daughter? And at times it seemed to him: she knows she is really his daughter. It would be like her mother to tell her, when she was a young girl, perhaps, or half-child, half-girl, and make her see at the same time the necessity for conspiracy to conceal the fact, *for her mother's sake.*

He felt an obscure but very real danger in the possibility of asking her. Suppose she did not know? Suppose it was true and she had never known?

Days went by and soon he knew he would never ask her. He would never tell her the things Franz had said—or seemed to say. Yet he continued to think about it all, to be aware of this twilight tunnel of his wife's life, walled-up, lost, and overgrown, an extension of herself, hidden, or perhaps unknown to her.

A week later they knew that Bruno Franz was dead. He had died in a hospital in Rome. They never knew why he had left Zurich. Of course, he had not taken "every penny" with him, after all; he had transferred considerable sums to Switzerland, but there were still a number of investments and a substantial sum of money in South Africa. His mental state must have been such that he believed he had done what he had said; or perhaps this discovery, after his death, was contrived as just such another malicious laugh as he had sometimes had at his wife's expense when he was alive. Mrs. Franz was in the Stilwell house, of course, come upon strangely, at all hours of the day, sitting with her back to the house, on the veranda, or in a corner of the empty living room, with her hat on. She had arrived from Port Elizabeth two days after Franz disappeared. Jessie was treating her with quiet consideration; although she could not be said to be bereaved, she was certainly more alone. She had outlived two husbands, and was old. The two women talked of Bruno Franz as of some practical problem, a condition of life that had existed, and that, in its passing, had left things a certain way; there were ends to tie up.

"I wonder if it would be best to sell his car in Port Elizabeth."

"He'd had it reconditioned just the month before last. Heaven knows why, if he was going away. New seats, all real leather. I don't suppose it will be able to fetch anything."

But Tom, coming upon mother and daughter like this, as he often did during those days, was filled with sadness and tenderness for Jessie. He was overwhelmed with pity for the lack of grief in this death. He sat on the veranda with the two women night after night, and their quiet words fell upon him like stones. Suddenly one evening he found it in himself to ask—an impulse of curiosity, idly remembered—"Bruno Franz —why did you never leave him? I often wondered."

Mrs. Franz said without a pause, "I gave him my whole life; I did not think I could let myself lose his money as well."

There was a silence; if the jangle of the little cowbell that the servant used to announce dinner had not broken it, it might have gone on forever—there seemed to be no words that could have broken it. Tom touched his wife, and she turned, with a slight smile. They rose like lovers; for the sense of strangeness that one being has for another had come back between them. THE END

SPECIAL ISSUE IN JULY, ON THE NEWSSTAND JUNE 28

THE WILL TO WIN

COMPETITIVE SPIRIT, *our greatest asset, is in jeopardy. Here is how young people can still retain their drive to excel in the face of our expanding high standard of living.*

HOW TO FIGHT FOR LOVE *Wonderful, off-beat ways to win the mate you prefer.*

COMPETITION AT THE TOP *When a man has reached the executive level in business, further advances in his career take a new and unexpected turn.*

Henry Fonda talks about his daughter, Jane.

AMERICA'S TOP COMPETITOR *The story of Briggs Cunningham and his relentless pursuit of international championships, from the Grand Prix of auto racing to the America's Cup for yachting.*

SPECIAL FEATURE • OVERWEIGHT CHILDREN
What parents can really do to eliminate not only the symptoms but the causes of obesity in youngsters.

The Gleaners

The children rose at dawn and found, scattered everywhere, hints of the strange events of last night's grown-up party.

BY JOSEPH WHITEHILL ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

At sunrise, Jimmy Prescott awoke, ill-rested, and looked at his Davy Crockett wrist watch. (He was ashamed of this watch and thought it corny, but it told time.) Five-thirty. None of the sleeping grownups in the house would stir until at least ten, so five-thirty was a precious, secret time to be awake on a Sunday morning. Through the open French doors to the patio came the muted, undulant thunder of the surf on the beach. Last night, besides the sound of the surf, there had been the cries and hoarse shouts of the grownups having a party in the patio. Jimmy had lain awake listening long after he had been sent to bed at ten. Once, in a restless effort to get to sleep, he had risen from his bed and softly closed the French doors to shut out the noise, but after he had lain down again he had found himself straining to catch the words of the talk, and so had been obliged to reopen the door. He had finally gone to sleep at about one o'clock, he reckoned.

Jimmy raised his knees, acrobatically kicked the covers to the foot of the bed, and lay there letting the organic and somehow solid-smelling Pacific air chill his bed-warmed body. Then he stretched and got up. He dropped his wrinkled pajamas on the bed and, leaning his round bottom against the white chintz chair for balance, stepped into his snap-waisted knit underwear. Then he got into his blue linen slack suit. When he buckled the linen belt of his slacks he wrenched at it more than was necessary; he hated cloth belts to pants, but had to wear them because they matched.

He padded, barefoot, into the bathroom. The door to his parents' room was wholly shut and looked locked. He would have liked to peep in on them and maybe say good morning, but it was five-thirty on a Sunday morning after a party and the door looked locked, and all was silent behind it.

While he went to the toilet he passed the warm time looking at his face in the mirror, trying on severe, full-jawed expressions that made him look older. At that new school in Texas, last year, he had passed successfully for fourteen—a small fourteen—for several weeks, until a perfidious master had spoiled his story with the truth and set him back to a large, sturdy-bodied twelve.

At the bathroom bowl, Jimmy turned the water on in a noiseless stream that looked like an icicle, and got out his toothbrush and his father's tooth paste. Working carefully with the tooth-paste tube, he extruded an inches-long white vermiform stream which he coiled about the head of the toothbrush like spaghetti about a fork. When he twisted off the flow of tooth paste with a deft upward curl, there was a gobbet as big as a pullet egg left on the head of the brush. He ingested this all at once and went mechanically around his teeth in the approximate manner recommended by the health nurse at school. Then he swallowed the whole mouthful of foam and washed it down with a little water.

With his throat burning cold and large at every inbreath, he sat in the chintz chair and put on his blue tennis shoes. Then he slipped out the open French doors and crossed the tiled patio to stand by the swimming pool in the bright sun.

He turned around and stared up at the sun over the red tile roof of the house. He held his painful gaze until he nearly sneezed, then stood on rubbery tiptoe while he inspected the disorder left in the wake of last night's party. The dew-wet chaise longue and the canvas chairs were all out of their accustomed places; one chair was even on its side. Jimmy went to erect it, but when he had it upright and tried to take his hand away, it started to topple over. One of the legs was broken off. He let it down quietly, hoping that it was neither his mother nor his father who had broken it last night. (Being a house guest, one had to be careful with the host's belongings.)

All the ashtrays were filled with broke-backed cigarette butts, and the terrace tiles were littered with flattened ones. Highball glasses stood all about, most still swaddled with the soggy petals of red cocktail napkins.

"Boy, what a mess," Jimmy whispered, wearing a rueful, understanding smile. He picked up a piece of broken glass and looked about until he saw, on the wheeled bar under the sun roof, half a broken tumbler filled with the shards of its other half. He added his piece, gingerly, to the rest.

Then he left the party area to walk along the pool toward the sea wall. Walking on tiptoe he could just see, over the wall, the sharp blue horizon of the Pacific. He stopped walking and jumped into the air and saw more ocean that way. When he landed, with a foot-stinging jar, his stomach growled hungrily.

His glance caught something white floating by the gutter drain of the pool, and he went to look. It was a derelict brassière—one of the wired kind—buoyed up by the foam-rubber liners in the cups. Jimmy blushed in excited embarrassment and picked at the sun scab which saddled his nose. Then he went into the shrubbery bed by the house and pulled from its place in the earth a slender, green-stained bamboo rod which was not usefully supporting any plant at the time, and returned with it to the pool. He stabbed at the brassière several times in an effort to make it sink, but it only waved its straps and bobbed to the top again.

So, extending the green bamboo stake as a blind man's cane, he shut his eyes and tapped his way along the edge of the pool until he sensed and touched one of the pipe struts supporting the diving tower. Then he opened his eyes and kneeled down at the edge of the pool, hanging his head nearly to the water, and peered back at the floating brassière. The two white mounds above the mirrorlike

He listened, breathless. "She was like a goddess with silvery nylon hair," Karen went on, "and then she started taking off her clothes."

surface of the water became, as he knew they would, the blind eyes of a monstrous crocodile which lay in wait for sleepy children on the banks of the Richard Halliburton Ganges right near the Burning Ghat.

Mother's are all pink, he thought; then he smiled and got giddily to his feet.

At the concrete sea wall, high as his head, he chinned himself on its edge and tried to swing his leg up to the flat top. In failing, he abraded his knee slightly, then dropped back to the tiles of the patio. He started back to the party area to get a chair to climb on, but, irritated by the minor pain in his knee and by his failure, he stopped and turned. Then he licked his lips and ran at the wall and jumped. Aided by his arms, he struggled up and landed, grunting, on his plump stomach on the smooth top of the wall. He swung himself up and sat facing the sea in triumph, with his legs dangling.

To his left, half a mile south along the flat khaki curve of the beach, was the cluster of white-walled, red-roofed buildings of the Beach and Tennis Club. And to his right, half a mile north, the long stilt-legged pier of the Oceanographic Institute waded out into the ocean. The beach between these two terminals was deserted save for a few strolling gulls and a gypsy band of sandpipers. Like wind-up toys, the sandpipers on the foreshore hurried busily back and forth following out each retreating wave, probing hastily for the little translucent crabs under the sand, then hopping and dashing for dry sand when the next wave came.

A gray speck of a tuna trawler was on the sharp edge of the horizon before him, and just beyond it, Jimmy knew, just out of sight, lay Japan.

Jimmy squinted his eyes against the wind coming in off the sea, and thought of all the rules and reasons against swimming alone in the ocean. *Nothing would happen just this one time.* He shrugged and sat on his hands for a time, still feeling sleepy and stale. *All I have to do is count three. When I say three, I'll just jump down and run over to the water and take off these clothes and go right in fast and swim around awhile and then get out, and—nobody—would—ever—know!*

This treasure of Jimmy's, like all his past ones, was running out fast and changing to worthless waste with every minute that went by. His treasure now was that he was the only soul up and awake in all the world, and he could do what he pleased for just a little while.

One. Two. Three. But he did not jump off the sea wall. Instead, he pivoted on his bottom and slid back down into the patio, determined to wake up Karen.

He stood by the French door to Karen's room a moment, hesitating in shy indecision. He picked a petal off a sour-smelling geranium and thought, *boy is she a hard one to get along with. But she's all there is.*

So he scratched his fingernail down the cheesy, corroded wire of her screen door and whispered, "Karen!" After a waiting moment he scratched again, louder this time, and made a long whisper out of, *"Ka-a-a-ren!"*

"What?" The little girl's voice was a surly grunt, as though she were talking into her pillow.

"Shh. Come on out."

"I'm asleep."

Jimmy savagely picked another geranium petal and whispered, "You can't be asleep and be talking. Come on."

"What time is it?"

"Almost six."

"Who else's up?"

"Isn't anybody. We've got it all to ourselves."

"I'm *still* asleep."

Jimmy looked desperately around to enlist some other persuasion, then whispered, "Boy, did you hear that old *party* last night? You ought to see it out here. What a mess."

Karen's voice sounded clearer and interested, as if she had lifted her head from the pillow: "Is it really a mess?"

"Boy, is it ever." Jimmy's eye lighted on the abandoned brassière drifting in the pool. *"And,* you ought to see what's floating around in the pool!"

"What is?"

"Won't tell you. You have to come see yourself."

"I bet it isn't anything."

"It is too something. Funny. It'll make you laugh."

"It won't either. You're a beast. You're being beastly. What is it?"

Jimmy stepped aside from the screen door, into the geranium bed. "Okay, if you don't want to know, I don't care. I'm going out on the beach."

"Wait, you beast. Wait till I get dressed."

"All right, then."

There was a pause. "Well, get away from my door."

"I can't see in there. Everything's black in there," Jimmy whispered.

"I'm going to lay right here in bed till you move."

"Okay, o-*kay.*" Jimmy turned from the door and covered his face with his arm and then staggered away. He said softly to himself, "Everything's black in there. Everything's turning black." Poisoned by the faithless Tanya, he reeled and fell dead into the chaise longue.

He lay there on his back looking up at the sun with his eyes closed, marveling at the bloody view, until he heard Karen's door open. She was in red shorts, and wore a shapeless halter across her thin, bud-breasted front. She crossed to the pool and immediately looked at him. "Oh, is *that* all," she whispered in high scorn. "What's so funny about that?"

Studying his feet in full awareness of his misjudgment, Jimmy said, "*I* thought it was pretty funny."

"It is rather a beastly mess," she said in a detached way as she came over to him. "Did you listen to all the party?"

"I fell asleep before it was over."

"*I* stayed up till the very end. . . . You know what I did? I pushed my armchair over in front of the door backwards and sat in it all scrooched down. I could lay my head on the arm and look out around the back. I saw *everything.*"

Something in the way she accented 'everything' made Jimmy turn over and look at her. "What d'you mean, everything?"

Karen was a sharp-jawed, thin little girl with long, heavy eyebrows. She folded herself up in one of the canvas chairs and swizzled the straw-colored meltwater left in a napkin-wrapped highball glass. She half-closed her eyes and assumed a smile of sly mystery. Right now she seemed to Jimmy much older than thirteen. "It was perfectly sublime," she said softly. "It was the loveliest party I ever was at."

"You weren't really *at* it," Jimmy said.

"Yes I was. I was at it every minute. I was there. Like as if I was sitting right out here in this chair wearing my white *long* dress, but had a sore throat and couldn't talk to them any. Such a party! I'm simply exhausted this morning, my dear. My head's as big as a—as a bushel basket."

"Well, how'd that—that underwear get in the pool?"

"It's a long story."

"It couldn't be a long story," Jimmy said, giggling.

"I don't think *you* could understand."

"What's to understand?"

"I mean I think you're too young to really appreciate the beauty of it all. The *moonlight* and everything."

"*I* like moonlight all right."

"There! That's what I mean. You don't *feel* things."

"I think I do," Jimmy said carefully.

"All right, then. You're just a child, but I'll tell you about it and maybe you'll understand. Or maybe when you're all grown up you'll understand."

Jimmy squirmed on the chaise longue. *Boy is she ever nutty and hard to get along with.* "Lay off me, would you? I'm only a year younger than you is all."

"Do you want me to tell you about it?"

"Well, sure, but don't string it out all day. I want to go swimming."

So Karen began. "Once upon a time last night, there was a party in the patio by the pool, and there were six adults there not counting Sami and Bella who

mixed the drinks. There was Andy and Helen Prescott, whose little boy is named Jimmy and can't sit still to listen to a story—that's better—and there was Jiggs and Millie Hastings, and their daughter Karen in her white *long* dress with a sore throat so she couldn't talk, or anything, but just listen to them. . . ."

Jimmy raised himself on his elbow to protest this perversion of the facts, but when Karen stopped short and made her mouth a thin line, he fell back again with a loud, bored sigh.

Karen continued, "The little boy Jimmy was sent to bed early, of course, so all he knows of the party was that it kept him awake."

Jimmy hugged himself and kept his peace.

"Also present was Karen's Uncle Peter and his beautiful blonde lady friend from up in Hollywood where she's a starlet named Gloria Duval. . . . Well, it was a lovely party. There were canapés and hors d'oeuvre and many lovely things to eat, and there were cigarettes in all the silver boxes and matches with 'Jiggs and Millie' on them in gold, and you could have anything to drink you wanted. There was bourbon and Scotch and rye, of course, and there were martinis and manhattans if you wanted them, and Ramos Gin Fizzes."

"What?"

"But nobody took Ramos Gin Fizzes because it was after dinner and they're too sweet." Here Karen broke off and rose from her chair. She fussed around the wheeled bar until she found the bottle of ready-mixed manhattans and the jar of sweet red cherries. Under Jimmy's popeyed stare she wiped a cocktail glass clean and made herself a manhattan with three cherries, and sipped it critically.

Jimmy whispered, "You gonna *drink* that stuff?"

"Of course, child," Karen said. "I do it all the time. I get to finish Millie's all the time."

(In his two weeks as a guest in this house, Jimmy had not yet entirely got used to hearing Karen call her parents by their first names. He boggled at it every time.) He asked, "What does it taste like?"

Karen came to his chair and held the glass for him cradled in her thin hand. "Like a whole barrel of fruit taste all in one glass. Try it. It's nice."

Jimmy tasted it. "It's high old stuff all right." It was stronger than anything in his experience, even tooth paste, but he did not make a face. Instead he said, "Well, I think I'll just have a cigarette."

"It'll give you lung cancer," Karen said doubtfully.

Jimmy was bold. "Just one won't." He found a cigarette with a cork tip and, pursing his plump lips as for a kiss, he puffed it into hot life, creating a great deal of dense smoke. He fanned the smoke away from him and breathed again.

Karen said, "I notice you didn't offer me one."

"Here, then."

After she had lit it in the flame he held, she said, "I don't inhale yet, do you?"

"No. That's what gives you the lung cancer."

"You want me to make you a manhattan?"

"I don't like them much."

"Well, you can just hold it then. That's what some of our friends say. They say, 'Just give me one to hold.' How many cherries?"

"Oh—four."

"That's too many. Four doesn't look right."

"Three then; I don't care."

"Here."

With their hands full of drinks and cigarettes they were studiously silent for a time, getting used to graceful management of their vices. Then Karen said, "You want to hear the rest of the party?"

Jimmy leaned back carefully in the chaise longue and gulped once of his manhattan. "Sure." He put his tongue down to the bottom of his manhattan to roll a cherry up the side, but failed because his tongue began to sting.

Karen said, "You're supposed to sip it. It isn't a chocolate soda."

"Go on."

"Well, the party was just lovely, from the very first. Jiggs and Uncle Peter and your father all talked about politics and baseball at first, and Millie and your mother and Gloria all talked about the famous people Gloria knows up in Hollywood. That went on for a long time—two conversations, you know—and then they moved their chairs to where they are now, and all sat around telling funny stories. Uncle Peter and Gloria knew most, and everybody laughed and had a fine time. The main thing was how they were all having such splendid fun. Just splendid! And *I* sat there all scrooched down in my chair and saw it all."

Jimmy was relieved to hear that Karen had dropped the imposture of the sore throat and the white *long* dress. And, being a practical boy, he asked, "But what about the underwear?"

"Will you wait?" she said icily.

Jimmy took another gulp of his manhattan, being careful this time to keep the powerful fumes out of his nose. His stomach was beginning to feel buoyant, and an idiot smile fixed on his face.

Karen continued, "So then they sent Sami and Bella home in a cab and put on the records and danced a while. The men all stood in line to dance with Gloria because she danced so beautifully, and Millie and your mother sat together and watched them. And the moon was shining down on the pool and everything, and I could have *cried!*" Even now, Karen's eyes were moist, and she dabbed at them with a cocktail napkin.

Against his will, Jimmy giggled. The giggle bubbled up inside him seemingly without cause. A new feeling was covering him—the sense of having a multitude of wholly unrelated body-parts. When he thought of his feet they immediately reported in to his head. He thought of his hands and they suddenly had weight and shape apart from himself. When he thought even of the mole on his knee, he could feel it—could almost *hear* it.

Karen went on in a droning whisper, "But then, after the dancing, they all sat down and Gloria got sad. She said she knew Millie and your mother didn't like her, and then everybody said of course it wasn't so, and Gloria said it was too; that nobody really liked her for her soul, just her blonde hair and her beauty, and would they go away and leave her alone."

Now that the story seemed to be improving, Jimmy sat up to hear better. In the movement, he burned his finger with the coal of his cigarette. He shook the finger and sucked it and then carefully put out the cigarette on a coaster. He was half-blinded with welling tears, but he felt little except the need for nonchalance.

Karen closed her eyes and tilted her head to the side and continued reverently, "Well, everybody tried to make her feel better then, and Uncle Peter said what she needed was a little drink, and she said no she didn't, because just right then she had given up drinking on account of her father who was a Methodist minister in Lawrence, Kansas. She said she was going to heaven pure, all right, although it was quite a struggle in this world where everybody was always wanting something from you all the time, and nobody loved you for your soul. It was all so sad. I did cry a little then. I couldn't help it. I mean, there she was with her soul, and all the other people around her trying to help her along and make her feel better.

"Then she said maybe what she needed was a little fresh air and a walk, so she got up and walked by the pool right over there, and everybody else just sat here in these chairs and told her to be careful and not fall in the pool. And she said she was perfectly all right and wouldn't fall in the pool unless she decided to, so they let her go and sat where they were—right here in these chairs.

"Well, I watched her, and she stood right there in front of my door sort of crying to herself, it was so sad, and she stood looking up at the moon not saying

anything at all, then she went over by the diving tower and spoke back to the rest of them still sitting here—right here—and she said, 'I'm going to heaven pure, *pure, PURE!*' just like that, and she climbed up the ladder there and stood on the back end of the board looking just like a goddess with silvery nylon hair there in the moon." Karen's voice faltered hoarsely under the power of her story.

Jimmy was sitting up wide awake now. "What happened then?"

She said scornfully, "*You* were *asleep!* . . . Well, everybody got up and went over to the diving tower and stood around telling her to come down before she fell down, but she didn't even hear them. She was still looking up at the moon. Then Jiggs and your father and Uncle Peter got to arguing about who was going to climb up and bring her down, but nobody wanted to so they didn't."

Jimmy stared mistily at the deserted diving tower, rebuilding the scene in his mind as she spoke it. He placed the players in the scene and waited for the action.

Karen whispered on: "So there she was, standing all alone up there in the moonlight, not hearing any of the arguing down below, and then—and then she began to *dance!*" Jimmy's heart gave a jump. "Began to dance right up there on that little board. She hummed a song to herself about a pretty girl is like a melody, and she smiled up at the moon and started taking off her clothes." Jimmy squirmed just to think of it. "And everybody down below didn't say any more. They just watched. And while she was taking off her clothes she sang, right along with her dancing, about how she was going to Heaven pure, yes pure. She made the words fit beautifully into the tune about the pretty girl is like a melody. And then your *father* said a perfectly beastly thing. He said if she went up to Heaven like that, Gabriel would drop his trumpet right down the Golden Stairs.

"So she took off her clothes one by one and dropped them over the side down to everybody waiting down below. When she took off her bra it must have fallen in the pool instead, because she was out on the end of the board at the time. And then she started to step out of her panties and changed her mind and dove into the pool instead. And then your father—*your father*—pushed Uncle Peter into the water to go get her out, and Uncle Peter did, and they put her into that long beach robe made out of awful towels that your mother has, and got her dry and happy again. And then everybody got sleepy and went to bed."

Jimmy stared transfixed at the end of the diving board, creating a naked goddess there with moonlit nylon hair. "Wow," he said softly. "And I slep' through it all." His tongue felt thick, like flannel.

"It was a lovely divine party, and I was certainly glad I went. She looked just like a sad queen up there. But I knew I shouldn't ever of told *you*. *You* don't feel things."

Jimmy said, "I can drive a car."

"What?"

"I really can. Come on, I'll show you."

"Somebody will hear, child."

Jimmy chewed his three red cherries and swallowed them. He formed his words carefully: "If you don't please quit calling me child you're—you're going to get a sock. Let's go look in at everybody and see if they're still asleep."

The children rose unsteadily and tiptoed to the French doors of Jimmy's parents' room. They leaned against the screen doors cupping their hands by their faces to shut out the light on the corroded, brassy-smelling screen mesh. Inside, through the pubescent blur of the wires, Jimmy saw his mother and father in their beds, with their heads virtually out of sight beneath the covers, and their clothing scattered aimlessly about the room. The two sleepers were still.

Next they went to Jiggs and Millie's door and quietly looked in. In the heavy brown mahogany bed, Millie Hastings was under the covers on her stomach, with one hand and one foot trailing on the floor. Karen's father, Jiggs, was lying on his back on top of the covers fully dressed, even to his shoes and tie. From the pure condition of the bedclothes at his side, he appeared not to have stirred all night.

On the couch by the wall slept Uncle Peter in his wrinkled underwear.

The children tiptoed on to the room Uncle Peter was supposed to be sleeping in. At the door Karen held Jimmy back, indicating that she intended to look first, alone. Because he could see nothing through the screen, Jimmy watched Karen instead. She peered in through her cupped hands, her body rigid at first. Then she vented a small sigh and writhed slowly and deliciously. Unopposed by the little girl, Jimmy pushed up to see.

The bed was empty. Startled, he searched the room within. As a perpetual guest room, neatness was its chief character. Nothing seemed used or appeared to have been handled. Then, to his profound shock, Jimmy discovered the nylon-haired lady from Hollywood, the silver goddess of the moonlight, sitting just before him in an armchair by the door. She still wore the terrycloth robe, and was curled in the chair sound asleep, her lips parted prettily. Past the brazen smell of the screen door, past the emetic odor of geraniums and the fragrance of his own manhattan, Jimmy smelled her, the Hollywood lady, and the smell was of gardenias and crushed grass, and it caught at his heart. She looked to Jimmy like a lady in a movie sitting by the window through the long night, waiting for her little boy to come home.

Karen and Jimmy tiptoed all the way to the garage on the other side of the house. Jimmy, even when they reached it, was still bemused by the awful thought that the poor Hollywood lady had sat up all night. His sorrow came out when he asked Karen, "Shouldn't we ought to fish that thing of hers out of the pool for her?"

Karen stopped beside her father's convertible and fixed him with a pedantic look of pity. "Don't you ever feel the *shape* of things?" She sounded resigned to his obliquity. "Some things ought to be left just as they *are!*"

They got in the car and closed the doors softly. Jimmy said, "Well, the help's going to find it floating around there in the pool, and they'll wonder what went on and all."

Karen fiddled with the knobs of the radio. Sounding very certain, she said, "The servants will just ignore it."

Jimmy's manhattan-inspired buoyancy had slid off into a pervading warm sadness which was like homesickness except in its lack of a specific focus. He put the transmission lever in the *N* position and turned the key. The car's engine rolled over loud and whining in the garage.

Karen composed herself on the seat beside him, studying his moves. She folded her hands and asked blandly, "Where shall we go?"

Jimmy did not answer. He moved the lever to *R*, released the brake, and, with micrometric advances of his toe, depressed the accelerator. The engine sped up slightly and the car crept backwards out of the garage and into the sunlight of the pink concrete drive. He backed the car fifty feet or so, going very slowly; then he put on the brake and shifted into *Dr*. He let off the brake and the car advanced in the direction it had just come. In the garage once more, he nudged the accelerator until the car's bumper lodged against the wall. He set the hand brake and shut off the engine, exhausted. "I want to go in swimming," he said tiredly. In a car, Jimmy was only certain of himself with the shift of the automatic transmission and with the brake. Steering, though he did not care to admit it, was still in his future.

"Is that all?" Karen asked poisonously.

"Let's go back to the pool," Jimmy said. Then, as an afterthought to persuade her, he added, "I want another one of those manhattans."

Back in the patio, he made his own drink this time, with four cherries. Karen whispered, "That's too many cherries.

Nobody ever uses that many cherries."

"I do," Jimmy said. "And when I finish this I'm going swimming in the pool here." What he really wanted was to go over the sea wall and swim in the ocean, but it seemed best to approach this new matter circuitously.

"You can't swim in the pool," Karen said, twirling the stem of her glass.

"Why not?"

"You know very well why not. We're not allowed."

"Sure we are."

"Not without grownups around."

"Who's to know? They're all asleep."

"You'd make a lot of noise and wake them up."

Jimmy was beginning to feel decisive and firmly intransigent. "I will not. I am a very silent swimmer." He drained his glass in two gulps and chewed the four cherries with wet noises of enjoyment.

A sound came from behind them, and both the children turned to face it. At the door of Jimmy's parents' room, behind the blurring dark screen, stood a white and spectral figure leaning its head against the doorpost. "Jimmy," it said in a phlegmy voice. It was his father.

"What?" Jimmy asked. The boy's vision was wandering without control now, and he had difficulty keeping anything in sight for long.

Karen whispered, "Oh dear."

Jimmy's father spoke in dead tones through the obscuring screen door. "In the name of Heaven, will you kids kindly go away? Go spend the day someplace else. Don't come back—don't come back till dark or sometime. Go on."

"Okay," Jimmy said, and waited.

"Go on," his father said.

"I'm going," Jimmy said, trying in his panic to make his speech sound normal. "I got to tie my shoe." He drew up his foot and untied his shoe and fumbled with it, watching the featureless shape of his pajama-clad father through the screen. After a moment, victory came for Jimmy, for his father groaned and pushed himself away from the French door and disappeared. Then came the sound he made falling back on the bed.

While Jimmy slowly retied his shoe, Karen calmly drank off her manhattan and asked, "Well, where sh'll we go?"

Suddenly, Jimmy did not want to make talk with this girl; he was feeling silent as an Indian. He wanted to return somehow to the state of things that had prevailed earlier this morning when he had climbed the sea wall and looked out at the Pacific.

When his shoe was tied, he got up cautiously and lifted one side of his canvas chair. "Help here," he said. She came and took the other side, and together they shuffled to the sea wall with it. Jimmy climbed onto the chair, and from there to the smooth, warm top of the sea wall. He lay there breathing a moment, then rolled himself off and fell six feet to the sand below. He landed with a jar that knocked his breath away, and he lay doubled up for a time, poisoned and suffocating and knowing he was about to die. With no breath left to cry aloud, the shallow noise he made sounded like "Uk—uk—uk!"

Karen was over the wall behind him. She jumped instead of falling, and dropped to the sand beside him. "What's the matter?" she asked.

He shook his head and said, "Uk—uk," and then his chest began to open again and he stopped dying and started to breathe once more. He lay there in the soft, fine sand until he was quite all right again; then, steadying himself against the rough concrete of the sea wall, he rose to his feet and looked at the ocean.

"I'm going in swimming," he said.

"In the *ocean?*"

"Right."

"You can't," Karen said with finality.

"Who says?"

"You can't. There's stingarees there."

"Other people swim in it."

"Makes no difference. They're the Public. This is a Public beach."

"Then I'm the Public," Jimmy said, pulling off his T-shirt.

"You are not either the Public." Karen clenched her fists against her ribs. "You're a guest in my house, and guests in my house don't swim in that ocean when they have a nice pool instead!"

"I can't swim in your ol' pool this morning . . . an' besides, I don't *want* to swim in your dirty ol' pool all full of underwear. . . . I'm going to swim in the ocean."

"Dirty! *Oh!*"

Jimmy dropped his shirt on the sand and unbuckled the hated linen belt. In stepping out of his slacks he lost his balance, and fell, and finished the operation sitting down in the cold shadow of the sea wall. He took off his shoes and socks and stumbled toward the water wearing only his white snap-waisted undershorts. Karen kept up with him, dancing in her rage and screeching a stream of vile threats and dire predictions as she went. "You'll get stuck with a stingaree an' come out buh-*leeding!*—I'll go straight in the house an' tell Jiggs an' he'll send you away an' never let you come back, yes I will. Jimmy, you *can't* go swimming in the ocean. It isn't *allowed!*"

But Jimmy marched on, much enjoying paying no attention to her, and watching the surf. The long, heavy swells were breaking far out, their green spines mounding suddenly and then sliding down into white tossing rolls of foam. The combers ran swiftly at first, while they were still some distance out, then they slowed as they approached the flat hard sand of the foreshore.

At the water's edge Karen gave a long wail of frustrated rage, and, with a fling of her short hair, she turned and ran back toward the sea wall.

Jimmy walked mechanically into the water, quite expecting to be stung immediately by a stingaree. He walked out in the cold water until the surge of the breakers made walking erect impossible, then, in chest depth, he dived under an approaching breaker. He listened to its cottony thunder as it passed over him; then he rose to the surface and stood up in shoulder depth. Looking back to the beach, he saw Karen collapsed in a heap at the foot of the sea wall by his clothes.

When the next breaker came, the biggest one, he tried to ride it in to the beach by swimming ahead of it for speed, then pointing his arms ahead. But the breaker was mighty and the water relatively shallow; the turbulent rush upended him and drove his head hard down into the sand bottom. Tiny stars sparkled behind his eyes, and he breathed sea water of amazing saltiness.

He rose up sick and choking and reeling drunk, and stumbled toward the beach. In the shallows where the forceless tag ends of the breakers came and went, his nausea and fatigue were worse (for the water no longer supported him), and he fell to his hands and knees and vomited in spasms of agony.

Purged and weak, Jimmy crawled out of the water to the hard sand and slowly stood up. He pulled his underwear up where it belonged and walked dreamily to Karen and his clothes.

The little girl was slumped against the rough wall, sobbing, and her sobs mingled with the noise of the breakers reflecting in a dead echo from the wall, and Jimmy, very sorry, said, "Okay now." Her face was swollen red and she would not look up at him. He touched her on the shoulder and said, "Don't you look and I'll get dressed." He dropped his wet white undershorts into the sand and stickily pulled on his clothes. He could not rid his feet of the fine clinging sand, so he ignored it and put on his shoes.

He stood up again and buckled his blue linen belt without even thinking about it, and helped Karen to her feet. "Let's go up to the aquarium at Oceanography," he said.

"They're prob'ly not open yet," Karen said in a voice liquid with recent despair.

"Well, let's go see anyway," Jimmy said. And they started north along the beach toward the long, black, stilt-legged pier of the Oceanography Institute. They staggered and swayed, and bumped each other as they walked, for they had their arms about each other's waists. THE END

Cosmopolitan's Complete Mystery Novel

Do You Know This Voice?

Over and over, from every radio, the agonized question echoed throughout the city... surely there was *someone* who had heard this voice before?

BY EVELYN BERCKMAN ILLUSTRATED BY BERNARD D'ANDREA

Old Mrs. Getrude Maryk, almost seventy-eight, was in trouble. Her granddaughter, Trudy Merrick, almost eighteen, was in trouble. Trouble was the only resemblance between the two women; otherwise they were separated by age, origin, language, and background, also by the whole width of a city between them—all the cleavage, spiritual and physical, that cuts people off from each other.

The darknesses over the old woman and the young one were different, yet alike—an old woman's inescapable trouble and a young one's—and both were without immediate remedy. All alone, confiding in no one, old Mrs. Maryk and young Trudy had reviewed their problems over and over and come to the same conclusion. Nothing could be done, for help lay only in the passage of time, and time was too slow.

And finally, between the two blood relations who were also strangers, existed a final likeness and a final difference. The likeness was that both of them were waiting—one cold, one hot—to be rescued. The difference was that one was running *to* the threat, and the other was running away.

At this point of her old age, Mrs. Maryk had begun to receive such numerous intimations that her machinery was coming to a stop that she was heartily sick of the whole process, and only longed for it to end. At the clinic they had told her, "heart," in very general terms, giving her medicine and strict instructions about reducing her activity, sparing herself, and so on. She accepted the medicine obediently, omitting to mention that she had no idea of obeying the instructions; in her mild way she was an exceedingly stubborn old woman. But the verdict of *heart* inspired her with a single fierce hope as her fingers moved over her rosary, whose brown beads were worn into irregular shapes. With various petitions but invincible single-mindedness, she implored the mercy of a quick ending instead of having to undergo the nameless indignities and miseries of a lengthy final illness. Nor did she wish to be remembered as a senile old woman. No, when it came to that, she preferred death.

Shakily, he lifted the receiver to his ear and began to listen.

This particular old woman, by birth, nature, and financial position, was a nobody—one of the obscure millions whose birth and death cause hardly a ripple even in their own worlds. In appearance she favored the long line of respectable Czech farmers from whom she had descended: short and stocky, with blue eyes, high cheekbones, and squarish face in which there was a hint of Slav. From day to day she was becoming smaller with old age, yet there persisted in her a reminiscence of sturdiness and soundness, like the faint surviving bloom on a withered apple. In all the harshness and ugliness of the industrial city on whose outskirts she lived, something peasant-like clung to her ineradicably, though she had acquired a decent black coat and toque years ago and never wore a scarf over her head, not even when she went to the supermarket.

The anonymity of her life was matched by the peculiar anonymity of the neighborhood in which she lived. Abutting on a wide, desolate area of reclaimed marshland which had once contained a number of industrial plants, it had been part of a projected "model" housing development for employees of the plants. The plants themselves had long since moved away—all but one or two—and the model houses had lost no time in opening up at the seams. About half of them were still occupied—inevitably by people who had no choice but to live there.

This derelict area was the setting in which Mrs. Maryk's life moved more and more slowly in its contracting circles of home, market, and church. She had few acquaintances; she saw her son as frequently as he could manage it, but her daughter-in-law and grandchildren almost never. Literally she knew no one

What could she remember of those fateful seconds by the booth?

and went nowhere; she had no connection, realized or unrealized, with outside people or events. Semi-illiterate in her native language, she read English laboriously and with only spotty comprehension; she saw newspapers chiefly by accident and did not miss them. She had no radio.

In view of this virtual isolation, it was almost beyond belief that such a woman as Mrs. Maryk—old, obscure, and ailing, retiring and reserved by nature—should draw a fierce national limelight as a focal figure in the Wilmer kidnaping. Blind perverse circumstance was to blame—more perverse than usual in this case, but perhaps, and after all, not so blind.

Trudy Merrick looked into her immediate future and saw a long stretch of it in darkness, or at least in heavy shadow—a shadow cast by a figure standing there immovable, always one and the same. She came to this conclusion in her bedroom, which her mother's clever fingers had made into a bower of comfort and convenience, with fresh, bright ruffles bursting out wherever a ruffle could be applied. Trudy's whole life, from baby to teen-ager, had been embellished by ruffles in the range of pastels appropriate to her age. Sitting in all this brightness she shivered suddenly, then winced again at the memory of what had happened the first time she had ever invited anyone from the School of Design to her home. The thought shriveled her; she only wanted to blot it from her mind, yet some perversity compelled her to go over and over it, not sparing herself a single abrasive detail. Her arrival at the house with Bob Straker; his pleased look wandering over the place with its garden, so bright and well-kept in the sunlight. Remembering how pleased and proud she had been at that look, she frowned painfully and whispered to herself, "You fool," before rehearsing the further events of the occasion, like a hateful film from which she could not turn her eyes.

Her mother had met them at the door, tall and heavy, smartly dressed as always, with her habitual look of fresh grooming. Her presence was of itself a sort of departure; in all the years of Trudy's association with the neighborhood kids she had never bothered with them at all, except to make sure that they confined their activities to the rumpus room and to have plenty of her admirable food always on hand for them. But with this stranger from superior regions, from the School of Design—an almost grown-up boy friend of Trudy's—obviously she had felt it incumbent upon her to make a special effort. And she had made it; Trudy, remembering that effort, cringed again. *If she'd only let us alone,* she thought. Far from letting them alone, Mrs. Merrick had taken over; she had the decision and weight of an avalanche, and was as easily controlled. The brunch bar had bloomed on the instant with lavish refreshments, and, having been urged, Trudy and Bob had climbed onto stools on one side, while Mrs. Merrick had established herself opposite them. From there on began the dire sequence that had haunted Trudy ever since—her mother's running stream of jocularity, her insinuations accompanied by loud laughter and coy, significant glances that bracketed the two of them together as they sat side by side, dumb and miserable, while Bob's smile went sickly and faded out until he was reduced to an awkward lump with dark-red ears, mumbling "yes ma'am" and "no ma'am" at intervals, and then . . . then, the worst moment of all, the climax of unbearableness when Mrs. Merrick, clearly aware that she was not meeting with that success to which her efforts entitled her, dropped her joviality with an almost-audible crash and fixed Bob with a silent glare that asked more loudly than words, *What's the matter with you, you stuck-up little squirt? We aren't good enough for you, is that it?*

"Oh, God," Trudy whispered, always with that sharp, involuntary wincing. Then, by force, she drove the picture from her mind and began again to review her possible future by the light of this first experience. What had happened with Bob could happen again with any new friends she brought to the house, girls or boys, especially—instinct warned her—with boys. She had not liked Bob especially, but what if she had? Suppose they had even been starting to fall in love? Would his devotion, anyone's devotion, have been proof against a first encounter of this kind? Abruptly she shook her head, while a shame of disloyalty weighed on her heart; she had to admit that her mother took quite some swallowing. If someone fell in love with her, it was inevitable—whoever he was—that one day his family would ask: Who is she? Where does she come from?

"That's Civil War," she taunted herself feebly. "Old stuff." But her mockery withered at once before a dread suspicion that this old stuff still carried a lot of weight among the people with whom she would prefer to spend her life. An invisible thread was tied to one, and people followed it back and found one's origins at the end of it, and what they found had a terrible lot to do with the way they felt about that person—at first, anyway. And at the very start of her own life she had found this stumbling block, perhaps to her whole future happiness. . . .

Later, in the kitchen—

"Whyn't you bring some nice boy home, some afternoon?" complained Mrs. Merrick, in her brassy voice. "Not like that Bob the other day, that little poop, but somebody that's not laid out on ice? You must meet *some* nice ones at that school of yours," she accused. "If you don't, I don't know what we're paying out the money for."

Catch me asking anyone again, thought Trudy. Her resolve became triple steel. *Just catch me.*

"You've got the looks," Mrs. Merrick was exhorting vigorously. "And I make you the best-looking clothes I ever saw on a kid your age—so what're you *doing* with your time? You think you can just sit down and the men'll come to you? It doesn't happen that way," she warned. "And you know it, too, well as I do. Or God," she petitioned, as another possibility struck her, "are you turning out to be another dead fish like your father? It's all I need, for Pete's sake—one in a family's enough."

Never, thought Trudy, and gently, precisely, adjusted the dial on the iron. *I'll never ask anyone to this house again.*

From its very earliest stages, the kidnaping evinced curious departures from the pattern usual to such crimes. To begin with, the Wilmers were not a wealthy family nor even outstandingly prosperous; by any standards they had never been more than solvent. True, they lived in a conspicuously "good" and expensive neighborhood, but only by the fluke of having beaten zoning restrictions by a hair, their nondescript bungalow being surrounded on all sides by big houses, some of them almost estates. Fred Wilmer, a small manufacturer, would have his hands full raising any kind of ransom—not that the amount had been stipulated, so far; things had not yet advanced to that point.

Following the child's disappearance was the usual uproar, with the handsome face, dark-eyed and its chin slightly cleft, looking at you from every front page, every TV screen; in the head-and-shoulders snapshot, his fringed cowboy vest could be seen, a specially impressive one given to Jonny on his fifth birthday, three weeks and two days ago. After the first commotion there followed a sort of hush, a pause, as if the country were holding its breath while awaiting the first sign from the kidnapers. When it came after a little more than twenty-four hours, and every millimeter of the semi-illiterate letter on cheap stationery had been put through the fiercest rigors of examination that science could devise, the scrutiny revealed nothing but its message—that the kidnapers would phone. In preparation for the call, whose time was not specified, a battery of preparation was set up, a complex mechanism as delicately-triggered as a high explosive. Ceaselessly the tape-recorders spun, attending upon the monitored line; special operators maintained a twenty-four-hour vigil, waiting to trace the call; prowl cars in every district were poised to scream down upon the singled-out phone and the faceless entity who had to leave his hole long enough to damn himself by talking into it. Everything was readied with the

most unlimited expenditure of time, money, and care, of brains racked to the utmost trying to anticipate all contingencies. And nothing came, and nothing came; the agony of waiting dragged on twenty-four hours, thirty-six hours. . . .

The second variation of the kidnap pattern came on the third day, when the affair suddenly changed from a public to a secret one—a secret hedged about with triple precautions. On a miserable September morning with rain flailing down, a park guard named Neil Monahan, whose rounds included a public golf course, was skirting a fringe of wood that abutted on the links. Glancing into it by chance—it was briery shrub and very thick—he saw something light-colored sunk amid the green. He came to a halt, saying in his mind a lost golf ball, and stood debating whether or not it was worthwhile busting through all that wet brush for an inducement so moderate.

Knowing that he would think about it all day, lying only a few feet away when he could have had it for the picking up, he charged the green wall like an elephant, trampling its resistance with massive legs sheathed in puttees. The object, when he picked it up, turned out to be no golf ball but a strip of fringe, clean and new-looking, from a cowboy suit. Premonition was already upon Monahan as he hurried for the phone in his weather-shelter nearby, across the sodden, deserted links.

The two carloads of men that came racing at the summons found the shallow grave within a quarter of an hour. Death had been caused by strangulation, and the partial post-mortem indicated that the child had been slapped hard at least once. But long before this information or any other was available, there loomed a more immediate task, that of notifying the parents. This duty devolved inescapably upon the captain of detectives in charge of the case, a slab of a man, with flinty blue eyes, named Thomas Helm.

Shrinking from the prospect now before him, Helm collected a couple of police doctors, feeling that they would be needed, and glumly gave the word to drive to the Wilmer's suburb. As he came up on the small porch, the front door was wrenched open from within and he found himself face to face with the boy's father. Every line of Fred Wilmer's body told how he had leaped to open the door; his eyes were wild with question, his gray lips opened and shut soundlessly, like an oyster. A couple of steps behind Fred, Helm could see the woman with disordered hair and dementia in her eyes. But, as both of them stood there staring, Helm saw something happen to their faces—hope emptying out of them and a deadness taking its place. Without his saying a word or having to fumble for the least-shattering phrases—they knew.

A good while later, Helm and one of the doctors were in the first-floor lavatory with Fred Wilmer. Mrs. Wilmer was upstairs in bed, stuffed with sedatives and attended by the other doctor. The parents and the law had passed through the first nightmare period—the hysteria, the outcries—then, after violence, the exhaustion and collapse, both inevitable. Inside the lavatory a curious contest was going on—an unequal contest between two wills, one of them alert, wide-awake, and ruthless; the other vague and remote, a drugged animal trying to give its tormentors the slip. Fred Wilmer had become very quiet; his eyes were dull and cloudy. Sweat gleamed on his face and in the lines of his neck. For the most part, he sat still and shrunken while Helm belabored him with words, except when he sprang up suddenly, leaned over, and was rackingly sick on an empty stomach. He suffered the indignity he was undergoing with a curiously detached air, as if he were somehow unconnected with the proceedings. Then he would sit down again, and Helm would begin talking again. Helm, in truth, was not very far from being sick himself, because he could not leave this maimed creature in peace, to crawl away with his grief into a decent solitude; he had to keep him pinned there while he flogged him with pleas and arguments and reasons, trying to blast a way into his consciousness and extort from him what he wanted. What he had to have; what he was determined to get.

"It says he's going to call you here," he repeated like a stuck record, holding a small piece of paper by a metal clip: the second kidnap letter, delivered an hour ago. "He's going to call you here today, at noon. Noon's half an hour away. In half an hour he'll call this house to talk to you. In less than half an hour, in twenty-six minutes, he'll be on the phone to you—the one who did it."

"The call's our only chance," he labored on, slightly hoarse with fatigue. "Our only chance to put the finger on him. *He doesn't know we've found the boy.* Nobody knows, except you and us. Nobody's going to know until we give it out, and we don't give it out so long as we can keep him on the hook. Don't you see, Wilmer, don't you see? Listen!"

It was shouting into space, thought Helm; like yelling in an empty room.

"If he don't know we've found the boy, he'll keep trying to get in touch with you. He'll have to, so long as he thinks there's a chance to collect. If he wants the money, it stands to reason he's got to get in touch some way, h'h?"

He had to stop to recover his voice, which had suddenly dried up.

"That's why I can't put somebody else on the phone to answer him," he croaked on. "I can't do it because there's a chance the guy knows your voice. We can't be sure he doesn't—we don't know. So that's why there's only one person can talk to him when he calls." It was sheer dread that stopped Helm a moment, before he drove on, "One person, Wilmer, there's only one person, and that's you."

During the following total stillness, he waited and wondered: had he broken through to Fred Wilmer? And as something flickered in the vacant face, Helm was onto it with an animal pounce.

"You're the only one who can do it." He hammered at Wilmer ruthlessly. "When the call comes, Wilmer, you've got to talk to him, and you've got to do it without letting on you know about the boy. You mustn't give it away," he varied his exhortation, with a sickness in the pit of his stomach. "You've got to keep him from knowing that you know. One slip, and he's gone for good, and the chances are a million to one against our ever finding him. But if you can keep him on the hook, Wilmer, keep him on that phone until we can trace the call, maybe we've got a chance—to pick him up right away, even. You hear me?"

The wakening in Wilmer's face became more pronounced, but it was a wakening to nightmare. Slowly his head swiveled around toward Helm; on the horror in his eyes was superimposed another horror.

"You—you want me—" he gasped "—to *talk* to him?"

"It's our only chance," Helm pounded at him. "I tell you it's our only chance."

"Oh my God," murmured the other, and then, almost inaudibly, "Can't." His head lolled in a negative motion. "Can't."

"You will," affirmed Helm. "Because you've got to. You will, so we can get our hands on him. . . ." He was prepared to go on and on endlessly, but stopped all at once. Wilmer was trying to straighten a little; his eyes were despairing, his mouth looked as if it tasted bile.

"I'll try," he muttered, but with an air of hardly realizing what he said.

"Good," Helm said; he knew how little he could depend on this ally, obviously next door to collapse. But time was shrinking, contracting, moving down upon them; noon, the hour of the call, was eleven minutes away.

"Good," he repeated, and made an imperious motion at the doctor, who instantly moved toward Wilmer. But while he worked on the passive shell with his whole repertory of stimulants, Helm never let up for a moment in his urging and instructions, desperately detailed.

"Tell him you can't hear," he dinned on. "But don't ham it, don't try it more than once. It's old stuff. He may not go for it. He'll smell a rat and hang up right away. But remember: every second extra you can keep him on that wire, it gives us that much more chance; it reduces the handicap by just that much. It's hard, Wilmer, but you'll do it."

"Yeh," said Wilmer, apathetic.

"Because remember this guy's on edge." Exhaustion rattled louder and drier in Helm's voice. "His nerves're to pieces. Without the boy, his plan's shot to hell

Do You Know This Voice? (cont.)

already. He's standing there talking to you and he's thinking, *Do they know? Maybe they know. Sure they know. Wilmer's voice sounds funny. Or does it?* That's how he's thinking, Wilmer, he stands there and he's sweating blood. He's got to put up a front, remember—as if he could produce the boy—just like you're putting up a front of your own, as if you believe he could."

At that instant Helm jerked violently as two cruel needles lanced his stomach and his left wrist with simultaneous pain. It took him an instant to realize that what had stabbed him had, actually, no material existence.

Just outside in the hall, three feet away, the phone was ringing.

Though awaited since noon—it was now three minutes past—the sound came with an inhuman quality of shock, nailing them all into the attitudes they happened to have assumed at the moment. Everyone noted with awe the speed with which Fred Wilmer got to the phone. In the first split second, while the rest of them still gaped or goggled, he was on his feet, moving out to the hall and whipping up the receiver. Help from some super source was being poured into what only a moment ago had been a wreck, incapable of thought or speech. Then began the grotesque dialogue on a line to which a dozen other ears were glued, with every word being woven onto the revolving tape, while the tracing process proceeded feverishly.

"Hello," Fred began. "Yes. Wilmer speaking. . . . Yes, I'll get it. I can get it. . . . Yes. . . . I can't hear . . . too fast, you're talking too fast. Talk louder. . . . What street, I didn't get . . . No, no, I'm only trying to hear. . . . No, go on! . . . When?"

Obviously it was finishing, in (according to the sweep on Helm's watch) exactly thirty-seven and a half seconds, and in every heart except the father's was the same desperate, professional knowledge. Not enough time. Almost certainly not enough, or, if it should prove enough, then only by a fluke, a miracle. At this instant, when hope was lost, Fred Wilmer came up with something not in the book—an improvisation, an ad-lib.

"The boy," he demanded loudly. "How's the boy? . . . You're sure? He had a little cold—"

His voice stopped with a suddenness shocking as the phone's first outcry; he stood looking at the receiver. Before all their eyes he shriveled and dwindled again from a man to a shell.

"He hung up," said Wilmer, dully.

"Maybe you did it," Helm exulted. Snatching the phone as Wilmer let it drop, he established a brief contact with Police Radio Central, and heard news apparently not too discouraging.

"Maybe you did it," he repeated to Wilmer, who had let himself sag into an armchair, where he sat in his previous remoteness. "They traced the call. Maybe now, this minute, they've got him." His lips were drawn back tight over his teeth in a smile, his eyes were smiling gray marble. "We'll soon know. And they're on their way over with the tape. You did it, Wilmer, you hung onto him until they found where he was speaking from. When you asked about the boy's cold—it's those couple extra seconds you gave us that did it. Pretty soon now we'll know."

The phone shrilled again; everyone but Wilmer jerked, and Helm leaped to answer it.

"Y'h," he said, with a growling sound deep in his chest—and almost at once the watchers saw him break inwardly and sag, the life go out of him; his eyes grew dull.

"O.K.," he said after a moment, then again "O.K." once or twice, and hung up. "No soap," he announced in a flat voice. No one dared offer a word, and, after a couple of draws on his cigarette, he said in the same flat, withered voice, "Y'almost pulled it, Wilmer, almost but not quite. They missed him—by a couple seconds, it must've been."

The other nodded once or twice without expression, almost without interest. Helm, doubtful that he had even listened, was obliged to take hold of his shoulder and shake it.

"Now the next thing, Wilmer," he said slowly and loudly, with exaggerated distinctness, "they're on their way here with the tape, and we're going to play it back to you, and you're going to listen like you never listened before. You get it, Wilmer? You paying attention? Because, going on the theory that the guy may know your voice, there's just as good a chance that you know his. You didn't get any recognition over the phone, h'h? Not the slightest? Not a hint?"

"Nothing," said the other.

"That doesn't wind it up necessarily," Helm urged. "We'll chew on that tape inch by inch and syllable by syllable. We'll play it loud, we'll play it soft, we'll take it at different speeds. You can't tell, something might come out of it—one sound, one word that might remind you of something. You never know. It'll be here in a couple minutes. . . ."

"All right," said Wilmer. "I'll listen."

Helm's lieutenant, standing nearby, shrugged. "Disguised voice," he muttered. "Must've been."

"Well, what do you know," said Helm in a lethal falsetto, and turned a look on his adjutant. "It never struck me, the voice might be disguised."

"Yes," Wilmer put in unexpectedly, out of his remoteness, "I knew that while I was talking to him."

"O.K., we'll still try," Helm began, and stopped abruptly; there was a stir outside, a car pulling up, rapid steps mounting to the porch. "Here it is," said Helm. "Here it is."

The door opened to admit a man carrying apparatus—the recording, come to them with a speed only possible to a car that could cleave the Red Sea of traffic with its screaming siren.

"Bring it here," said Helm hungrily. "All right, put that table close to him. Now put the whoozis on the table. Y'all set? All right, let'r go."

Gun-metal ribbon began peeling off the flat disc with a faint humming sound. The few seconds that followed seemed forever, an interminable void, until the first voice spoke.

Hello.

Wilmer is talking here, Fred Wilmer?

Yes, Wilmer speaking.

We want fifteen thousand. You hear?

Yes, I'll get it, I can get it.

Old bills, small. Fives and ten, tied up.

Yes.

Listen now. I don't repeat.

I can't hear.

Listen, no funny stuff, you want your kid?

Too fast, you're talking too fast. Talk louder.

Say after me, Bonticou Street—

What street? I didn't get . . .

Listen, again you try something funny?

No, no, I'm only trying to hear.

All right, I call again.

No, go on!

Get first the money. I call again.

When?

Stay home, be ready.

The boy—how's the boy?

All right.

You're sure? He had a little cold—(very faintly) he hung up.

"No, it doesn't say anything to me," repeated Fred Wilmer, "It doesn't remind me of anyone I ever knew in my life. I don't get a thing out of it."

This was after the twentieth playback of the tape—and after the disagreements that rose after every playback. The voice's un-American quality, for instance; was this real or simulated? Then the voice itself, not high, not deep, not exactly low; disguised, of course, but what was the nature of the disguise?

"He didn't have anything in his mouth, that's a cinch," someone said, and at least everyone concurred on this point. Then attention shifted to its peculiar growling sound, and the police doctor remarked that he would call the sound more of a rattle than a growl.

"As if he had some chronic respiratory trouble," he offered. "Bronchial or pulmonary. It might be an occupational thing he has to have treatment for."

"Clinics," Helm said instantly to his lieutenant. "Check all clinics and private doctors. Maybe it's a lead. How old a man would you take him for?" he addressed Wilmer. "Young? In-between? When you were talking to him, did you get any impression?"

"Some," vouchsafed the automaton. "Forty maybe, up to forty-five. Not fifty, I shouldn't think—not that old."

"That's my idea, too," Helm declared. "Now, Wilmer, we'll run the tape off one last time, just on the chance that—"

A sound broke from Wilmer, the keening sound of an animal tormented past endurance.

"No!" he wailed. "No, no, no!" Then suddenly—"Jonny!" he called, in a strange voice. "Jonny, Jonny!"

The doctor moved in fast, with a prohibiting gesture toward Helm; the next few minutes passed in the flurry of getting the patient upstairs.

"O.K., take it," Helm indicated the apparatus to the two officers. "Both of you wait outside."

He was silent until the front door had closed behind them, then said, "He won't phone again."

"You think not, h'h?" Bender hazarded a remark.

"He knew there were bugs on the line right away. He knew that beforehand, but he took one chance for the sake of the money. He won't take another. He was scared crazy, stretched tighter'n a cooch dancer's brassière, couldn't you tell? Nah, one risk he was willing to take, but now he knows how the land lies. We've heard the last of him, all right." Helm expelled a mouthful of smoke and ground the stub into an ashtray. "We can't sit waiting for this second call that won't come—we've got to bust it open."

"All right then, get moving on the clinic thing first," Helm said bleakly, as the police car carried them along. "I'm going to see the Commissioner now. Or no, first I'd better talk to the old dame."

"Old dame?" Bender asked, and Helm explained, "Some old lady they found in the booth when they got there, just too late. It seems," he amplified resignedly, "they scared the pants off of her to begin with, so she almost passed out on them. Then they tried to find out whether she'd noticed who'd used the booth ahead of her, but nah—she'd gone blank with the shock. They had a doctor working on her, and a nurse, and maybe they've pulled her together by now. Maybe she'll be in shape for a little questioning." But his voice was dubious.

"But how'd it happen?" Bender probed, with caution. "Where was all this?"

"That's the hell of it," Helm groaned despondently. "The Leydecker Arcade."

"God," said Bender, in eloquent comprehension.

"Yes, you can say that again," Helm concurred. "I guess maybe four–five thousand people work in that building, and by noon it looks like all of 'em'd come down to lunch at once. Not to mention the shoppers in the arcade—there's the restaurant and snack bar, there's the big drug store, candy store, beauty shop, Western Union, God knows what . . . and the phone booths, two banks of 'em," he enumerated lugubriously. "Thirty of 'em maybe. Still, it could be," he ended, with hardly a pretence of hope, "that she saw something, heard something, remembered something. . . ." His voice trailed off; he sat staring out of the window.

It was in this manner and under these auspices that Captain Helm, along with someone much less conspicuous, entered Mrs. Maryk's life.

The first person to report to Helm at the Wiscomb Street Station was a young detective-first-class named Robert (Rube) Sandys. In quick, concise language, but on a honking note produced by a heavy cold, he informed Helm that a tape of Mrs. Maryk's voice had already been run off and compared with the kidnaper's, and by decibel measurement and other means it had been proven that by no stretch of the imagination could one voice be identified with the other.

"In the second place, she was still connected when I yanked open the door of the booth and pointed a gun at her," Sandys continued. "She just dropped the phone, of course—left it swinging. I picked it up, and a man's voice was hollering, 'Mamma! mamma!' Then some more in a foreign language; she said later it was Czech. It was her son she was talking to at his home, 2464 Willow Street; we checked it right away. It's a ranch type, medium-priced home, but kept right up to the mark—everything just so. They spell their name differently from the old lady's. The son's a die maker at Excelsior Tools, four-fifty an hour, and the house looks it, too. They've got two kids: a girl, seventeen, going to the School of Design and a boy, nineteen, going to Mechanical Trades School. I didn't see the kids, but I checked, and they were both at school—she in a class and he in the workshop. So it looks like we can eliminate that family, anyway—doesn't seem to be any way they'd connect up. And that old woman—if she's that good at changing her voice, her name ought to be up in electric lights."

"The old lady—where've you got her?" demanded Helm.

"Infirmary, sir," said Rube. "But she wouldn't lie down. Matron's looking out for her."

"This fit she threw," demanded Helm. "Doc think it was phony?"

"Not phony," said Rube. "Doc said angina."

"God!" Helm ejaculated fervently. "She might've kicked off right there!"

"She's got a mild kind," said Rube. "At her clinic they said she's a lot tougher than she looks and a shock *might* kill her some day, but it would have to be a real whooperdoo."

"I better have a look at her," Helm worried, indecisive. "What kind of shape does Doc think she's in?"

"Pretty good, considering," said Rube, and Helm, already going up, ordered, "You go listen at the mike," then pivoted

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and stared, belatedly taking in his subordinate's expression, usually so cheerful and now so curiously set. "What the hell ails *you*?" he demanded.

Rube's wooden face became a trifle more wooden. "Cold, sir," he said briefly. "Seems to hang on."

"Get yourself a shot," commanded Helm. "What good are you to me if you get laid up?" He turned again and mounted the stairs, reflecting that it took more than a cold to account for the look on Rube's face. "Some woman, I bet," he surmised cynically, then hunted up the stenographer for a transcript of the old lady's testimony so far. Having read it, he proceeded to a metal door painted to imitate oak and upon it, contrary to his usual custom, he tapped cautiously. Also, until the matron's voice bade him come in, he made no move toward the knob; his last wish was to scare their sole witness into another fit. Being given permission, Helm eased the door open and oozed through it with an apologetic air.

"Good day, Mrs. Maryk, ma'am," Helm was saying, smiling and inclining toward her at a solicitous angle. "I'm Detective-Captain Helm. I'm sorry to hear you had a little weak spell. How're you feeling now, Mrs. Maryk?"

The old woman occupying the infirmary's most comfortable chair, into which the matron had put a couple of pillows, regarded him with undisturbed eyes before opening her lips in response. "Tank you, good," she said firmly. "I feel good."

"Well, that's fine, Mrs. Maryk," Helm intoned heartily. "I'm certainly glad to hear that. Now look, Mrs. Maryk, if we could just have a little talk together, the two of us, just a couple of words—but not if you don't feel up to it, not if you aren't O.K. yet."

"No, let we talk," said Mrs. Maryk at once, apparently innocent of all suspicion that her every word would go on record. "I like better if we talk now."

"You sure?" But even while he asked, he was pulling a chair forward and sitting down. "You feel strong enough?"

"I am sure, yess," she returned uncompromisingly. "I am plenty strong."

"Fine," Helm encouraged. "We certainly appreciate it, your making the effort and helping us like this." He gave the matron a glance; as soon as she vanished, he jettisoned some of his caution for as much directness as he thought the traffic would bear. "In the first place," he demanded, "do you know what all this is about? Do you know why you're here?"

"Yess," said Mrs. Maryk positively. "I am here because you make mistake. I am not doing nothing bad, in my whole life I am doing nothing bad, but your policemans is arresting me, and they make big mistake."

"They didn't arrest you," he argued. "You aren't under arrest, Mrs. Maryk. You can walk out of here any time you like. But listen," he petitioned, "just listen a minute. You've seen in the papers about a boy that's missing, a little boy named Jonny Wilmer?"

"Kidnop," she averred with unexpected promptness. "On the newsstand. Black letters so high, bick." With a finger she indicated how big. "He is kidnop."

"That's right," said Helm. "The man who kidnaped him used the phone right before you did." He stopped dead, looking straight at her and letting it sink in. After a long instant he saw it hit her; she drew a sharp breath, her mouth sagged open; then she began nodding her head in a very slow, repetitive, up-and-down movement.

"So," she muttered as if to herself. "So. Yess, I un'erstand now. Why they brink me here, why they ask me and ask me." Quickly and suddenly her eyes moved toward Helm, holding him with peculiar intentness. "I help," she said decisively. "Tell me how can I help."

"That's just the point," Helm shrugged. "It would help if you'd seen the man, taken notice of him or anything about him—anything. But from what I've been told, I understand you didn't. I understand you don't remember him at all."

"Iss true," she agreed. "I don' remember nothing. If I know only who he iss, I look at him good. But I don't know. I stand there, I wait for a phone, I tink about my own business."

"I know you've gone over this again and again," Helm cajoled, "but could you tell me just once more in your own words, if you're not too tired . . ."

"I am not tired," she interrupted.

"Fine. All right, tell me how it was."

"Well," said Mrs. Maryk, and took a long, unhurried breath. "I go in that bick building downtown, office cleaners they at-vertice for—but they tell me no, I am too old. Then after this I am calling my son," she pursued. "For a couple months now he hass bad luck. First his hand, he cuts it bad on a machine, then he iss sick in the lunks—" she patted her chest "—poomonia. So I go to call him, but my goodness, iss lots of phones but all full of people, and people iss waiting for phones and me too I wait."

"Did you wait outside the booth you called from?" Helm asked with avid interest. "Or were you kind of moving up and down, looking for one?"

"I am not moving," she declared definitely. "I stand in front of one phone, where iss nobody else waiting."

"How far away did you stand?"

"So." Mrs. Maryk indicated a distance of some four feet. "So far."

"Mh'm," said Helm. "And how long did you wait?"

"Not long. A minute?" Her glance at him was confiding.

"You stood there maybe a minute, outside this one particular phone booth. And you didn't notice anything at all? Because you could see him if you looked," Helm almost entreated. "You could see him through the glass, but you don't remember anything at all about him?"

And against all hope or expectation, something happened. Mrs. Maryk—in the very act of shaking her head in a slow but decided negative—all at once stopped short. Across her mild face passed the unmistakable look of sudden recollection, mixed with obvious surprise.

"Shoulders," said Mrs. Maryk. "In the phone he was sitting down. I saw hiss shoulders. Bick."

"Big," Helm repeated. "He had big shoulders. Go on, tell me . . . go on."

"Fat," she went on, her eyes shut tight, obviously wresting a picture from her subconscious by main force. "Soft an' fat, he sit sloppy—like he needs maybe a corset?" She ventured the joke with a timid smile, then went solemn immediately, as if rebuking herself for it. "Hiss head I don't see it, he got on a liddle hat. Brown maybe? Black?" Her voice trailed off uncertainly.

"Yeh," assented Helm, thinking it sounded like a mac with a matching rain hat—an anonymous garb worn by hundreds of thousands. "Yeh, but what about when he came out of the booth? You were standing right there," he begged, looking as if about to go on his knees. "Three–four feet away. You *must* have seen him."

"I tell you." She looked meek and ashamed, aware that she had failed him. "When he come out, I am looking in my bag for a dime. I haff my head down, so—" she illustrated "—and I am looking. I look and look and can't find. In my bag I know iss one so inside me I am talking to the dime. Did I lose you or are you in a corner somewhere?"

"Unh-hunh," Helm grunted on a long wheeze like a collapsing accordion. "He came out of the booth, and you just weren't looking. You just didn't notice," he summed up, hopeless and leaden. "So that's it, is it? That's all."

"Iss all," Mrs. Maryk started to agree humbly, then checked all at once. On her face was a look he had seen before—that same look of surprised recollection—and he was onto it like a springing tiger before she could get out another syllable.

"Yeh, Mrs. Maryk," he cajoled huskily. His chest was tight; he was sweating. "Something else come back to you? Now take your time, take all the time you want so you won't forget anything. . . ."

"Hiss feet," she ventured after a pause, but the pause had been too long, too full of uncertainty. "Hiss lecks."

"His feet and his legs," Helm encouraged nevertheless. "You were looking down, h'h, and you saw his feet and legs. Remember anything special?"

"Na, let me tink," she disclaimed, and rubbed her forehead impatiently. "Brown

shoes, black? . . . An' the pants, dark pants? I am looking all the time in my bag," she repeated with painful anxiety. "I see what iss going on, but I don' look, you unnerstan'?"

Mrs. Maryk screwed her eyes shut again. "The door, it opens an' then the feet come out. Ah God, if only I look! But I know the feet come out an' right away—" her voice quickened a little "—yes, right away they stop quick an' I am tinking, Oh my, he just now remembers something else, he will go back inside an' phone again. But no, he goes away, and I find now my dime and I go in and phone my son." She stopped talking and opened her eyes. "Wass nothing else." She lifted her hand in a gesture of futility, let it fall. "Mister, I am sorry, but iss all."

"Yeh," said Helm, and they were both silent a moment. "Well," he thought of the hundred things urgently demanding his personal attention, "well, I guess we'd better see about getting you home. It's certainly too bad we had to scare you like that and keep you here all this time," he apologized, judging it as well to be diplomatic. "But it's just one of those things, and you were swell, Mrs. Maryk; you've certainly been a great help to us, and we're very grateful to you."

"I am no help," she contradicted flatly. "I wish . . . but wish, what good if I cannot help?"

"Well, that's not your fault," said Helm, anxious to get rid of her and be off. "We'll drive you home now, and don't you worry about this, Mrs. Maryk—just you go on home and forget it. See you," he concluded, and was halfway out the door before her voice caught and detained him a moment.

"I am old, I don' remember good," she said earnestly. "If I remember someting new, I come quick an' tell you what is the someting I remember."

"You do that," said Helm, humoring her. "You do that. So long now," he said quickly, and escaped before she could waste any more of his time.

That afternoon and evening, rivers of black ink spilled into headlines an inch high or more, variously announcing the fate of Jonny Wilmer. And in addition to newspaper publicity, the men in charge of the case possessed a more unusual weapon. Forced to play their game in darkness and with a blind deck, they held one card: not a high card, but they had to play it for all it was worth. Accordingly, between nine and twelve that night, all broadcast programs—the biggest and the smallest—came to the jarring halt that marks the emergency interruption, and every announcer read a strange identical message from the police department.

Attention, everyone: the Wilmer kidnaping and murder. We are about to play you a recording of the child's father talking to the kidnaper. Do you know this man's voice? If you think you do, call Bridge 5-5000. Repeat, Bridge 5-5000. We will now play you the recording.

Then followed the dialogue, impartially chilling the auditors and giving most of them their first taste of authentic nightmare. When it ended, the announcer repeated: *Do you know this man's voice? If you think you do, call Bridge 5-5000. Repeat, Bridge 5-5000. This special phone is set up by the police for calls on the Wilmer kidnaping only. If you have information bearing on the case, any information whatsoever, call this number at any hour of the day or night. The police are waiting for your call.*

From sets cheap, medium, and expensive, the question echoed, a machine-age Greek chorus blown up louder than life, its bellow reverberating as if from some cave of menace and doom. *Do you know this voice?* bayed the chorus, its volume gathering, swelling, growing to a roar. DO YOU KNOW THIS VOICE? DO YOU KNOW THIS VOICE?

The man was crouched low in the weeds, watching. Only his head was visible, nothing else.

Do You Know This Voice? (cont.)

One expected result of the broadcast was the landslide of written and telephoned answers from the sincere, the cracked or half-cracked. Another result, not expected, was Mrs. Maryk's reappearance at the station house. Helm's phone rang the very next day after her detention and questioning, announcing her presence downstairs. He gave orders to bring her up, thoughtfully adding a rider to take the stairs slowly.

"The child," she began the moment she came in, barely taking time to greet him. "The child iss dead?"

"Yes, Mrs. Maryk." Helm nodded.

"Then this man yesterday, who iss phoning before I phone—" she had begun speaking very slowly, as if trying to get something straight in her mind past all possibility of error "—this man, he know about the child?"

"Sure he knew," said Helm. "He did it, most likely."

"He know," she pursued, holding tenaciously, rigidly, to her single line of purpose. "He know the child iss dead, yet he iss phoning for the money?"

"That's right," said Helm.

There was a brief silence while she seemed to consider this; then all at once she raised her head, her eyes looked straight into his, and Helm experienced an odd sort of shock. He emerged quickly from his moment of vague awe and discomfort, however, and listened to her speaking again—but now, it seemed, rather confusedly.

"Yesterday," she attempted. "I tell you some tings I remember, but not all. I don' tell you all."

"You mean," said Helm, hanging on the edge of his chair, "you've remembered something else?"

"Yess," she faltered, then, "No."

"I'm afraid I don't get you." He was outwardly patient, inwardly chafing. "You mean you do remember something, or you don't?"

"I remember, but I—" More and more confused, she struggled to surmount the barrier of language. "Iss here." She touched her forehead. "Iss in here, only I can't make come out. But in here I know, I know—iss someting."

"I see." Helm grunted. He remained for an instant in irritable cogitation, then said rapidly, "Well now look, Mrs. Maryk, I'll tell you what. I have to go out, but I'll get a doctor to talk to you, one of our doctors." The word *psychiatrist*, he knew, would only confuse or alarm her. "He'll help you remember, he'll do it better than I can. It's his business to do that, you understand? You stay here," he reassured. "I'll send him along." The idea was not to her liking, he saw at once, and escaped in a hurry.

The psychiatrist made an assured entrance and introduced himself as Dr. Eisen. First she shrank from the stranger, whom she liked infinitely less than Helm. But as soon as he drew a chair up opposite her with a rapid motion and sat down, she experienced a mysterious change of heart. His speed, instead of alarming, gave her an obscure feeling that he was very skilful and wanted to help her; in return she rallied her utmost forces, unconsciously, to put them at his service.

"Now, Mrs. Maryk," said Dr. Eisen, and smiled at her. "If I talk too fast, stop me; if there's something you don't understand, stop me. Right?"

She nodded, her eyes fixing upon him.

"We remember certain things," continued the doctor, speaking very slowly, "through our senses. We remember them because we've seen, heard, smelled, touched, or tasted them. Now this thing you're trying to remember—about this man. You hardly noticed him when he came out of the booth, is that right? You weren't looking."

"No," said Mrs. Maryk. "I do not look."

"Well now, did he come close enough to touch you, do you think? Did he brush against you passing by?"

"Na." She was positive, to the doctor's approval. "He don' walk anywheres near me; he iss walking away from me."

"I see." said Dr. Eisen. "You didn't see him, you didn't touch him, and I'm pretty sure you didn't taste him, ha ha! So that means—" he reverted to business "that means there are just two things left: you could have heard him, or you could have smelled him. Maybe not what he was saying, but just the sound of his voice—was that it, maybe? Standing outside the booth, your ear just happened to pick up something?"

They chewed this over until the answer was all too plain: whatever had been the source of Mrs. Maryk's elusive impression, it was not auricular.

"All right then," pursued the doctor, undiscouraged. "Let's take smell. Now there's an awful lot of things you can smell on a man, Mrs. Maryk. You can smell shaving lotion, tooth paste, soap—you can smell liquor and what kind it is, tobacco and what kind *that* is, whether cigarettes, cigars, or a pipe. Some people smell clean, other people smell dirty. Somebody with something the matter with him—his sickness might make him smell, or his medicine. Or a man's business can give him a smell; my wife often tells me I smell like a doctor. Or a day laborer smells one way, and a garage mechanic another. So," he probed, careful and very gentle, "was it anything like that?"

Mrs. Maryk's eyes returned from infinity; something in her seemed ready to waken. In his excitement Dr. Eisen bent toward her sharply. Had the blankness cracked open? Was it coming back to her? When, in the end, she only shook her head from side to side, slowly, all the stiffening went out of him; he collapsed backward for a moment.

"Tell you what," he said. "Let's knock off for a couple minutes. Put your head back, close your eyes, don't think of anything . . . just relax."

"Feel better?" Dr. Eisen resumed, and squared himself urgently on the chair opposite her. "All right, now look. If you didn't see anything, or hear anything, or smell anything about this man in the booth—then there's only one thing left." He spoke more and more slowly, holding her eyes with his. "It must be something you *thought* about him, in that moment you were standing there—something that just came and went, fast, in your mind. Either when you saw his back, or his feet coming out of the booth. You weren't looking specially, but all the same there's something you thought about him. . . ."

He stopped, electrified, having given it up as a bad job unless they went on to hypnosis or drug-induced states, which, for this old girl with her bum ticker, he wasn't too fond of . . . but something was happening to her expression, an answering flash.

"Yess—yess," quavered Mrs. Maryk. Locked into herself with concentration, she seemed hardly to breathe. "Yess!" she cried a moment later, the light in her face kindling stronger and stronger.

"Tell me," prayed Dr. Eisen, barely maintaining contact with the edge of his chair. "Tell me."

The driver of Helm's car had no need to relay the message; the Captain was sitting on the edge of his seat like Dr. Eisen, listening as avidly. He snapped an order, and the car, its screaming mouth wide open, rocketed back to the station house at that message whose import, stripped of official phrasing, could be told in two words: "She's remembered."

Run away from the whole mess, if I could just run away. Sounds corny, but it's the only thing that would do any good. But how? I'm not eighteen yet. I can't get a job without dad or mamma to sign my working papers, I can't even draw from my savings account. Anyway, I want to finish school. I love designing and everything that goes with it; I love it. A job after I graduate, a job in fashion or decorating or textiles—it would mean something. Then I could get out of here and get work far away where I wouldn't have my family around my neck —who make me ashamed to bring people home. Run away, it's the only answer. But how, how?

That *how*, from mere repetition, was beginning to deafen Trudy, yet not as much as the other question that had started pushing its way up, clamoring at her loudly, more loudly, more inexorably: *How do you run away from what you've come from? How do you?*

"Come in," she called irritably, knowing who it was; her mother would not have knocked. "I didn't hear you get up," she continued, trying to make amends for her sharpness, and forced a smile for him

over the drafting board. "How do you feel?"

"I feel fine," said John Merrick. "I feel O.K." He smiled in return, a mild man with his right hand still heavily bandaged; it struck Trudy at once how much weight he had lost during his illness.

"I was thinking," he pursued, "this evening I will visit your grandmother. And I was thinking, would you like to come with me?"

"Oh Dad, I can't. I have to bring in this pattern tomorrow," she lied. *Thank goodness he found me at the board*, ran through her mind. *Builds up my alibi.* "I'm sorry," she went on with spurious regret, and he answered, "It's your work —you have to do it." Plainly the skilled workman in him regarded this as the best reason in the world. "Well, O.K., honeybun—next time maybe, all right?"

Later, she saw him from her window, going down the street, and noticed how his coat hung on his shoulder blades, bony and prominent; even from his back you could tell he had been sick, and a pain of love and compunction struck at her heart.

"Dad!" she shouted out the window with all her lungs. "Wait a minute!" She tore out of the house, coming up to him slightly out of breath. "I'll walk along with you a little while."

They walked on together arm in arm, each one wrapped in his own separate silence. John Merrick was thinking—for the ten-thousandth time—of the girl he had married, and the things about her that had attracted him so enormously at the time: her bounce and energy, her hearty laugh, her passionate dream of the house and garden they would have some day and all the things she would do for them. By what malign chemistry had that girl changed into the wife he had known for too many years, the scarlet-faced termagant with her indecent rages? What agonies of shame he had gone through, first on account of the neighbors, then the children. . . .

"Dad," said Trudy abruptly, "I'm going to leave school the end of this term."

John, out of surprise, stood still on the pavement. "You—you will leave the school?" he echoed vacantly. Still planted where he had stopped, he protested, "But you like it so much; you have told me you love it."

"Oh, I thought so at first," she disclaimed, sullen yet flippant. "But I don't know, I got sick of it." She seized his arm. "Come on, we're blocking traffic."

"But I don't understand," he persisted, bewildered. "You are good at it, this is right for you, the thing you ought to do."

Oh, Dad, don't make a production of it! she flung at him silently, fiercely. *Do you want me to start bawling right out here on the street?*

"It was a notion," she shrugged. "I'll get another notion some day, maybe."

John's walk had turned to a trudge; he moved along beside her, all the pleasure gone out of his face. Without details or specific knowledge he knew what had to be wrong, and a misery of anger and helplessness filled him to the brim. "A shame," he thought, "but what can I do?"

Rube Sandys had wanted to meet the girl from the first time he saw her. That was the irony of it, to remember with what patience he had maneuvered to achieve a talk of any length with her—she seemed always to be in a crowd—and how he had finally cornered her. She seemed to like him. They exchanged the usual cocktail-party nonsense with an unusual amount of gaiety, and he was fool enough to think they were getting on like a house afire. Finally came the moment when she had asked, "And what do you do, Rube?"

"I'm a cop," he answered innocently, specifying with pride (fool again), "Detective first-grade."

"You sound like a cop," she said, indulgent. "Well, in your spare moments, when you're not being a cop, what do you do?"

"I mean it," said Rube. His lips stayed stretched in a smile, but an uncertainty had come into it. "I work out of the Wiscomb Street Station, downtown."

Her smile faded outright; a sharp note was in her voice as she protested, "But I understand you're—you're a college man?"

"Well?" he asked in turn, feebly.

"But that's such a funny thing for a college man to be—a cop." Her voice had gone as flat as her smile. "Of course there're college men in the FBI, but that's different—you have to be a lawyer or something to get in, don't you?"

"Well, you can't be a peasant and get on any police force either, as it happens," he pointed out. "Examinations are pretty stiff, and getting stiffer every year. In fact," he enlarged, with a shade of sarcasm, "they've even been known to throw college men who've taken them."

"Do tell," she murmured.

I'll tell you, all right, he had thought to say—then stopped. What use to belabor this lovely girl, looking down at her elegant shoes with a faint smile of disparagement, with the fact that a detective first-grade had first to be chosen at a meeting of chiefs of police as the best man in a department; that on this recommendation he was sent to a special school; that unless his marks maintained a consistent high level they were only too ready and willing to throw him out? Why detail, for her palpable uninterest, the formidable curriculum, the six formidable examinations that had to be passed in technical and practical procedures and legal presentation of cases in court? A foolish, defiant anger was pushing upward in him; he wanted to tell her how he had put himself through college, and his father's occupation, and how his mother, prema-

(Advertisement)

Science discovers a new, quick, easy, safe method of coping with

THE PROBLEM WOMEN ARE TOO SHY TO TALK ABOUT

By Eleanor B. Standish

In this enlightened day and age of sex education there are very few subjects married women hesitate to discuss among themselves frankly and openly.

With one exception! Rarely will a woman mention, even to an intimate friend, her urgent need of information on how to cope with such a common problem of feminine hygiene as the persistent odors that can rob the most fastidious of her personal daintiness and charm.

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Hospital tested, Zonitors have been pronounced by an eminent gynecologist safe and non-irritating to the sensitive tissues of the vaginal area. And women who have already discovered this pleasant, effective, modern solution to woman's age-old problem use them as a regular addition to their daily grooming routine. All agree, Zonitors are the modern married woman's first satisfactory answer to complete peace of mind.

Zonitors are available without prescription at all drug stores.

turely dead, had never been free one moment in her life from money worry; he wanted to rub her exquisite nose in all that harshness and struggle. Instead . . .

"There're quite a number of college men on police forces," he said ineffectually. "If you think I'm the only peanut in the row, you're way off. And I'm doing what I always wanted to do." (Fool, for the third time, to keep on working at it.)

"Fascinating," she murmured, and he knew past all doubt where he got off as far as she was concerned: he was a flatfoot, common or garden variety, and what was he doing at a party like this?

After she had found a pretext for leaving him, Rube saw no special reason to linger. Just as he was going, he saw her once more with half the width of the room between them. He made no effort to approach her, and she gave him a perfunctory smile and half-nod—a nod of dismissal.

"Oh boy, American democracy," he thought, going down the steps. "It's a great institution."

The instant Helm came walking into the station house, Dr. Eisen came toward him with equal rapidity.

"Don't bank on this," he said in a low voice. "It may not amount to anything after all."

"What d'you mean?" Helm stared at him. "The message came over that she remembered. So did she, or didn't she?"

"She remembered all right." The doctor shrugged, and smiled mirthlessly. "The trouble is, she remembered up to a point, and there she stuck—stuck fast. I sweated blood trying to lift her over the hump. I tried until we were both dizzy; then I had to stop. She's old and not strong—and not well, that's for sure."

"But she remembered *something?*" Helm petitioned.

"Sure, and even *I* can see it might be a big deal, plenty big."

"What was it?" Helm interrupted.

"Ask her yourself," urged the doctor. "Could even be that another person, another stimulus, might get her moving again, because if only you can coax her along to the next point, you might really have something. But take it easy," he warned. "She's pretty much bushed. Maybe it's safer if you wait until tomorrow."

"Not unless it's absolutely necessary," said Helm with force. "Is she really sick?"

"Not at the moment, exactly," the doctor admitted reluctantly, and Helm swung around and started taking the stairs two at a time. At the familiar door he tapped before entering, as previously.

The tap had not disturbed her; she seemed to be dozing. There was no missing her spent and depleted appearance, and for an instant Helm, as he stood surveying her, thought again it was just his luck that the solitary witness in the case should be as near to kicking off as anyone he had ever seen. Right now, as a matter of fact, did he see or hear any breathing? Could anyone sit that still?

She woke up suddenly and looked at him, and in his moment of intense relief—

"Mrs. Maryk?" he almost cooed, and moved toward her with a sickroom voice and step. "Well, I understand you've remembered something, h'h? It came back to you after all?"

"Yess," she answered. Her voice was clear but terribly dwindled, and again he wondered how long she would last. "The doctor," she continued, "he tell you?"

"*You* tell me." He sat down opposite her in the doctor's chair. "I want to hear it from you."

"Awright." She was prompt, obviously ready to ignore her worn-out state. "What I remember iss so: I stand looking for my dime, I see the feet." She held up a finger oracularly and enunciated, "An' someting iss wrong with the feet."

"That's what you remembered?" he asked blankly, after a pause during which he had waited for something more. "That's all? 'Something wrong with the feet'?"

She nodded vigorously.

"Was he lame?" Helm asked. "Did he limp? Or did he wear those special shoes, those big built-up shoes?"

"No," she answered repeatedly.

"Nothing like that? Well, could the shoes've been in extra bad shape, so shabby it might strike you especially? Nothing like that either? Well then, maybe they were very extreme style, something you might notice? No? Well, could it be they weren't ordinary leather but suede or buck maybe? Or an unusual color—dark green, maroon? Or sort of unsuitable for the time of year? F'r instance, canvas shoes, sneakers—you might look at them and think, those are no shoes for a cold wet day. . . ."

The maddening swivel of Mrs. Maryk's head—no, no, no—stopped all at once; over her face passed the shock of faint surprise he had seen there before.

"Yeh?" he leaped on it, huskily.

"No, I ain't tinking this what you are saying. But I am tinking someting else; it jus' come in my mind." She answered slowly, drawing each separate word from some separate, remote niche of recollection. "I see the feet an' I tink, 'Ah, you ain't such a much of a man, you ain't so much'."

Helm looked at her in confusion for a long moment, before requesting hoarsely, "Again, would you say it again?"

"Ah, you ain't so much," she repeated. "You iss a nothing man."

"But what does it mean?" Helm probed carefully. "What do you think?"

"I dunno," she said unequivocally. "How I tink it, why I tink it. I dunno. But I tell you, true as God hear me, I see the feet walking, an' this is what pass in my mind."

"Excuse me a minute, Mrs. Maryk," Helm said after a moment, and got up suddenly. "Be right back." Rapidly he left the room and seconds later was in his office confronting Rube, summoned from his listening post.

"Did you get anything out of it?" he demanded. "Especially the last?"

"Not much," Rube had to admit.

"All right," Helm acquiesced bleakly. "But now we'll talk to the old lady once more, together. Listening to her just now gave me a couple ideas. Let's see how they work out."

Helm was apprehensive lest his reappearance with another cop alarm Mrs. Maryk. He need not have worried; she seemed undisturbed, for characteristically she remembered Rube's solicitude once they had brought her to the precinct, rather than the awful moment of their first encounter—his eyes looking savagely at her through the glass door of the booth, the gun in his hand leveled at her. A good young man, passed through her mind at this present moment; she would have liked to offer him advice about his cold.

"Mrs. Maryk, ma'am," Helm insinuated his voice gently among her thoughts. "Now you remember saying this fella in the booth had big shoulders?"

She nodded.

"Well now, where you live—in your neighborhood," he pursued, "is there anybody living near you that's big and tall, any big man, heavy-built?"

He stopped, with an inner leap of excitement to match her look—the suddenly-shocked, startled look.

"How can I say he did it?" she protested, incoherent. "You want to put words in my mouth? You want me to say it's him?"

"No, no," two voices chorused as one. "Look, Mrs. Maryk," Helm carried on solo, "we want the man that did it. We don't want anyone else. If you're thinking of someone, and he didn't do it, nothing'll happen to him. But we have to look, don't we? Everywhere."

She nodded again, her eyes strained and frightened, then after a silence: "The Pole," she faltered. "Hiss name I don' know. He iss a Pole."

"And he lives?"

"In my street," she went on. "Five, six houses away. Hiss kits I know, not him."

"Go on."

"He trink," she continued reluctantly. "He trink an' come home, scare the kits. Tree chil'ren, no mother. The chil'ren come to me. So I brink them in." A faint, distressed smile touched her face. "He iss bick, the Pole. A bick man. Strong."

The two men looked at each other, then Helm reached out and patted the old woman's hand. "Mrs. Maryk, you're doing fine," he pronounced. "*Thank* you.

Now is there anyone else big and heavy-set you can think of? Your neighbors, what kind of people live next to you?"

Mrs. Maryk's face changed in a sudden and remarkable way. Both Helm and Rube, who knew by now her habitual expression—gentle and rather timid—could scarcely credit her look of disdain and icy coldness.

"What about them?" Helm demanded, following up her change of aspect without losing a moment. "They live right next to you, h'h? What about them?"

"I don' like," said Mrs. Maryk distantly. "I never like. So if I don' like, I don' talk about."

"I know you wouldn't," Helm coaxed. "Not to everyone, but we're different, hah? There's a good reason for telling us, hah? Now who's this lives next door to you, a man?"

"Him, hah!" said Mrs. Maryk darkly. "The vife an' him. The two only."

"What's he like?" asked Helm. "Big?"

"Na," she returned uncompromisingly. "Not bick, not liddle. Sin."

"Thin, h'h?"

"An' walk always fast, very fast—quiet. That one, he iss a snake."

"So?" Helm, disappointed, was perfunctory.

"I mind my own business," declared Mrs. Maryk. Indignation hardened her face and put a little color into it. "I mind my business, let she mind *her* business, let she stay in her house, not come around *smiling*." She said the last word with peculiar disgust, simultaneously puckering her mouth into an ingratiating smirk. "'Missis Maryk, how you are, how you are getting along? My, my, you ain't scared living all alone?'" she mimicked in sugary accents. "And the eyes—into here, into there, into everything. But only once," she assured them, her own eyes flashing. "The nex' time I don't let her in. I stand in my door an' I tell her, excuse me, I am bissy, I am going out, and I close my door in her face. So," she concluded, triumphant. "She try again once, twice, then no more."

"Sure, sure." Disgust made Helm sour; trust her to talk nineteen to the dozen about something that was absolutely no use to them. "Now, getting back to our friend in the booth—can't you think of anyone else that's big and heavy, anyone that's near you?"

He stopped, galvanized; both of them had seen it. Mrs. Maryk, in the very act of a negative head shake, had gone stony. Horror flashed into her face, then panic, followed by a pitiable effort to reassemble herself after the ruinous moment of self-betrayal, and Helm knew he was looking at the phenomenon of total recollection, sudden and unheralded as a thunder clap. Like the sea on the Last Day, Mrs. Maryk's memory had given up the dead which were in it.

"Na," she gasped. "Na, iss nobody. I don' know nobody like this. Please, I go home." Her face had gone slack, with distended eyes and dropping jaw; her pallor was dreadful. "I don' feel good, I go home."

"It's all right, Mrs. Maryk, don't worry." It was Rube's voice, unexpectedly, that cut across her wavering one. "You thought of your grandson all of a sudden, didn't you? Well, don't worry," he repeated, and smiled at her; his comforting voice was full of honking overtones from his cold. "He didn't do it—your grandson had nothing to do with it."

"I didn't mention the grandson," Rube defended himself to Helm, who was justifiably enraged, "because the idea was screwy, just a brainstorm of my own; it wasn't worth taking up your time with."

"Look," Helm interrupted ominously. "Next time let me be the judge of what's worth taking up my time with and what isn't worth taking up my time with, h'h?"

"Yes sir," said Rube, semi-hypnotized by the repetitions of *time*. "I'm very sorry, it's just that I thought I'd better have a look at him."

"Without reporting it to me," Helm accused.

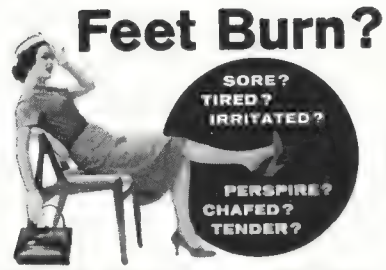
"It didn't take long, sir," Rube pleaded. "Deduct it from my free time if you want. But the minute the old lady started to panic in front of us, I knew it was the grandson she'd thought of—the size of him."

"He's big, h'h?"

"Too big for his age, a big overgrown slob, big shoulders. Soft and fat," Rube amplified. "He hangs out with a gang of punks, a couple of them parole cases, but it's a 100 per cent bet we can rule him out."

"Listen," Helm said. "It's a thing with you, going outside your orders. The day it catches up with you, don't expect any breaks from me." He tried to squeeze a drop of comfort out of the situation. "Well, at least we know where we are on one lead—we can write off Mrs. Maryk as a dead loss all right."

Next morning Helm's phone, just slammed down on the twentieth reporter, began shrilling again. He snatched it up, said "Captain Helm," then stiffened and emitted a single indecent syllable deep in his throat, while his face turned a darker shade of red. After an instant, however, he snarled, "All right, send her up," and rang off with a vicious crash, this time omitting his chivalrous rider to take the stairs slowly. The name just announced enraged him, and his inability to refuse to see her enraged him still more; he dared not refuse, though knowing with absolute certainty that she was no further use to them. And with even deeper certainty he knew what had brought her here for the third time; what had drawn her back with irresistible magnetic force. It was the brief, delicious taste of importance that she was unable to relinquish; the intoxication of being the center of attention after a lifetime of



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Do You Know This Voice? (cont.)

being ignored. Helm had seen this hunger for the limelight bite obscure people with fantastic results; they lied, invented, perjured themselves—anything to stay in the bright beam, anything to avoid slipping back into the daily death of being nobody. Under the spur of this hunger the old woman was beginning to remember things she did not remember, to see things she had not seen.

When she appeared in the doorway he gave her only the briefest of greetings.

"Noiss, what a noiss downstairs," she observed, and turned upon him her faded blue glance. "What iss all the men there that iss talking and hollering?"

"Reporters," said Helm. "They want something to put in the papers."

"About *him* that kill the child?" she asked at once, with a sort of fierceness. "About him?"

"Yes," Helm nodded.

"Yess," she echoed, clamping her mouth shut, then faced him squarely. "Mister, I tell you, since yesterday I am going crazy. I don' sleep, I don' eat. In front of my eyes I got only those bick shoulders." Her stare at him was distressful, yet challenging and imperious. "So I help. See? I come an' tell you, *I help.*"

"Well, that's very good of you," he said wearily. "If there's any way you can help, we'll certainly get in touch with you." Pushing back from his desk he went on, in accents of final discouragement, "But you mustn't keep coming here, Mrs. Maryk, because these visits of yours just keep us from getting on with the job. So leave it to us from now on, h'h, because how you could help any more I just don't know. . . ."

"*I* know," she interrupted—actually interrupted him, with no trace of timidity. "I am tinking, tinking, and I know how I help."

"How?" said Helm resignedly. God, if she wasn't so old and shaky he'd have her out on her tail before she knew what hit her. "How do you think you'd be able to help?"

"The man what hurt the child . . . he mus' come and look for me where I live." *Liff*, she pronounced it, and all the rest of the sentence had been unclear to Helm; he had missed out somewhere or she was talking nonsense, and which it was made no difference.

"The man—he mus' come where I live." Under stress of the idea she had failed to convey to him, she was beginning to stutter badly. "If he know I have seen him, he mus' come. Because I have seen him he mus' find me!" she cried in desperate, incoherent explanation.

"Mrs. Maryk—" Oh, no, he reflected with consternation, she's gone screwy on me; she's thought about it until something's snapped and here she is on my hands. "Mrs. Maryk," he said aloud, "Look, why don't I give your family a a ring, and meanwhile you tell me who's your doctor, at what hospital . . ."

"Na, na!" she cried, stammering worse than ever, and struck both knees with her fists; her whole body was trembling. "Na, listen. *Me* he must come and find, *me* he must kill, too—because I am the one, I am the only one that sees him!"

"But you didn't," Helm expostulated gently, soothingly; his hand moved toward the phone. "You didn't see him."

"*But this he don't know!*" cried Mrs. Maryk, on a note of shrill, conclusive triumph, and Helm's moving hand stopped dead, sharing with his whole body the paralysis and shock of sudden comprehension; for another long moment he sat gaping at her.

"Iss true I seen him not much, nothing almost," she was arguing vigorously. "This I know, this you know, but *he* don' know. How he know?" she demanded with increasing confidence. "So if he read in the papers I seen him, I know him if I see him again. If he see my pitcher and read where iss my house, he must come to find me quick, quick. He got to, no? He mus'. An' then, when he come to kill me, then, then . . ." her lips clamped shut in a tight, vengeful line ". . . then you catch him, you take him, no?"

"I get you," said Helm with extraordinary gentleness, and regarded the wisp of humanity that was proposing itself as live bait in a trap set for a murderer. "I get you now, Mrs. Maryk. It's a great thing you're offering to do, you're a great little lady, but that's out."

"Why no?" she assailed him.

"For lots of reasons." He made his tone extra reasonable, trying to hold her in check. "The big reason's you. Suppose we set things up the way you've said and it went wrong, who knows what might happen to you? This guy isn't playing for marbles; he's killed once, he might as well kill twice. Suppose you get hurt, Mrs. Maryk, what then? Suppose you get killed?"

"Na, I don' get killed," she retorted, boundlessly trusting. "In my house you are hiding, you wait for him, an' when he come . . ." her fingers made a talon, contracted suddenly ". . . you take him. So *he* iss dead," she explained with the accent of irrefutable logic, "and me, I am alive still."

"Unh-unh," said Helm with a shake of the head, and started to rise. "Unh-unh. Sorry, but it's out of the question."

"Mister." The extremity in her voice gripped and stopped him in mid-movement. "Mister, look at me. I am old. I am sick, I die soon anyways. If I die quick, iss good, no? Quick," she repeated, as if she had a peculiar fondness for the word. "If I die slow, you tink I like?"

"Nix," Helm cut her short. He straightened. "Sorry, Mrs. Maryk, but no."

"Mister." Following his example, she was on her feet shakily, her voice mounting to a clamorous note. "Mister, if I die so you can find this man, iss a good death, no? What better?" she entreated wildly. "How can I die better?" She broke off, her eyes gripping his, and for an instant he had the feeling, unlikely as it was, of being dominated, compelled. A fierce intent possessed her, a towering purpose that seemed almost to efface the small body from which it emanated. As once before, she scared Helm a little; she brought into the room a dimension with which he was unacquainted.

"Look, Mrs. Maryk," he heard his own voice, without belief and without volition. "You stay here, will you, till I come back?"

When he returned to his office, after fifteen or twenty minutes, it was actually a relief to him that he brought a decision no longer his, but that of his superiors.

"Sorry," he said curtly, dumping the burden of his bulk onto his creaky old chair. "Sorry, Mrs. Maryk, it can't be done. Even if I wanted to, they won't let me. I've a boss like everyone else, you know, only I've got two or three bosses, and they all say nix. We think you're a real Girl Scout, Mrs. Maryk, but we just don't do business that way."

He stopped, casting about for the quickest and gentlest way of easing her out of his office, then saw he need not bother; she was on her feet already. The force she was capable of projecting on occasion had disappeared altogether; she was an old, foreign woman, shrunken and commonplace.

"Sit down, sit down," he urged. "We owe you a ride home."

"Na, I tank you," she said, tremulous but civil; the corners of her mouth turned downward, shaping for a sob. "I take the bus, I am used to," she explained, visibly controlling her wish to cry. "I say to you good morning, now."

"So long," Helm answered. Watching her walk from the room with the undermined gait of the old or the disappointed, he felt somehow culpable.

Holding onto the handrail, Mrs. Maryk went downstairs with a little extra unsteadiness, feeling for each step before trusting her foot on it. At the bottom she shook her head sorrowfully, then blew her nose. After this she walked out to the front hall, which was even more filled with noise than when she had first seen it. Knots of men stood, sat, or intercepted passing uniforms all over the big shabby barrack of a place, and over these raffish groups Mrs. Maryk's regard moved with all the intense respect of the unlettered. These were the powerful beings who wrote for the *papers*—imagine it—and she was so small and incredibly ignorant; the mere thought of thrusting herself upon their notice was presumptuous. But the idea that had stirred in her, at sight of them, began strengthen-

ing fiber by fiber until, all at once, she knew it must push her into action whether she would or no. Mister Helm had refused to listen to her, but maybe somebody else would, and if such a person existed these men would know where to find him. An extraordinary knowledge smote Mrs. Maryk; she knew she was going to tell a deliberate lie, the better to attract attention. She faltered, her heart lurched unpleasantly, but she braced herself and started to examine the various groups with new intentness and purpose; she was looking for a certain kind of face.

Relying on her instinct for faces, she had found it in a minute or so. Luckily, its owner was not standing with one of the larger groups but somewhat apart, talking to one other person. Taking a long breath, she started threading her way through the pandemonium until she stood at his elbow. He was still talking, yet the urgency in her, greater than her timidity, impelled her to peck at his arm, saying, "Mister."

The man stopped talking at once, looking down at her amiably and without surprise, and said, "Yes, grandma?"

"You are reporters, yess?" she asked. "In the papers you write?"

"In the papers we write absolutely, ma'am," said the man, cheerfully.

"I see the man what kidnop the child," she shot at him all in one breath; she had to get it out quickly, before her courage failed her. "The man what kill the child —I see him."

Both he and the other man stared at her with popping eyes and mouths open. Then the one she had chosen for her friend seized her arm. "All right, ma'am, all right." He was chattering with excitement. "Captain Helm's the man you want to see, come on, we'll get you to Helm."

"Na, na," she protested, pulling back against the tug on her arm. "Mister Helm I know, I know good. I talk already to Mister Helm two time, tree time."

"H'h?" Bewildered, the young man loosened his hold on her. "You've told this to Captain Helm already, you say?"

"I tell him," declared Mrs. Maryk dogmatically. "He say no, he don' listen, he don' believe. Ten time I say I seen the man, twenty time, and Mister Helm say no, always no."

"Oh," said the young man, deflated, and let go of her altogether. "Oh, it's like that, is it?"

"Yess," she returned innocently, quite unaware of the glance the two men had exchanged. "So I talk to somebody else, hah? You tell me please where is somebody else I tell, hah?"

"There is nobody else, grandma," said the young man, his natural kindness striving against his disgust and disappointment. "Listen, whyn't you just go home and forget the whole thing, h'h? Go on home and make yourself a cup of tea."

"I am crazy, you tink," said Mrs. Maryk, with vigor. "I look crazy? I talk crazy? I tell you, the man is phoning the father, the father who the child iss dead, no? He sit in the boot, the phone boot, an' I wait also for the phone an' I see him." She held her ground stoutly in a louder voice than usual, and caught the attention of a nearby group of reporters who turned around one by one and listened.

"Then he come from the boot an' I see him good," she continued holding forth. "He walk away quick but I remember him—the coat, the hat, I remember him good. So Mister Helm tink I lie, ha? What for? It make me rich if I lie, ha? So when Mister Helm he don' listen, I ask you to help me find somebody else."

A few more people within range of her voice had moved nearer; the circle around Mrs. Maryk was larger now, and increasingly silent.

He seized her almost brutally. "You're lovely," he muttered. "Lovely, lovely."

Do You Know This Voice? (cont.)

The arguments that raged after her departure were of the pattern that might be expected. A nut, a crank, they always crop up in cases like this, d'you ever hear of one without? Yet she had left some of the hardened crew doubtful, and there were even some who came out as her supporters.

"Did she look like a nut to you? Did she sound like a nut?"

"Look, she said she told her story to Helm and Helm wasn't buying any, didn't she? All right, if Helm decided there's nothing in it, then there's nothing in it. Helm knows his business, or maybe she knows better?"

"Yes, but can you understand Helm's not looking into it, at least?"

"All right, ask him why he's not looking into it. Ask him what's the story on her, at least. Go on, why don't you? Call Helm."

He was caught in the exact moment of his return, feeling dirty, sticky, and exhausted; the instant his foot crossed the threshold of his office, the phone began blasting at him.

"Helm," he announced, and the phone stuttered, "Feaney here, Captain Helm, Paul Feaney, *News-Record*."

"Nothing," said Helm, with the effect of an oath. "No statement."

"It's not that; I'm not calling for that."

"All right, what?"

"There's an old lady, a Mrs. Maryk—little bit of an old woman, blue eyes—you know her?"

"I know her." Helm, puzzled for an instant, all at once expected bad news. "What about her?"

"Well, this idea of hers that she saw who did the Wilmer snatch . . . "

"So?" For the moment, Helm's relief that apparently nothing had happened to her postponed his surprise at the extent of Feaney's information.

"There's nothing in it?" asked Feaney. "Nothing at all?"

"Say," Helm cut in forcibly; everything had caught up with him at once. "How do *you* come to know about her?"

"I'm not the only one by a damn sight," said Feaney. "She came down hotfoot from seeing you, a couple hours ago, and made a speech right here in the precinct."

"What!"

"Sure—about how she saw this guy in a phone booth, and she couldn't get anyone to listen to her. She had herself an audience all right, before she got through."

"You mean they believed her?" Helm demanded, between incredulity and alarm.

"Well, yes and no," the other temporized. "They all know about people like that, but . . . "

"What happened after she sounded off downstairs?" Helm broke in. "Did she just go home?"

"I guess so. But listen, Captain, if she's a nut I'm a monkey's uncle, so I just wanted to ask you—"

"Listen," Helm interrupted. Moments ago he had been sweltering; now he was gripped all over by a deadly chill. "Have any of you phoned in an item on the old lady?"

"I don't know. *I* haven't. I thought I'd ask you first."

"How long ago'd she go home?" Helm shouted. "How long ago was this?"

"Couple hours ago, little more maybe. I'm not sure."

Swearing loudly, Helm crashed the phone down and marched out of the room.

"You had me sweating," he accused Mrs. Maryk. Again they were in his office, after his dash across town to where she lived. "Didn't you realize what might happen? Those men you talked to were newspapermen. Don't you know what that means?"

What could it mean to her, he reflected despairingly; she was ignorant, dumb, from another world altogether.

"Suppose some of them had written you up?" he continued. "There you'd be, your name, your address, everything. You think our friend in the booth isn't watching the papers, every paper that comes out? You can bet on it. So suppose he'd read about you and got moving fast and found you alone at home, all alone—then what?"

He broke off to glare at her; her only response was to sit, blinking meekly, and he thought he had never seen her look so stupid.

"And with that many people knowing about you, how'll we keep someone from printing it sooner or later? It's just crazy luck that no one did yet. A lot of hungry buzzards like that, and they all held back for fear of fouling up the investigation!" he marveled. "Luck, hell . . . that's a miracle."

Dourly he regarded the culprit, then commanded, "Better take off your coat and get cozy; you're going to stay awhile."

"Who could foresee," Helm explained to higher authority, "that she'd climb on a soapbox and make a speech to these guys downstairs? They didn't know a thing about her; we'd been able to keep her under wraps. But now that she's kicked the story out into center field . . ." He shrugged. "There's no law against running a story on a rejected witness. By a fluke they held off this time, but a couple days go by and we've still nothing to give them—can't you see the whole bunch breaking it out at once? A feature on this witness, this *eye*witness, and the dumb cops who won't even listen to her? Can't you see those front pages? Can't you hear those editorials?" He laughed hollowly. "I can."

"Well," said the Commissioner. "It looks as though she's forced your hand."

"Sure she has." Helm agreed viciously. "Whether she meant to or whether by accident, she's compelled us to set it up the way she wanted—forced us to make a target out of her, in hopes somebody'll take a shot."

"Yeh," grunted the D.A. "One of those plans that sound so smart, until something goes wrong."

"Sure, it's a honey," agreed Helm. "It goes wrong, and the whole load falls on us. *We* made up this lousy idea, y'understand; *we* got this poor old woman to take the chance; and if she gets herself killed—who's responsible?"

"So you'll protect her as well as possible," said the Commissioner, "and no protection's 100 per cent foolproof."

"No," said Helm. "Especially not in this case. I can't put a bodyguard around her. If we're trying for shark, the hook mustn't show. She must seem to live like she always does—alone. Protection, sure. I'll have protection close by, but it can't be so close that she won't have time to get hurt. How else can I work it, gentlemen?" He spread his hands. "How else can I set it up?"

Over a dozen people crowded into the small room. The mere fact of a press conference being called in Helm's private office was unheard-of; the resultant silence was unnatural.

"Gentlemen," said Helm, with every eye upon him. "In the first place. I want to thank you for holding off this Maryk story yesterday, when there certainly must have been the temptation to run a little something on it, considering the lack of other news on the case. The fact that you didn't, that you spontaneously and voluntarily refrained until you could check with me, is one of the most remarkable things I can remember, and I can assure you, gentlemen, that you have the thanks of the Commissioner and myself and of the entire department."

He refreshed his memory with a furtive glance at the prepared statement, and went on in measured tones: "Now, gentlemen—it's true that Mrs. Maryk saw the kidnaper."

A stir of excitement traveled around the room, but no one spoke.

"But we've tried to avoid involving her so long as we had the chance of other leads—an old lady that age, y'know, and her health not so hot. But Mrs. Maryk got impatient with all that, it seems." His smile, that he intended to appear as indulgent, felt to him only sickly. "Also, and in confidence, all other leads have definitely petered out on us, every damn one of them."

He paused; everyone shifted position and drew breath, simultaneously.

"So if we want to apprehend this kidnaper and murderer quickly, we're forced to depend on this one witness, Mrs. Maryk." He stopped for an instant. "But we've also got to depend on someone else.

That someone else, gentlemen, is you. We can't pull this off without you. In the last analysis, it's you that's going to bring in this killer. Listen attentively, please; here's how you'll do it—this is it."

He halted again, his eyes circling from one face to another. The room was deathly still.

"First, we ask you to give us two days to set the stage and make the necessary arrangements for Mrs. Maryk's safety. Maybe this window dressing of ours won't fool a blind man. If not, that's our tough luck. On the other hand, if you, the press, do your part, maybe we can make this kidnaper believe that, for his own safety, he's got to break cover and make an attempt on the old lady. And if he does, I promise you we'll have the reception committee all ready and waiting."

"Now here's the run-down." He was suddenly brisk. "In two days you'll break the story on Mrs. Maryk, the witness who claims she saw the murderer. But you'll say the police belittle her statement, say she's a crank, a nut—handle that part of it how you want. Say it's her own funeral if she gets into trouble making these rash and dangerous statements because we haven't the men to protect her—bear down on that point especially, lean on it hard."

He expelled a noisy breath.

"That's all, gentlemen, except: if any of this gets out, we can kiss our killer good-by, so we urgently ask you to keep the plan secret. And remembering your silence in regard to Mrs. Maryk yesterday, your voluntary silence, I know I can depend on you to the last ditch."

On the final syllable of his eloquence, pandemonium broke loose.

"What would you know," Helm addressed Rube Sandys, "about a casting foundry?"

"Nothing much," Rube admitted, adding in afterthought, "I have a cousin in Pittsburgh who operates a blast furnace."

"That's high-class." Helm grinned sardonically. "What I've got in mind for you is low—about as low as you can go. You're a casting cleaner in a foundry."

"Yessir," said Rube, and waited.

"It's a dirty, sweaty job," Helm pursued. "Around a furnace any job's dirty, but casting-cleaning's dirtiest of all. You go in there with your drill when the casting's emptied and cooled, and you knock off all the slag and the guck that's gotten baked onto it. It's rugged."

"Yessir," said Rube, with an idea where all this was tending, but not daring to be too hopeful.

"My old man was a casting-cleaner—I can smell him to this day," Helm continued reminiscently. "That foundry smell—without that smell, you aren't genuine. You get it deep enough in your clothes and your hair and down in your pores, it takes a hell of a long time to get it out. It's metal-dust and coal-dust and sand...." Helm's nostrils twitched; his eyes were distant. "A *gray* smell—once you get a load of it, you'll never be able to forget it."

"Yessir," said Rube. "When do I begin cleaning castings?"

"Tonight," said Helm. "You're going to go along Mrs. Maryk's street, door to door, looking for a room. Everybody's price is too high; you'll end up rooming at Mrs. Maryk's. You'll be given a heap to drive and a locker at Ace Foundries across the flats from where you live, plus a driver's license, Social Security—the works. You'll be made up for the part once, then you do it yourself. You'll be dirty and stinking. You do the graveyard shift, starting eleven at night. You aren't a friendly customer, and you don't bathe regular."

"Yessir," said Rube, carefully stolid. "Thanks for giving me the chance."

"Might as well be you as another," said Helm. "You've been in on it from the first, and the old lady knows you. I wish the house next door to hers was empty; you'd have good cover there, close by. But it isn't, so you'll have to find somewhere else."

"I'll find it," said Rube.

"When the papers break the story," Helm continued, "you'll have been there two days. It's as phony as a rubber cigar, but it's the best we can do. . . . 'Something wrong with his feet,'" he quoted meditatively, digressing. "We've been onto every concern in the country that makes stuff for cripples: surgical boots, special shoes—but no sale. So maybe stashing you away in the old lady's house'll give us the break we need."

In this fashion Rube commenced his watch as Mrs. Maryk's roomer, suffering from a side effect of his cold—not deafness or anything like it, but a tendency to miss smaller and duller sounds unless he was listening for them.

Of this minute disability, he himself was entirely unaware.

Trudy and her father, having breakfast, emerged from the silence of preoccupation to the spectacle of Mrs. Merrick clutching the morning paper with both hands, goggling at it, and mouthing soundlessly, like a fish.

"It can't be," she gasped, her voice partly returning. "Tell me I'm dreaming, somebody, will you?"

"What?" demanded her husband, alarmed and reaching for the paper. Trudy got up quickly and came around to read over his shoulder. There was no missing the stupefaction that transfixed them like a single arrow.

"Tell me I'm nuts or something," Mrs. Merrick slightly varied her heavenward petition, then snatched back the paper.

"'I saw the Wilmer kidnaper,'" she read out loud, her voice still unbelieving. "And her picture, look at the size of it, will you. 'Mrs. Gertrude Maryk Who Claims to be Eyewitness of Ransom Call.

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Do You Know This Voice? (cont.)

Story on page 2.' Look at her on her doorstep, and that ratty old house of hers large as life. Thank goodness there's no one that knows we're related. I can't think of a soul. Here she is again. 'Mrs. Maryk Re-enacts Her Position Outside Booth For Which She Was Waiting, While Kidnap-Murderer Inside Phoned Child's Father. Story on Page 2.' Look at her pointing to the booth. She looks silly or crazy or both."

In a violent whirl of sheets she turned the page. " 'Mrs. Gertrude Maryk, 83431 East Kintner Street, sticks to her amazing story quietly and without heat.'

" 'SAW MURDERER

" '*I saw the murderer of little Jonny Wilmer*, she says. *I was standing not three feet away, waiting for the phone booth. I watched him while he was phoning because his manner struck me as peculiar, and I saw him when he came out of the booth. He wore a dark raincoat and a dark hat with a brim. The hat was pulled down over his face.*

" 'WOULD KNOW HIM AGAIN ANYWHERE

" '*If I saw him again*, said Mrs. Maryk, *I would recognize him at once. He was a big, heavy man and I had a clear view of him for several seconds, not just a single glance.*

" 'POLICE WON'T LISTEN

" '*I went to the police with my story, and was not able to get much of their attention*, continued Mrs. Maryk. *I do not understand their claim that I am not telling the truth.*'—Now listen to this!" Rose shot a derisive glance at her husband, and began reading with sudden malicious relish.

" 'NOTHING IN IT, SAYS HELM

" '*There is nothing of value in Mrs. Maryk's claim to have seen the kidnaper*, said Captain Helm yesterday, in a statement released at Headquarters. *The police are satisfied she knows nothing helpful. Under questioning she has contradicted herself repeatedly, and with time her story tends to become more and more confused.*' "

She abandoned her reading to fix her husband with a malevolent and mocking eye. "Nuts," she declared. "That mamma of yours, she's gone nuts."

"I saw her a couple days ago," said her husband in the low voice that meant he would hold his position to the best of his ability. "If she was crazy, you and me are also crazy."

"It can happen in a minute," Rose Merrick retorted. "Something snaps. Your seeing her a couple days ago doesn't prove anything." She recommenced reading out loud.

" 'In addition to the official release on Mrs. Maryk, Captain Helm made some other points, and made them without pulling his punches. *Mrs. Maryk's reckless statements*, he said, *may have consequences which it is impossible to foresee, and may even prove dangerous to herself. The police force of this town is too understaffed to safeguard every person who makes rash announcements. If unfriendly or undesirable attention is attracted to Mrs. Maryk on account of her claim that she saw the kidnaper, she has only herself to thank.*' "

Mrs. Merrick's voice failed suddenly, as from a hand on her throat; the color in her cheeks was snuffed out by a sudden pallor.

"I never thought of that," she gasped, and fell back in her chair. "I never thought of that."

"What?" demanded her husband.

"Those killers," she muttered.

"What?" he reiterated. "What is it you are talking about?"

"Suppose they tie us up with her," Mrs. Merrick croaked. "With your mother. Suppose they get to know we're related, and start taking it out on us."

"Rose, for God's sake." John relaxed visibly. "First of all, how can they find out?"

"People like that?" she flung at him on a sudden high note. "Crooks like that? Finding out's their business."

"Why do you frighten yourself for nothing?" he argued. "It will not happen, it is maybe a chance in a thousand—"

"What do you know about it?" she challenged him in the baying voice that was the first symptom of her paroxysms, and that made them all cringe. "You're a fool. Those reporters, how long do you think it'll take them to dig it up and smear us over every front page in town? Or how do you know your crazy mother hasn't told them all about us?" Wildly, she brandished the tabloid image of Mrs. Maryk at him. "There's any number of ways they can just *lead* those murderers to us—then the first thing you know Butch or Trudy turns up missing and we get a letter, Tell the old woman to forget what she saw or you'll be getting your kid back in the mail, a finger at a time.... You'd rather wait till it comes to that?" she screamed at him suddenly. "You'd like that better?"

Trudy sighed inwardly, and waited for the tempest to pass.

"I'm all over goose pimples just with the thought of it!" Mrs. Merrick seemed not too far from foaming at the mouth. "And all you can do is sit there like a nitwit saying 'It won't happen, it won't happen,' until it does. Well!" Wild-eyed, she jumped to her feet. "There's only one thing to do—make your mother take back her crazy lies, I mean publicly, and keep her mouth shut. But of course *you* won't do it," she flayed her husband contemptuously, "so I'll have to. We're going to put the lid on this thing, quick, before it blows up in our faces."

"Rose!" expostulated her husband. "No, you can't . . . !"

"I can't, can't I?" she flung back. "Why not?"

"She's old, not well—you must not go there and yell at her and scare her. Or wait, wait," he petitioned in afterthought. "Wait, I come too."

"Come on," she enjoined harshly. "Who's stopping you?"

John hesitated imperceptibly, then rose from the table with unsteady haste. "All right. I come now with you," he said. "We go now."

Rose vanished, and Trudy put in quickly, "I thought you had an appointment at the doctor's this morning." She was thinking how haggard and ill he looked. "At ten, didn't you?"

"Call him please, Trudy," he answered, on his way from the room. "Say I come any time, any other time. . . ."

"Dad." She also rose. "You can't miss your appointment. I'll go with mamma."

"No, no," he demurred, but stood with a shaken, depleted look, obviously not up to any unpleasantness, let alone the promise of a scene.

"Dad, it's all right," Trudy urged in a low voice. She loved him so much in this moment that her heart ached. "It's no use either of us going, but as well me as you."

"Trudy," said her father, almost inaudible. Tears of physical weakness stood in his eyes.

"Well, well, well!" Rose exhorted brassily from the doorways. She had on her coat and was whipping the car keys on the palm of her hand. "D'you have to start yakking just now? Come *on*!"

"How'll you get to the doctor's?" Trudy asked, taking the grave risk of ignoring her mother.

"The bus, I take the—"

"Not this morning, I don't think you should," said Trudy firmly. "You don't look up to it."

"No, no, the bus is fine."

"Oh don't be such a martyr," snarled Rose, and flung the car keys on the table. "I've changed my mind. Go there in the car. First thing you know those killers'll trace us through the license plates, and then we'll be sitting pretty. You can have the car—I'll take the bus."

"How I hate this dump," Rose shuddered. After ten minutes' walking from the bus stop, they had reached the semi-abandoned street that petered out into the flats at its far end. "Come here and you'll never be heard of again, that's how it makes me feel." She halted as they came to Mrs. Maryk's house, standing last of the row. "I don't know that I was so smart to do this, after all," she pondered. "We stick out here like a sore thumb; anyone could spot us." Nervously she vacillated another instant, then commanded, "Well, come on," and plunged up the cracked cement steps to the door.

"Hello, Grandma," she said a few moments later. Rose disliked having to address Mrs. Maryk in this fashion, and Trudy knew it. "Well, well, there seems

to be a little something going on, doesn't there, so I thought I'd have a little talk with you and see what it's all about."

Mrs. Maryk smiled at her faintly, then at Trudy a little less faintly, and held the door wider without answering. She led the two of them to the kitchen—another custom Mrs. Merrick despised—and the three of them sat down, Trudy instinctively effacing herself behind her mother.

"Now what *is* all this, Grandma?" Rose demanded, getting down to business. Her eyes swept the kitchen, looking for something. "Haven't you got a paper—Oh no, you don't read them. But haven't you even seen one?"

Mrs. Maryk shook her head.

"I wish I'd brought one along." The menace in Rose's glance and tone was just under control and no more. "Well, you're all over every front page in town—your name and address, everything. And you knew it was going to happen," she accused. "They came here and took pictures, didn't they?"

Mrs. Maryk nodded.

"Well, did you think what might happen when you did that? Not only to you, but to John maybe, and me and the children?"

Mrs. Maryk, listening attentively, shook her head with the first appearance of incomprehension.

"Grandma, don't you know," Rose's voice was reasonable but too even, "that you can't fool with criminals? This man you claim you saw, he's a criminal. That means he doesn't mind killing people, and he doesn't mind how he kills them, either. Suppose he kidnaped Butch or Trudy? Then suppose he called up John and said, 'Tell your mother to keep her mouth shut, or I'll kill your son—I'll kill your daughter.' Suppose he did that, Grandma; how would you feel?"

"But this—" Mrs. Maryk's anxious face had cleared; Trudy saw, with wonderment, that she was inclined to argue. "But this, how this happen? How the man know you are my family, how he find out? You live away from me far off, a different house, you got a different name. . . ."

"Bah—that!" Rose dismissed it all with a sweep of the arm. "Suppose those reporters look you up, and I'm only surprised they haven't done it already. John's name is all over your immigration papers, isn't it? and your citizenship papers and Social Security? Then they put it in the papers and this killer sees it. *He* doesn't have to find out who we are; they lead him right to us. That's how it'll be, Grandma, and how do you like it?"

A troubled look had replaced the old woman's calm; she sat silent, and at last said in a low voice, "I ask Mister Helm, he tell them don't put your name in the paper, he say to them no."

"Oh, rot," Rose decried scornfully. "Grandma, there's only one thing that's any good: just take it back, take the whole thing back, just say you were wrong. Just make a statement. We'll help you do it and Trudy'll type it up and we'll give it to the police, quick. Come on, Grandma, get a piece of paper, just come right out and say you made a mistake, you didn't see any kidnaper—"

"Na," Mrs. Maryk's voice cut across the stream of commands with decisive refusal. "Na, how I say I have not seen this man? I *have* see him."

The brief silence that followed made Trudy shrink; through long association with her mother she was an expert on silences, and she found this one alarming.

"Grandma," Rose resumed in a tight voice. "You say you saw him, and this cop says you didn't. Who knows better, you or he?"

She waited a long moment; there was no answer.

"So I'm asking you, Grandma," Rose's voice was beginning to grow thicker, "to take it back, for the sake of your family."

Another pause intervened before Mrs. Maryk—as Trudy gaped, incredulous—shook her head. "I am sorry," she sighed. "A bad thing happen in front of me, a bad, ugly, terrible thing, how I can say I don' see nothing, I don' want to see nothing, I do nothing? Na, like this I can't. But I tell Mister Helm right away," she re-offered hopefully. "He don' let they put in the papers."

"Quit that!" Rose commanded, on the first bellowing note. "Quit this double-talk for once and all, Grandma, and do what you're told. You'll say you made a mistake, you didn't see this man. That's what you'll say, and that'll be that!"

"Na," said Mrs. Maryk almost in a whisper, and bowed her head. "I don' do it. Na."

"You fool," said Rose in a measured voice. She came slowly to her feet, towering and swelling like a wave. "You old, crazy, pigheaded fool. Is this what that son of yours brought you here for—so you could drag us into this mess?"

A raving note had come into her voice to match the glare of her eyeballs, the sudden damp red of her face.

"Listen, so help me God, if anything happens to my children on account of you, I'll take you apart with my bare hands; I'll twist that stringy neck of yours, you-you-you—"

It went on and on, shameful, frightening, outrageous. Mrs. Maryk, who had begun by rising in alarm, faced the torrent of screamed abuse wordlessly. Her eyes, Trudy remembered later, were strangely steady and clear.

"I'm going to have her put away," Rose fulminated hoarsely, as they descended the front steps. "I mean every word of it. I see now it's the only way to control her." She waited another moment to catch her breath. "I'm going to find out how you work it—I'm going to ask a doctor. Come on," she commanded. "Let's get the hell out of this and back where we

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belong." They struck out together, Rose setting a furious pace, only to be pulled up short all at once. A voice had addressed them unmistakably, here in this neighborhood where they practically never came, and where Rose would have scorned to have the least acquaintance with anyone.

"Missis, please Missis, would you be so good, please, Missis?" came the words from above their heads, soft and apologetic, yet, most of all, urgent—urgent enough to check the two Merricks in their rapid progress and bring them to a full stop before the house next door, their heads swiveling left simultaneously.

The large, heavy woman who had addressed them stood with her hand on the porch rail, leaning toward them anxiously. As Rose regarded her she made a deprecating movement, a humble ducking of the head and shoulders.

"Missis, excuse me please, I see you was in there," she gestured significantly toward Mrs. Maryk's, "and it come to me I should ask you, please, if you was anyways related to her."

"Well . . ." Rose, after hesitating, stalled. "First I'd rather know why you ask such a question."

"Because—because somebody should know." The woman's tone was heavy with concern.

"Know what?" Rose demanded, after the briefest pause. "What do you mean?"

"Like this I can't tell you," demurred the other. "Out in the street, like this." Again deprecating, she indicated her door. "I hope I don't have a nerve, but maybe you would do me the favor to step in? Because somebody should know about her," she repeated her ominous statement. "And if I could just find somebody from the old lady's family, somebody that got the authority to do something about it, it would be a load off my mind."

It was the word *authority* that did the trick, Trudy could tell; Rose hesitated no longer.

"Yes, we'd have the authority," she conceded. "If anything were wrong, you mean? Yes, I guess we'd be the ones to handle it maybe." Still without admitting relationship with Mrs. Maryk, she marched up the steps and through the door her hostess held open. Trudy, not consulted, trailed along willy-nilly. The woman went before them with a hasty apology and ushered them into a room of mean proportions with worn-out furniture and the smallest, cheapest version of TV, but the cleanliness of everything was exceptional. Rose, whose first glance recognized housekeeping standards as rigorous as her own, lowered her guard to the extent of accepting a seat rather graciously.

"Excuse me, I should introduce myself, my name is Mrs. Nagelhob," their new acquaintance suggested with diffidence, and Trudy, unobserved, began to eye her scornfully.

"All that crawling," she thought. "How does anybody get that way?"

"I see by the papers we got a celebrity next door," their hostess said with an uncertain laugh. Rose's favorable reaction to the words was obvious, and her confidence increased instantly. "A nice thing for the neighborhood! Maybe someone comes looking for her to shut her mouth and gets the wrong person by mistake, no? Somebody what lives close by? I tell you I get goose bumps all over me, thinking about it." Her agitation was such that she had to wipe her forehead. "So now maybe our lives is in danger, me and my husband's, because we're poor and can't afford to move, hah? A nice thing," she averred bitterly. "A nice thing. Because excuse me, ma'am, I don't want to be hard on no one, but how can anybody sleep good at nights with a thing like this next door?"

"I agree with you," said Rose decidedly. "If she wants to stick her own neck out, all right, but when she involves other people it's perfectly terrible."

"It's the God's truth, ma'am," assented the other almost tearfully. "Well, so soon as I seen the papers this morning, right away it come into my head: now this, on top of that other funny thing she done that worried me sick."

"What other funny thing?" her guest put in again.

"I thought, if only I knew the old lady's family, so I could tell them—"

"You can tell me," Rose interrupted, and between them were suddenly established her tacit admission of kinship and the other's acceptance of it.

"Well," began Mrs. Nagelhob, reluctantly, "she come up on our porch a couple weeks ago. This alone was a big surprise, because she ain't been neighbors with us ever. Always, my husband and me, we want to be friendly to a old lady all alone, but she don't like us, always she's snooting us." She lifted her nose into the air and gave a curt little nod, and Trudy, for all her prejudice, was hard put to it not to laugh out loud; the imitation of Mrs. Maryk was remarkably vivid.

"Well," the woman resumed, "like I say, she come up on our porch and rang the bell, and when I come to the door here she has in her hand a saucer and on the saucer a piece cake full of ants, you never seen anything so nasty."

She paused to look solemnly at Rose, whose mouth had fallen open in shock.

"Well may you look at me like that!" she swept on. "So before I could say anything, right away she says to me, 'What you mean, putting this piece cake in my house? What I done to you? What you got against me?' Angry, you know, and her eyes. I didn't like her eyes. . . ." She gave a shaky sigh. "Well, for a minute I was knocked sort of dumb, then I says, 'Excuse me, Mrs. Maryk, I ain't never been in your house once, I never—'"

"What did she say?" Rose interrupted.

"Quick like anything she comes back at me, 'You can say that, but I know better,' she says, and with that she dumps the cake onto my clean porch and walks herself home."

"Oh, no!" said Rose.

"Yes ma'am, but that ain't the worst," Mrs. Nagelhob pressed on, her tone even more ominous. "That very same day, a couple hours later, she walks by me when I'm standing here on the porch, and gives me the snoot like always, and Missis, what scared me," her tone trembled, "you could see she didn't remember nothing about what she done, she didn't remember a thing. She looked just ordinary—like always," she ended.

"How long ago was this?" Rose demanded.

"Oh, eight, nine days ago—maybe ten."

"Why," Rose appeared to calculate, "she started these shenanigans *before* she came out with this kidnap brainstorm. Then there's no question about it, her mind's started to go. Goodness only knows what she'll do next."

"And excuse me, ma'am, but—" Mrs. Nagelhob faltered, "—that man she got in there with her, right in the same house—what about him?"

"What man?" Rose pounced on her.

"You ain't seen him? Oh no, asleep he would be; he works nights—he says. But she didn't tell you he's there?"

"She didn't say one word about him," Rose said emphatically. "Who is he?"

"Two-three days ago he come along the street, knocking at all the doors, says he's wanting to rent a room. He ast everywhere, I been hearing about it—and nobody would take him, and no wonder. Here, too, he was asking—but oh no, past my door he don't put his foot in, I hope to tell you. Black like a coal digger and a smell off him, excuse me, a block away it could knock you over."

"So after everyone else had turned him down, she took him in," Rose summed up grimly. "That cake business, you know—you could have gone to the police."

"No, a thing like that I wouldn't do," Mrs. Nagelhob said. "Not to a old lady all alone. But my husband says she got a certain look in her eyes, and believe me, he *knows*." She wagged her head meaningly. "He's orderly at Whelk Island Hospital, the state place, you know. Dog's work and dog's pay; look how we got to live." She motioned at the room. "And now with this goings-on next door it's hell, I tell you—"

She broke off as footsteps descended from the second floor.

"My husband," she announced with manifest complacency, and on her words he walked into the room, a man of medium height and rather slender, but who suggested somehow a coiled litheness,

strength, and agility. His face was a long oval with pale skin, pale eyes, and a lizard's wide mouth with colorless lips, firmly closed; his neck, full and too long above his soft collar, carried on the resemblance to a man-sized saurian.

"Max," said Mrs. Nagelhob in a dove's voice, "I want you should meet Mrs. . . ." she paused delicately. But Rose, equal to the emergency, merely smiled and said, "We're glad to meet you, Mr. Nagelhob."

He nodded briefly, glancing with indifference at Rose, then with too-obvious interest at Trudy; at the appraisal of that pallid lechery her spine stiffened, her face went cold, and she stared past him with deliberate contempt.

"I was telling these good ladies about —you know—next door," Mrs. Nagelhob was pursuing.

"Yes, well, don't get mixed up in it," he returned, and at the dry scaly sound Trudy thought of the kidnaper's voice over the radio, only that man was described as big and heavy and this one was thin and kind of short.

"My God, Max!" his wife protested plaintively. "Who was it said first about the look in her eyes, you or me?"

"I said it to you," he responded. "Don't go shooting off your mouth about it," and walked from the room.

"He talks a little bit short," Mrs. Nagelhob began to apologize, plainly embarrassed. "It's his work—mostly in the violent ward, and honest, he thinks he can't take it much longer. He don't sleep good anymore; he don't eat, just jumpy and all the time going out of the house. A friend I had, she was working, too, at Whelk and she introduced us."

Across her narrative there cut one syllable in some foreign language—not loud but its quality was concentrated, like a whiplash. Mr. Nagelhob, in his coat and hat, had paused long enough to say the single word, whatever it meant, before leaving the house. The effect of it was remarkable; Mrs. Nagelhob was reduced all at once to a silence so cowed that Trudy, for a moment, felt sorry for her.

"Mrs. Nagelhob," said Rose briskly, her attention little engaged by the incident, "I'm sorry you've had trouble with the old lady, but I'm certainly glad you told me about it. Of course we couldn't realize, not being right on the spot. But now that I know what's going on, well, something'll be done as soon as possible. So thank you very much," she was rising as she spoke, "and don't worry, because it won't be for much longer."

"I didn't like that woman," said Trudy, on the bus. "And that husband of hers!"

"What's that got to do with it?" challenged Rose, then suddenly remembered something. "When the husband came back that second time, and said something to her, and she dried up in such a hurry, what was it, d'you think?"

"He told her to shut up," said Trudy.

"That's what I thought; but why? She was only saying she'd met him at the hospital."

"I wasn't listening that hard," said Trudy, absently. An image had begun haunting her, more and more vividly, of an old woman, infirm, unresisting, facing a torrent of abuse.

As soon as she perceived the drift of her inward uneasiness, she crushed it with an iron hand. She hardly knew her grandmother, if you came right down to it; she wanted nothing to do with all this horridness. She made herself stop thinking about it.

Mrs. Maryk's roomer had quickly made acquaintance with the house's vulnerable points and other drawbacks. The flimsy doors with cheap locks, the long, narrow back yard, and, at its farthest end especially, the ruinous tool bin. Within its splintery decay Rube had noted the saucers of milk and food scraps, and, in vain, he had lectured Mrs. Maryk on the likelihood of running her hand on a rusty nail when she reached into it. Almost equally in vain were his efforts to make her remember to lock doors, especially the back doors.

"You've left it open again," he had expostulated enough times to be sick and tired of it. *After all,* he would think, seeing how anxiously she wanted to obey him, *she's just too old, sometimes she remembers but too often she forgets.* And part of her forgetfulness, probably, came from the strain she was under, waiting for attack by a faceless enemy, from an unknown direction.

Rube was under a strain of an unexpected nature. Not from the waiting or the cumbersome disguise; they were part of the job. His big trouble was the Nagelhob woman. A snoop if he ever saw one; time and again he had seen the big face bobbing under a blind three-quarters drawn, or ducking between the window curtains. He had a feeling that she missed very little.

Otherwise he had nothing to report to Helm but the daughter-in-law's visit, and a pair of lungs as Rose Merrick's he had rarely heard. His ears had also told him that two women had entered the house, but the other one had kept completely quiet. Tiptoeing to the bannister when they left, he had a view of their backs. It must be the daughter that Mrs. Merrick had brought along, and by what he could see of her she was only a kid; her face had been visible to him at no time in the course of their departure.

The battle over the question of Mrs. Maryk's committal burst into full flame at lunch time on the day following. Trudy and Butch were present but unheard. To his wife's attack, richly laced with abuse, John Merrick opposed a dogged resistance. He would not petition, he would not sign anything, and as Mrs. Maryk's nearest blood-relation, his agreement was vital; Rose could do nothing.

"She doesn't hurt anybody," he pleaded, for the twentieth time.

"Quit saying that to me!" she flung back. "Who says she hurts anyone? But after a couple of stunts like throwing garbage on a neighbor's porch and taking in a dirty tramp off the streets, who *knows* what she'll do next? Now look." She broke off suddenly; her glance transfixed him. "I'm asking you one last time: will you apply or petition or whatever-they-call-it so we can put her away somewhere? Will you?"

A look of exhaustion spread over John's face; his head sank.

"I can't do it, Rose," he muttered.

"I'll leave you!" she shrieked at him. Her face was congested suddenly, her eyes full of hatred. "I'll take the kids and go away somewheres they can't get hurt. And who's driving us away, out of our own home? That mother of yours, crazy as a bedbug, and you, *you,* a rag instead of a man, taking her side. . . ."

It was at this precise moment that Captain Helm rang the Merricks' doorbell.

While he waited, he mulled over Rube's report on Rose's stormy visit to her mother-in-law and warily reviewed his plan for handling the forthcoming interview. But almost at once a woman was at the

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Do You Know This Voice? (cont.)

door—a strapping big woman with flushed cheeks and fire in her eyes. By her appearance, and by the raised voices that had come to him faintly through the closed door, he judged that he had arrived in the midst of a family fight.

"Good day, ma'am," he offered disarmingly. "I'm Detective-Captain Helm, and I was wondering could I have a word with you, if convenient."

"I know who you are," she said flatly. "Now what's up?"

"Nothing," Helm disclaimed in haste. "It's just a little something I wanted to talk over, if convenient."

"Quit feeding me that 'convenient' yap," she interrupted. "You know I've got to talk to you whether it's convenient or not. Once the police get going on you, they never let up." Her gesture in opening the door wider indicated that she did it under duress, and Helm got through the door quickly before she could change her mind and slam it in his face; he judged her capable of it.

"Who do you want to see in particular?" she asked, swinging around to face him. "Me or my husband?"

"Well, this particular thing," he suggested, "might be of interest to the whole family."

Mrs. Merrick looked at him without comprehension, then said grudgingly, "We're all in here," and led the way to the dining room.

"Here's Captain Helm; he says he's got something we'll be interested in," she announced skeptically. "Get a chair, Butch. My husband, my son, my daughter." Introductions disposed of, she sat. So did Helm, sizing up the lot of them quickly and imperceptibly. The husband with his look of recent illness, a good joe but obviously a lame duck. The son, overweight, a spoiled brat if ever he saw one. The daughter . . . here, however, Helm approved unreservedly. Those bluebell eyes and that hair, pale or dark gold according to how the light fell on it, and her sweet expression . . . but too subdued for a kid her age, down in the mouth over exams or the boy friend, of course, and thought she knew what trouble was.

"Yes, Captain?" Rose was demanding.

Hastily he answered, "Yes ma'am. Well, this thing I wanted you all to know—maybe you've seen in the paper that we blame Mrs. Maryk for claiming she saw the kidnaper, y'know, and we said that any bad luck she had on account of it, she'd only herself to thank. Well, actually we're not just throwing her overboard like that, actually we try to keep tabs on her a little—check on her a couple times a week, see how's she's getting along. So I thought it might sort of ease your minds if you knew we were giving her a little protection."

Having led up, he launched into the real nub of his communication, the essential purpose of his visit.

"By the way, some few days before she made that kidnap statement, it seems she took on a roomer. Maybe you didn't know about it?" Very casually, he glanced about the assembly of faces. "Don't worry, we checked on the man soon's we found out." Mrs. Merrick, he noted, was listening with sudden, gimlet-eyed attention. "He's a rough-looking customer, I understand, but he's O.K.—got a night job at Ace Foundries, worked there twelve years in fact and everyone says he's O.K., his foreman and everybody. Seems he's kind of a sourpuss, keeps himself to himself, but he's all right. So you needn't worry he's a suspicious character or anything like that."

"What did I tell you?" asked the older male Merrick, turning to his wife—the first sound out of him since Helm had joined them. "I said mamma wouldn't take him unless he was O.K. I told you."

"You told me," mimicked Rose, turning on him a glance of supreme contempt; the lout of a son sniggered applausively. "So what? Even if it turns out the man's not a downright criminal, what about that cake business? How d'you get away from that?"

"What's that?" Helm demanded. "What cake business?" For, naturally, Rube's report could not include what had happened at Mrs. Nagelhob's.

"Well may you ask," responded Rose. "She threw garbage at a neighbor."

"What!?"

"That's what—came up on the porch and let fly. Isn't that a nice thing to hear about someone in your family, now!"

"Who told you?" demanded Helm.

"Who do you think? The woman it happened to, naturally. She called me in off the street, very apologetic, and started out by saying were we related to grandma, otherwise she didn't want to spread the story around. Which was pretty damn nice of her, if you ask me."

"What kind of woman was she?" Helm was mistrustful.

"She's a decent, hard-working woman, clean as a pin. Mrs. Nagelhob, her name is. She hated to complain about it," Rose averred. "She couldn't have been nicer."

"And you think she was telling the truth," Helm persisted. "You don't think it was some kind of neighborhood spite, or . . ."

"No!" Rose cut him off, positively. "It's nothing like that. Why, her husband came in while she was telling us, and he called her down right in front of us because she'd even mentioned it, didn't he, Trudy?"

Trudy nodded in silence.

"And the stuff being thrown on her porch, it wasn't even that that worried her the most," Rose pursued vigorously. "It was something much worse. Because later that same day she met grandma in the street, and she could tell from how she acted that she didn't remember a thing about it. *Grandma didn't remember what she'd done*," Rose varied the phrase for emphasis. "Now isn't that awful?"

Helm sat blankly.

"So that's what we found out about grandma." She gazed at him with calm ascendancy. "You can imagine it was sort of a jolt."

Helm still sat as if in thought; in reality, he was feeling the ground give way beneath his feet. The old woman was subject to hallucinations—on the testimony of a neighbor with no ax to grind (of course they would check on that). Who would ever think it, with her quiet, steady behavior, but those were her lucid intervals. And on the basis of Mrs. Maryk's character, personality, whatever you wanted to call it, he had set up that elaborate news-gag and immobilized one of his best men in her house.

"Now, Captain Helm," Rose broke in upon his trance of dismay, "here's this situation that's hit us all of a sudden—about my husband's mother. She's bound to get worse, they always do, and some fine day she might get violent—" she stopped at an inarticulate sound from her husband, and rounded on him viciously. "Well, she might!" she bayed. "How do you know she won't? And suppose next time we get somebody that isn't as nice about it as this woman was, somebody that might even sue us for everything we've got?" With eyes and nostrils flaring, she turned back to Helm.

"We'll have to do something," she declared. "The question is, how? Now *that* you can tell us, can't you, Captain? You must've had experience with these things."

"You mean, how you go about getting a person committed?" he translated her question. "Well, the nearest relatives petition; then there has to be an examination by three doctors; then, if they find the person incompetent, they certify her—I mean the person—to an institution, depending on what the relatives can afford."

"And don't you think from what you've heard," she looked at him arrogantly and squarely, "that John's mother ought to be committed, for her own protection?"

"I don't know," said Helm after an interval. He was thinking hard. "But I'll tell you: our own psychiatrist seemed to think there was nothing wrong with her that way. So if there's been this change in her, it's been very sudden, probably in the last few days."

"It has not been in the last few days," Rose contradicted flatly. "She did that garbage stunt *before* the kidnaping story, days and days before. Ask that woman next door yourself, why don't you?"

Helm, silent with total consternation, took another long moment to think, then said, "Look." His voice was slow; he was hard-put to it to come up with anything.

"Look," he repeated. "I'll make you a proposition." His glance confined itself to Rose; in this house it was the woman that counted. "Let the matter ride for a short time only—a few days, maybe a week. I'm asking you this in the interests of the case. I'm sure you don't want to hurt the case," he pleaded. "You want this kidnaper to be caught."

"Naturally I want him caught," she returned. "But that child in the case, he's dead. Mine are alive, and I'm going to keep them that way. If those kidnapers find out we're related to grandma . . ." She shrugged. "We've all heard of revenge kidnapings, things like that. I don't want any of my family turning up murdered because someone didn't like grandma's shooting off her mouth."

"If that's what's bothering you—" Helm began.

"It is, Captain," she assured him, with granite in her voice. "You just bet it is."

"In that case, you can stop worrying. Look, Mrs. Merrick." He nailed her eyes with his. "Your connection with Mrs. Maryk *can't* get into the papers. It's all arranged with the press—I promise you that 100 per cent."

He paused to let it sink in.

"So I'm asking you as a favor," he resumed, "don't move on this committal thing until we give you the all-clear, h'h? Will you, Mrs. Merrick?" By his petitioning manner, no one could have told that he had the power to block any such move for as long as he saw fit; he wanted their good will. He had baited his trap with Mrs. Maryk, and, though the bait might have gone dead on him, he wanted it let alone. "Holding off a few days can't make that much difference to you."

"Well . . ." Rose, doubtful, considered. "Well, since you say my family won't be in danger . . ."

"They won't."

"Well, in that case, we'll cooperate. We'll let the committal ride until we hear from you," Rose conceded.

Helm, rejoining his car and driver (he had tactfully left them a good block away), sat silent all the way back, shaken to the marrow by the devastating news. He had to tell Rube the garbage story, of course—no getting away from that—but should they then wait awhile, see whether the old woman would come up with some other instance, conclusive, of delusions or craziness? If she did . . .

"I'll pull him out of there so quick," Helm thought grimly, "he'll get windburn."

It was at the tail end of a lowering afternoon that Rube, sitting at his bedroom window and staring absently over the desolation of the flats, caught the quickest, slightest glimpse below him of a puzzling movement though, after an instant, he had realized what it was. Someone in the yard was working toward the back door slowly and stealthily, keeping himself pressed flat against the wall, and Rube's solitary glimpse had been of shoulders—hulking, enormous shoulders.

Like a flash he had snatched his gun and skimmed noiselessly downstairs. Mrs. Maryk, just emerging from the door at the rear of the hall, looked alarmed, as if coming to call him; he whispered harshly, "Go upstairs," and closed the door in her face. No lights were yet turned on, and he riveted on the curtained panes of the back door—squares of dark-gray daylight—at the same time listening hard; the attempt might be made through the cellar. But after an eternity with his eyes and ears on the stretch, even after the dark shape appeared outside the door—an indistinct mass with inhumanly big shoulders—all this time an obscure perplexity rose in him, more and more insistent: *There's something wrong, it shouldn't be this way, it's too easy*, he thought, and meanwhile watched and waited for the first sound of an attempt on the lock.

All at once, paralyzing him with surprise, the hulking silhouette had raised an arm and delivered a crashing blow on the door frame, then another; a howl broke on the air, a gibberish of abuse in some thick jargon. In it Mrs. Maryk's name could be distinguished, repeated over and over, and a wave of enlightenment washed over Rube. Placing his gun on a shelf, he shot across the kitchen and suddenly jerked the door open. The man, still hammering on it, very nearly fell into the room; with a savage thrust, Rube returned him to the landing. The visitor fell sideways down the stairs with the spaghetti-limbed ease of the drunk and lay in a heap at the bottom. Mrs. Maryk's roomer followed and stood over him.

"My kids," said the man thickly, still lying on the ground. His debased accent was almost past understanding. "Tha ole wooman she lie about me, an' dey cawm an' take my kids. Sawm day I cawm, I cawt her heart out, you hear me? I cawm an' cawt—"

"Git up, ya big slob," said Rube, in the proper idiom. Out of the corner of his eye he was aware of an audience; someone had come out on the back landing of the house next door and stood there taking in the scene. "Git up," he repeated, and hauled at the sodden mass. When he had it on its feet he held it upright in a fierce grip, talking straight into its face.

"Lissen," he bawled full-lunged, so there could be no mistake about his being heard. "You come around here once more breakin' up my sleep, just one more time, an' I'll lay you out so you'll be on crutches for a month. You hear me, h'h? You hear me? Awright, get the hell outa here an' don't come back because next time you'll go away in an ambulance, you get me? Awright, beat it!"

He shoved the parting guest toward the dark slit between the two houses and watched him disappear, shambling and muttering, then he turned to go inside.

"It's a fine thing," said a voice to his left and above his head. "It's a disgrace. I saw how you was hitting him, I saw you."

"You saw me, huh?" retorted Rube, a casting-cleaner uninhibited by chivalry. "Awright, maybe you seen him busting in our back door? Whatcha want I sh'd do, stand there an' let'm bust it?"

"The poor man, it's just them charity snoops came and took his kids; there ain't no harm in him. A poor man crying for his kids and a cheap roomer that don't even belong around here beats him up. It's a sin and a shame, I should ought to tell the cops. Why don't you go back to the flophouse where you come from?"

"Ah, sheddup," Rube returned under his breath, and moved toward the steps.

"Don't you tell me sheddup, you dirty scum you," the voice pursued him with extraordinary venom. "How a stinking tramp like you gets himself in a decent woman's house I don't know, that poor old lady; someday they find her dead in her bed an' you'll be scarce when they look for you, I bet."

He slammed the door on her harangue, but what he had heard gave his thoughts a novel, and unexpected, direction. Her persistent spying was not from curiosity or some more discreditable motive, but out of concern for Mrs. Maryk; somehow he had received a different impression. Well, it seemed he had been wrong.

And meanwhile here was his landlady advancing to meet him. "Hiss kits," she asked. "You tink they treat them good, where they take them?"

"Sure," Rube answered, hardly listening and beset with new preoccupations.

"Becoss the liddle boy Casimir, Miro they call him," she chuckled fondly, "always he tell me, I like to live with you, Granny, I come to live with you. Ach, the liddle boy," she concluded anxiously. "If they don' treat him good, maybe he run away."

"They treat them O.K.," Rube grunted, and moved toward the stairs.

"They got a cat, I don' see it no more," she persisted. "She was bick." She described an outward circle, funnily immodest, from her stomach. "They take also the cat?"

"Maybe," said Rube, and left.

Up in his room, he gave himself to a period of concentrated, dissatisfied thought. Now it appeared he had totally misunderstood the motives of the woman next door; therefore he could write her off as the source of his chronic uneasiness. But from where else could it come? Vaguely, maddeningly, he groped . . . then snatched at the only available remedy he could think of. He would patrol the neighborhood by daylight in his own clothes and his own car, staggering his times and looking out for strangers or anything else out of the way. He could do it by cutting his sleep to four hours, he had made out with less. It was a drastic

change of schedule, also it was something much worse than drastic: unauthorized.

The last thing Trudy could have imagined herself doing, after school on this rainy afternoon, was paying a visit to her grandmother Maryk. Yet here she was in an eastbound bus that smelled of exhaust and wet floor and rolled on through a downpour ever more persistent and neighborhoods progressively drearier.

"Hello, Grandma," she was saying fifteen minutes later, on a dripping stoop. "I thought I'd come and see you." To herself she sounded artificial and unnatural.

"Something iss the matter?" Mrs. Maryk asked. "John he's again sick, or—"

"No, no one's sick," Trudy assured her, feeling a vague shame. "Everybody's all right. I just thought I'd come see you."

"Iss very nice from you," said Mrs. Maryk. She was still puzzled but was dignified again. "I am glad. Iss a nasty wezzer, no?"

"Awful," said Trudy.

"Let we go in the kitchen," said Mrs. Maryk. "You smell what I am doing?"

"Coffee cake," said Trudy, "it smells gorgeous," and followed in her grandmother's wake to the kitchen, somehow attractive for all the scantiness of its furnishings, still warm from the oven and brilliantly clean; it would have seemed cozy if not for bleak apprehension in the visitor's heart. She had something to tell, by its very nature bound to be devastating, and stricken as by conscience she watched her grandmother pour coffee and cut the new-baked slices. Mrs. Maryk's manner had become festive; Trudy thought with dismay of the blow she must deal her, and could only decide to put it off until after the first cup of coffee. And by the time the moment was upon her, she had no more choice.

"Grandma," she blurted awkwardly, "I thought you might be worried on account of—of mamma saying to you last time that—that she wanted to —to put you in some kind of hospital place, sort of, where you'd have to stay..."

No, it was an awful thing to say no matter how you said it; it was a thing you couldn't soften however you tried.

"I thought you might be worrying about it, so I just thought I'd come and tell you—she isn't going to do it. She can't whether she wants to or not; she can't do a thing to you. So don't—worry any more, I mean if you were, just don't. O.K.?" She smiled, a faint, troubled smile, and Mrs. Maryk responded in like manner. Unknown to them, it was one of those moments of startling family resemblance; their expressions were exactly alike.

"Yess, I am tinking what she said." Mrs. Maryk admitted. "Many time in the night when I don' sleep good. I am tinking. So now, like you say, I don' tink about it, now I sleep fine an' I don' worry no more. So I tank you," she said with dignity, "for all your trouble that you come the long ways and tell me; I tank you very much."

"It wasn't any trouble, Grandma," Trudy disclaimed. Her heart was more leaden by the moment; if the first part had been hard, the second was harder. "But that isn't all," she forced herself on. "There's something else." (The trouble with this was that she could keep none of it back).

"That woman next door, the big fat one," she went on. "She called mamma when we were passing by, that day we came here, and mamma went in and they talked. And the woman said that you came up on her porch and threw garbage on it."

Mrs. Maryk's eyes widened; her mouth dropped open.

"Cake with ants in it or something, and then you just walked away. But the main thing, Grandma," Trudy hurried on, "she said she could tell you didn't remember it, next time she met you. She said you looked different when you came on her porch, different from how you usually look."

"Iss a lie," gasped Mrs. Maryk. "I don' have nothing to do wiss her, so she talk about me bad."

"She didn't," Trudy was obliged to contradict. "She knows you don't like her and all she said was, if you want it that way, all right. Everything she said about you was . . . nice, really," she admitted grudgingly.

"Her niceness I don' want it," Mrs. Maryk rebutted with asperity, to say nothing of unreasonableness. "Let her be nice, not to me. Such people I don' want nothing to do wiss, this I know so soon as I look at them."

"But Grandma," Trudy urged. "Never mind that, the thing that's important is—did that ever happen to you, what she said? Did you ever have a spell when you can't remember what you did, or what happened?"

"Na," said Mrs. Maryk.

"You're sure?" Trudy persisted anxiously. "You can't think of anything like that, any time?"

"Never," repeated Mrs. Maryk with even more vigor. "Never, I don' never—"

She stopped abruptly; a stone of silence fell into the room. The indignation in her small face was wiped out by the erosion of doubt and wavering; her eyes had gone aghast and strained after recollection. Trudy, holding her breath, at last dared say, in a very low voice, "Did you, Grandma?"

"I don' know," muttered the old woman and rested her forehead in her hands. "Wait, wait."

A pause stretched on and on; when the old woman lifted her head from her supporting palms her face had gone so haggard that Trudy began to implore, with a sudden tremble in her voice, "I'm sorry, Grandma; I'm so terribly sorry, but I thought if you were having little blackouts or something you ought to know."

"Ach yess," agreed Mrs. Maryk, with a ghost of her usual conviction. "I mus' know, iss much better."

Trudy, with a long breath, shifted position; at once her grandmother took the movement as a signal of departure.

"You go now, yess?" she asked. Her tone was not in the least pressing, it was even acquiescent, but Trudy, with unaccustomed clairvoyance, knew how badly she wanted her to stay. *Just like Daddy*, she thought, and the familiar pain stabbed her heart. *She has to take whatever people hand her, and like it.*

"You mus' hurry," Mrs. Maryk was saying, with a reasonable air.

Trudy answered quickly, "No, I needn't hurry at all. Do you want us to talk about it some more?"

"Na," the other shook her head. "First, I tink. By myself, I mus' tink."

"All right," said Trudy, then set herself to offer the only distraction in her power. "You know what I'd like? Another piece of that coffee cake."

Encountering Trudy's eye on her, Mrs. Maryk asked all at once, "You are scared, hah?"

"Scared?" Trudy needed no diagram. "Of the kidnaper finding out we're your family and taking it out on us? I—I don't know. I mean . . ." too young for analysis, she groped for words. "I'm scared if I think of it, I guess. But mostly it just seems like the kind of thing that can't happen; I can't take it seriously."

"You don' be scared," said Mrs. Maryk urgently. "The man what kidnop, it iss me only what he got to hurt. Hurt somebody else, it don' do him no good. So I tell you, you don' be scared. Me he mus' find, only me."

"Aren't *you* scared?" Trudy demanded involuntarily.

"Ach!" Mrs. Maryk was impatient. "If you run away from everything, what for you're good, what for you're alive? Na, na." Her strength of conviction produced a little extra dislocation in her speech. "I tell you someting: someting bad what come, you go meet, you're scared; you run away, you're scared more bad, more worse." She smiled encouragingly, and her smile was winsome.

I'll bet she was pretty when she was young, Trudy thought suddenly. Never before had it occurred to her that her grandmother might have been young, let alone pretty.

"Let me think, let me think," Mrs. Maryk reflected in distraction when Trudy's departure had released her from English, and sat grappling with the import of what had just been told her—that she had done something of which she had no recollection. "And what a thing," she muttered, overwhelmed with shame, and was torn nevertheless between the desire to repudiate it as impossible, and the

chilling, undermining memory that forbade her to do so. Those couple of times, two or three at most, when she had been taken by a dizziness or rather a blankness, the duration of which she remained uncertain . . . She had thought they lasted only a few minutes and that she lay on her bed meanwhile, waiting for them to pass; in reality, it seemed that she had walked out of her house and done disgusting things.

"Better I die soon," she continued muttering out loud in her distress. "If this is what is beginning to happen to me, let me go quickly, quickly."

Trudy stepped from her grandmother's house to the decaying, desolate street, and started, through the dampness of late afternoon, to the bus. Unexpectedly and unreasonably she felt in better spirits than she had for a long time, and marched along at a lively clip, dodging puddles with a rapid little double-hitch like a dance step.

"Why did I think I wanted to leave school?" came into her head from nowhere, with sudden astonishment. "Was that a dumb idea, if you ask me!" The thought was dampened, literally, by the ragged sheet of water that flew out from under a car that had passed by too quickly, splashing unpleasant brown streaks on her stockings and pretty raincoat. She came to a sudden stop, turning around to glare after it with murder in her heart, but the car was stopping, too; a man got out and came toward her.

"I'm sorry," he said, approaching, and taking off his hat. "I'm certainly sorry about that, miss."

She readied herself for a scarifying answer, and all the while he kept on with his apologies. "That was pretty clumsy of me, there was no excuse. Can I help you? Is there any way I can . . .?"

"It's all right," she was surprised to hear herself say, when all she had wanted a moment ago was to flay him alive, but he was being so nice about it and blaming himself so abjectly that her fury had collapsed to vanishing point and left her rather wanting to reassure him; he seemed to feel so terrible about it.

"Take some driving lessons if I can't do any better than that," he was joking anxiously. "I've spoiled those stockings for you, haven't I?"

"Oh no," Trudy smiled the smile that the shape of her mouth made so particularly endearing. "They're just nylon, I'll wash them out and they'll be fine."

"You're sure?" he continued to ask.

She said in a soothing voice. "Absolutely, I promise you they'll both be all right, you haven't hurt a thing."

The season of penitence over, they were able to take stock of each other, though the initial impact had been the same in each case—of pleasure, approval, and the gaiety of mutual liking. She liked his blunt features and coarse ash-blond hair, his wide shoulders and sturdy look; on his side, apart from admiration, Rube was experiencing a deep, curious sensation in her presence, for which there was only one word. She comforted him; it was a curious thing to feel about a young girl, but that was the size of it. A little too young, not over seventeen, but in another year, oh boy. Then an odd impression of familiarity struck him, though he knew he had never seen her before. No forgetting her if he had, especially if she had worn that bright blue raincoat; the hard color threw her eyes and blonde hair into brilliant relief and gave to her petal skin a sharper accent of flawlessness. Yet the certainty that he knew her, unreasonable as it was, continued to nag at him. . . .

"It's a funny neighborhood," he offered on speculation, "for a young lady like you to be in."

"Oh! there's a—an old housekeeper of ours who lives around here; I get down to see her once in a while." *Why did I say that?* she thought instantly, with consternation, and dropped her eyes a moment, then raised them. "Isn't it a funny neighborhood for someone like you to be in, now you mention it?" she smiled, and he said negligently, "Oh, we still operate a couple of plants over here," motioning toward the horizon. Then, without premeditation and merely from the wish not to lose her too soon, he demanded, "Look, couldn't I drive you someplace?"

He liked the immediate coldness in her blue eyes, her instant withdrawal from him, though actually she had not moved from where she stood. Like an offended princess she raised her chin, and all of a sudden he had it: the gesture was Mrs. Maryk's own when she was preparing to be stubborn. How could he have missed it? But why had she said she was visiting an old housekeeper?

"No thanks," Trudy was saying distantly. "I haven't far to go, but thanks all the same. Good-by now," and with a swing she turned and walked off rapidly. *Oh, why do I have to go away from him?* her heart mourned, rebellious. *He's nice.*

Then another thought, chilling, fell across the current of her regrets. *Why did I say that about visiting an old housekeeper?* she thought, dismayed. *Why did I lie to him?* And even the certainty that she would never see him again was not enough to efface her desire to cringe every time she thought of it.

Rube watched her until she was out of sight. It was a happy thought that he knew where to find her; that she had not slipped away from him to be swallowed in the anonymous crowd, lost forever.

Passingly he smiled at her yarn about a housekeeper, then of his own fiction of being employed by the factories across the wasteland. But of course his lie had been necessary; he had lied because of the case he was engaged on.

Then, with a sudden jolt, he realized he was lying again, this time to himself.

"I know where you been," said Mrs. Nagelhob to her husband.

"Yeh?" he responded affably.

"And what you do," she assured him. "I know plenty."

"So?" He gave her a grin. "You been playing guessing games?"

"I don't got to play guessing games." She regarded him levelly. "I still got friends at Whelk; they tell me what goes on. That slut you got over there, you thought I didn't know, hah? Well, I got one thing to say to you, just one thing." She eyed him again. "You're married to me and to me you'll stay married. And I know why you married me, too; you married me because I had four thousand dollars saved up, that's why, and every cent of it you lost for me with your smart business deals, my good money. Where does anybody so dumb as you get to think he can lay his hands on money?" She gave him a grin that was a fair match for his own. "All you're good for is to lose it from dumbness, or lose even more than four thousand dollars," she added significantly, "from plenty *worse* dumbness."

He had gone out into the wet afternoon because that tongue of hers went on, and from experience he knew how long she could keep it up. He had to get out or there would have been murder. But this was not the time for it; he must wait. Wrapped in his hatred he moved along, bleached as death, for the thousandth time turning over in his mind the trouble that ate into him unceasingly, as though he had swallowed vitriol.

His girl at Whelk was, in a way, the beginning of his trouble. As soon as he had money, he would walk out on his wife (and how easy *that* would be always afforded him a small grin), and they would take a good long jump, maybe to Reno, maybe as far as Mexico City. There was only one catch: it was up to him to get some money.

And he had tried: he had made his single big play, and he had failed. And for the nature of this failure—the mistake *he* had made, the single, colossal blunder—he had no one but himself to thank. No use trying to shove any part of the blame onto his accomplice: he alone had made a mess of the business. The thought of all that money—so near at one point, almost in his very hands—roused him to a frenzy that, since the event, had

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never lessened but instead had increased.

None of this madness was betrayed by his outer appearance; he seemed to pursue his accustomed routine in his usual impassive guise. In reality he was a skinned man walking, raw with failure, seething with a murderous fury that required only the lightest flick, at exactly the right moment, to free it from its precarious restraint. As it happened, the person who had administered this decisive and transforming flick was Trudy.

It was that look of hers that had done it, the day he came walking into the parlor where his wife was talking to that big cow, and with them was this little doll, this beauty. He was crazy for just her kind, young and slender, yet rounded, and he had every right to inform her of this with his look. And how had she taken it? How had she dared to respond to him, Max Nagelhob, a man full of all kinds of power and importance that the eyeless world failed to appreciate? Again and again, in the course of his daily employment, he saw her scornful chin, her cold eyes looking through him, Max Nagelhob, as if he were dirt. From that day, her contempt lay buried in him, a festering splinter not to be dislodged. He made it up to himself by thinking about her obscenely; he wished he had an idea of her name or where she lived. Probably she had been in this neighborhood the one time and would never come again; no one would, from choice.

Her reappearance, consequently, electrified him. Having caught a glimpse of her as he escaped from the house and the dinning of his wife's voice, he had started to follow her. Then he had to dodge alongside of an empty house because a fella driving a car started to pick her up, the little tramp, but in the end she didn't go with him after all.

When she and the man separated, Nagelhob edged out of hiding and ate up the pavement hungrily, keeping on the opposite side of the street and holding her with eyes like two pale, shiny nails. Unfortunately, she had gotten too much of a start on him, she was certainly stepping along; then the blue raincoat went around a corner and disappeared. No use trying to find her on the crowded boulevard, but now that he knew she was a visitor to these parts he would keep an eye out, in an entirely different way. On his pale wide mouth was something too faint to be called a smile, and in his mind something too murky to be called a plan. It was not a plan at all, in fact, but a picture; a picture of the girl's homegoing route, for she could not avoid passing between the lots on their street. There were two of them on opposite sides, right across from each other, vast empty stretches—and lonelier places it was hard to imagine, especially as the day wore on. On the outer edges of this waste—once used as a dump—grew fringes of the rankest, toughest weeds. Though withered now, they still stood thick and upright, three and four feet high, a pretty good screen. Not so good, though, as the disused billboards that stretched along there in rickrack formation, their angles affording the nicest private places that ever helped along a robbery or a rape.

"I've asked you not to do that," Rube said to Mrs. Maryk. "I could see you from my window. I've asked you not to again and again."

Mrs. Maryk, caught in the act, closed the back door and advanced into the kitchen, blinking apologetically.

"You go way back in the yard like that when it's getting dark," he went on, trying to subdue the unfriendliness of his tone, "I've told you it's dangerous."

"Yess, yess," she muttered with a rebuked air, but her gaze failed to waver before the accusation in his. "But what you want me to do when the cat make such terrible noises?"

"When?" he asked. "When was the cat making noises?"

"You don' hear?" She was astonished. "Not loud but cry, cry like it is born a couple days ago, but how," Mrs. Maryk was now the accuser, "how you're in back an' you don' hear? *I* hear."

"I guess I was half-asleep," he shrugged. "All the same, Mrs. Maryk, will you for God's sake stop taking risks like that?"

"All right," she rejoined immovably; her stock of repentance had run out. "But it holler and cry a couple days maybe before it die, how I can just sit an' listen, hah? So *you* go look, please," she adjured him. "You bring me back the cat, I don' go no more out."

"O.K.," he grunted after a moment, sourly. "I'd better get my flash."

As soon as he stepped outdoors he was aware of Mrs. Nagelhob on her landing, apparently trying to force a lid on a garbage pail; he continued to hear the noise of her efforts as he walked toward the bin. Here he flashed his light into its ruinous interior conscientiously, from time to time emitting a 'here kitty, here kitty,' without enthusiasm. His search failed to reveal the least indications of life, and, having finished, he stood hesitant and exasperated. If he went in and reported failure the old girl was sure to come out again and go poking around, and he wanted to stop her excursions conclusively. Again he hesitated, then made up his mind and walked back slowly. Mrs. Nagelhob was now descending the stairs with her pail.

" 'Scuse me, Missis," Rube grunted with a reluctance not at all simulated. "Miz Maryk, she says there's cats hollerin' out in the bin, young ones by the sound, an' it worries her. You hear it?"

"Cats!" Mrs. Nagelhob repeated. Her voice was scornful but surprised; her head reared up with a hostile motion. "What you talking about, cats?"

"She heard it, she was out here lookin'."

"I know she was looking," the woman interrupted contemptuously. "I seen her. I wondered what she's doing out there, an' it's almost dark."

"It's this cat she heard—"

"It's no cat," Mrs. Nagelhob cut him off, inimical and positive. "I been right here since before she come out, trying to fix this handle so it holds the lid closed. Right here I been all the time, and wasn't no cat. She says she heard a cat, somebody's crazy and it ain't me."

"You're sure?" Rube asked foolishly, after a moment of surprise.

"All right, so don't believe me," she enjoined him viciously. "I got eyes in my head, I got ears—yes, and I got a nose—but don't believe me." Her bulk, half-defined by the light from her kitchen, went up the stairs and slammed the door.

Rube was left solitary, prey to a slow, gathering consternation of a most catalytic nature. He remembered his skeptical reception of Helm's garbage story, his dismissal of it, or what amounted to dismissal. "Something about that story isn't kosher," he had insisted, from his cocksure pinnacle of conviction. "That character next door, I wouldn't believe her on a stack of Bibles." Thus he had argued with his superior, and what was the result? The neighbor was right after all; his own eyes and ears had furnished him with proof of it. Suddenly he saw their whole plan reduced to wreckage. Mrs. Maryk was capable of hearing things that had no existence, and, if she were subject to delusions of hearing, why not of seeing? In a word, was there nothing to *anything* she had said?

"What a heck of a note," he thought incoherently. His jaw set, and he went up the steps again with fury eating him.

Mrs. Maryk was dithering about the kitchen looking for something, pulling out the same drawers over and over again. Rube stood watching for a few moments without sympathy, before saying in a hard voice, "Now what?"

"My knife," she muttered, never ceasing to look. "My bick one what cuts good an' sharp. I had it not long back, not long ..." She peered urgently into a drawer.

"You've looked there before," Rube said. "Where'd you have it last?"

"I remember good. I tooked it down in the yard, I wass cutting a piece clothesline, an' I forget to bring it in. Then I remember an' go back an' the knife is no longer there."

"Sit down a minute, Mrs. Maryk." At his tone she became motionless, and looked at him quickly and timidly. "Sit down a minute and rest," he repeated. "You look all tired-out."

She hesitated, as though sensing his new unfriendliness; then obediently subsided onto a chair.

"Look, Mrs. Maryk," said Rube, as

gently as he could; her scared look made him feel guilty. "Are you perfectly sure there was such a knife? Take a minute, now, and think. Did you really have a knife like that?"

"Dit I have a knife like that!?" she repeated, outraged, but all at once the indignation was wiped from her face by shock, then actual terror; even Rube, unaware of the doubt planted in her by Trudy, could not fail to see the shattering effect of his question.

"Mrs. Maryk," he began in alarm, for she looked ghastly.

Again, an awful voice was ululating within her. *It is happening again. I am going mad, the child was right. I am mad.* Then her common sense rebelled. *No!* Wildly, silently, she denied the voice. *No, no!* Yet on the heels of her repudiation came another thought, still more awful. *The mad never know they're mad*, it mocked her slyly. *The mad never know they're mad.*

"I lay down now," the old woman muttered, after a moment, and swayed on her chair. "Please, I lay down now."

"God Almighty," Rube thought later, after he had helped her upstairs. "Helm'll shoot his cork." He had no choice but to report the disaster, and yet—in the very act of reaching for the concealed phone—he found his arm refusing to obey his volition. It was nagging at him again—that buried itch, maddening; the feeling that somewhere along the line he was missing out continually.

"Let Helm call it off," he thought suddenly, stubborn and illogical. "If the deal's going to be junked, it's Helm's business. I'm keeping my mouth shut."

The instant she passed, Nagelhob was on the alert. In the last few days he had stuck close to the windows, upstairs and downstairs, keeping the street under surveillance, especially in the later afternoon, and here she was at just about the same hour as last time.

Instantly he got up from his bed; a hot wild pulse began pounding through him like a hammer-beat. His face changed, becoming blind and intent, and a sleepwalking quality entered his motions as though some outside power were twitching him to and fro like an evil chess piece. He knew she would stay next door an hour or so; he could lie down another half-hour if he chose. But the fever in him would not let him lie down, and anyway he must leave the house early enough to be in hiding when she came past. Having reconnoitered the ground, he knew there was no one favorable spot for his purpose; he would have to dart out upon her according to circumstance and opportunity and the speed of her walk. She certainly made time, as if she disliked the neighborhood and wanted to get out of it as soon as possible. The thought amused him, and a curious white movement in his face might have been taken for a smile.

Forty minutes later he was crouching amid plentiful cover at a point chosen at random, about a third of the way down the block. He had picked this particular lot on the premise that she seemed to walk on this side of the street from choice. At least she had done so that first time he saw her talking to the fella with the car. And the emptiness was complete, not one single soul had passed all the time he had been here . . . he stiffened, raising his head with a movement like the pricking of ears; far away in the intense silence a quick, light staccato sounded on the pavement, coming nearer and nearer. There was no need even to risk a quick look from ambush, it was she all right, the little tramp, step-step-stepping right along.

The joke was on Trudy. It could never have occurred to her, a few days ago, that she would be visiting this Godforsaken neighborhood, not because her grandmother needed her, but because she needed her grandmother. For Trudy, at this time, loved her mother but did not like her; her love for her father was crippled by the ache of pity and unwilling contempt. She needed to love and admire someone without reservation, and the need was intensified by the image of Rube on her horizon, an image inviting the thought of love. Yet her common sense told her that she would never see him again, and the thought left her desolate, full of unfocused longing and the need for refuge. Not that she thought of her grandmother as a refuge; she only knew that after being with her awhile she felt better about everything. It would take her some years to realize why: that the sight of courage is exhilarating.

"That little old thing," she reflected now, walking fast; the visit over, she was in a hurry to get out of the depressing street. "You've got to hand it to her, she just simply doesn't scare. Or no," she contradicted herself. "Maybe she does, but she doesn't let it stop her. And she looked awfully bad this time, and you can't even sell her that she looks bad, she just isn't buying it. And no bigger than a picked sparrow, that little old job."

She was smiling to herself as she skipped nimbly over a broken curb and started to walk still faster alongside a stretch of darkening lot.

When she came to where Nagelhob crouched and he started moving stealthily so that his progress would parallel hers, the first hitch in the plan presented itself; the unforeseen difficulty of moving with sufficient quietness. The lot was full of broken glass and rotted tin cans, noisy when stepped on—noisy enough to startle her into flight and spoil all his chances, present or future. Muttering obscenely, he had to pick his way with utmost caution, and as a result she was getting ahead of him, much too far ahead. . . .

All at once his way was open; between the trash-humps a trail led away from him, narrow but clear for fifty or sixty feet. It was enough to let him close the gap between them; he started to run, soundless in his crêpe-soled shoes, and, as he ran, his mind, in that way of his, raced ahead of him in a tranced ecstasy of destruction, crouching, tensing, leaping, bringing her down under him, brutally smashing her mouth so she could not scream, dragging her back into cover. It was over, he had won; the male greatness in him was avenged and appeased, and, with a victor's tread (but discreetly), he moved out of the lot in another direction.

Already in position for the leap, a stillness gripped him; the jungle denizen in him caught the unfriendly sound ahead of the ears of his body. Footsteps, much heavier footsteps coming along quickly after the girl, a voice calling.

From behind a billboard he saw the man overtake her, talk with her briefly, then start walking along beside her. The intruder was known to him—the guy with the car who had tried to pick her up last time. Gripping the standard, Nagelhob raised himself a little more and stared after them. Next time, he consoled himself, next time. This guy could hardly be expected to turn up three times running, twice was bad luck enough. Now that chance had presented him with the clear track through the weeds, he knew where to station himself without any more horsing around or waste of moments.

And meanwhile—with his blinkless eyes glued to them—they went along side by side foolishly pleased with each other, and never would either one know of the hairline that had divided Trudy from the endless oblivion whose vestibule was haunted with a nightmare horror.

"Why can't I drive you home?" Rube asked one more time, as they stood at the bus stop.

"Well," said Trudy, and looked down unhappily. "Not this time," she petitioned, with something in her voice evasive and apologetic. "Maybe next time."

"Parents strict?" Rube asked.

"Something—something like that."

"That's a reason you don't hear much, anymore. Anyway," he checked hastily and glanced at his watch, "I'm due on the job. But look, you know my name now, I know yours. I'll let you drive if you'd rather have it that way, next time. You do drive?"

"Oh yes."

"Well," he smiled more widely, spreading his hands, "I mean, in case you're still afraid to get in a stranger's car."

"It's not that," she said quickly. "Really it's not that, but I—I—next time I promise, if we ever see each other again."

"We will." He sounded positive. "You'll see me all right."

"It's a date." Trudy's voice shook slightly but her eyes were a dazzling blue, hopeful and fearful and dawningly confi-

dent. "Do I have to call you Rube?" she asked. "I'd rather call you something else."

"Anything you like's O.K.," Rube assured her. "Make up your mind what it is before you walk me in on the family."

No one could miss that shadow that fell on her instantly, dimming everything—her eyes, her vivid color, her smile. "All right, I'll—oh, here's my bus." She sounded relieved. "Good-by."

Rube watched as the bus swallowed and bore her away; his heart was unquiet with delicious warnings of happiness on the way, and also full of knowledge that would have amazed Trudy with its accuracy and extent. "I'll bet the mother's spoiled things for her before this," he thought, recalling his single interview with Mrs. Merrick immediately following the old lady's detention. "God, that Tartar. Scares away her friends most likely, especially boys. Kid stuff maybe, but it's marked her—she's afraid to bring anyone home, poor kid."

Then an unrelated thought struck him like a club: his distrust of Mrs. Maryk had become total. Moreoever she was no more use to him in her downhill state of health; the deterioration in her could be seen almost from hour to hour.

And then he knew that if his convictions had reached such a point, it was impossible to keep them from Helm any longer.

"So that's the payoff on Mrs. Maryk." Helm's mouth looked as if he had eaten something bad. "You can't trust a word she says. God, we've been taken—and how."

"Yeh." Rube agreed morosely. "I buy the neighbor's account. I buy it all the more because she isn't saying it for spite. If it were spite, she'd have grabbed the chance to make trouble about the garbage."

A silence followed, loaded with question.

"I don't know," Helm groaned, answering it. "I don't know what to do, and that's the truth. If I pulled you out of there, and somebody got to the old lady in the first twenty-four hours after . . ."

Rube stood silent.

"How do you feel about it?" Helm asked suddenly.

"The same as you," Rube answered. "I'd like permission to stay there, say a couple days more, if it's O.K. with you."

"Nothing's O.K.," said Helm sourly. "All right, we've wasted this much time and tax payers' money, we might as well waste a little more."

"Thank you, sir," Rube offered.

"That's it then, I guess," said Helm. "By the way, do you know you look terrible?"

"I feel terrible," Rube admitted. It was the stupidity of fatigue that made him add, "I've been cutting down on my sleep, and maybe it's beginning to get to me a little."

"Cutting down on your sleep? Why?"

"I had this hunch." Aghast, he saw that he had put his foot in it. "I've been snooping around in my own car, afternoons."

In the following silence, Helm's florid face turned a curious tallow; his eyes were pale blue ice.

"Again," he said. His voice was tight, husky, and very low. "Think you know better than the guy that gives the orders, h'h?"

"No sir," said Rube.

"So help me, if you weren't in the middle of a case I'd have you in uniform in five minutes," Helm gritted at him. "Maybe I will anyway. I'll take care there won't be any next time."

Rube stood mute.

"Get back there and get some sleep. That's an order," said Helm, and turned to his desk contemptuously.

Mrs. Maryk's roomer, repentant, was hanging out his laundry in the yard. Thus engaged, he registered the fact that somebody had come down the back stairs next door. The rapid footstep was not that of his declared enemy; it must be the husband, with whom, as it happened, he had never exchanged a word. Having defined the impression inattentively, almost unconsciously, he was altogether unprepared when the footsteps came up rapidly behind him and a hand took ungentle hold of his shoulder, trying to spin him around.

"Say, you," the man from next door snarled at him, "what you mean, talking to my wife the way you done? Who do you think you are, coming in where you don't belong and shooting off your dirty bum's mouth at people that lives here, hah?" He struck at him half-heartedly and Rube, still disabled by his surprise, returned the blow in the same fashion.

This seemed to operate like a signal; the man moved in fast. Rube only had time to dodge a hard blow to the face, then they were striking and parrying furiously all over the yard. At once Rube was aware that he had a good wrestler to deal with. The man possessed a lightning ability to shift stance and grip, and a strength out of all proportion to his size; he was well-equipped for the work of which Rube knew, the worst horrors of a State institution. Rube, on his side, was trained in technics of which Nagelhob knew nothing and his size and weight gave him an advantage, but he could not betray a fighting skill incompatible with a low-grade laborer, and he had no desire to hurt his assailant badly. The other's repeated attempts to get in close puzzled him—until a movement of the man's knee advertised his intention. At once Rube retaliated with a vicious blow, contriving to make it seem a matter of luck, and he and his opponent reeled apart. For the next few seconds they stood in the gathering darkness, breathing hard and glaring at each other.

"I kill you, you dirty—" Nagelhob mumbled at last, with an effort. No wonder it hurt his face to talk, Rube reflected with satisfaction. "You get fresh with my wife again, I stick a knife in your eyes." He turned away, obviously in pain, and labored slowly up his steps. Rube ascended, too, his gait even more clogged than Nagelhob's—not by pain but by a dawning wonder, a heavier and heavier weight of conjecture. Upstairs in his room, he sat down to think.

His verbal run-in with Mrs. Nagelhob had been days ago; if the husband had come out immediately after and offered to paste him one, there would have been nothing surprising about it. But this delayed reprisal, so long after the event. . . . There was something contrived about it, put-up—and done, Rube was convinced, at the wife's instigation; the whole thing smacked of female tactics. So she was still trying to get him out of there. But her earlier pretext, concern for Mrs. Maryk, no longer held water; the police had certified him harmless. Therefore she must have some other motive. The thought had never occurred to him that his presence constituted an obstacle to something she wanted to do; that she was trying to dislodge him for unsuspected reasons of her own, secret reasons.

"I want anything you have on a Mrs. Nagelhob,"—he spelled it—"now living at 83429 East Kintner Street. She's married to an employee at Whelk—an attendant or something, I think in the violent ward."

"O.K.," grunted Lieutenant Morgan at Identification. "I'll get her maiden name soon as the Bureau opens."

"She met him through a friend also working at Whelk," continued Rube. "It was years ago I guess, but you might still dig up the friend—get some kind of a line that way."

"O.K.," said the lieutenant. "It doesn't sound complicated."

Rube gave him the number of his peculiarly private phone and stretched out again on his bed, whose tortured pillows and blankets bore witness to the nature of his repose since seven that morning. Now he lay wide-eyed, a deep line between his brows, tight as a knot with his inner conflict—between Helm's positive instructions to stay in and sleep, and his own frantic desire to get out of these four smothering walls and do—do what? He had no idea, only his gnawing unease, which had become much more frantic since Mrs. Nagelhob's sudden leap to prominence in his mind; something was going on and he should be at a post of observation, not buried in this hole. On the other hand he had had his warning, and Helm was in no mood to be fooled with. Rube had come up in his profession through years of hard work,

and to throw it all away in an hour, for the luxury of being a Boy Scout . . .

He sat up, beat his pillow as if it were an enemy, then drove his head into it and lay still. Sleep surprised him at this position, beaten flat as after a bludgeoning.

The whisper of his phone—inaudible outside the room—went on and on before it pierced the thick stupor that muffled him; finally, still asleep, he sat up and lifted it.

"Rube?" a voice kept saying; it nudged him enough awake to let him articulate, "Yeh?"

"What's with you—got a mouthful of cotton?" demanded Lieutenant Morgan. "Snap out of it, sweetheart; maybe we're onto something or other here."

"What you got?" demanded Rube. The prospect of any development at all had cleared his head as by magic.

"The single name of the Nagelhob wedding license," Morgan launched out. "He married a dame named Lena Swartz. Well, there's no Lena Swartz in the regular files—no record, no fingerprints, nothing. Well then, we went to Administration at Whelk, and right away something turned up, a little bit funny."

"Yeh?" He was passive, not daring even to hope.

"According to them, Nagelhob was engaged to marry another employee at Whelk, a practical nurse in the female violent ward. Plenty people at Whelk remember, it was only seven years ago. And the date on the license fits all right, but the woman's name is wrong. Funny-peculiar, h'h?"

"Yeh," grunted Rube. The sudden veering of the investigative ray onto something murky but unrelated returned him to disappointment.

"What they all seem to think at Whelk, this Dora Kormeni had a little dough saved up and that's why he was chasing her," Morgan pursued. "So we have Dora quitting her job to marry him, but he turns up at the license bureau with Lena."

"Yeh," Rube muttered vacantly. "Yeh."

"What d'you think he did with Dora?" queried Morgan, after a pause. "Buried her in some cellar? Fed her to a furnace in little bits, on a real cold night seven years ago?"

"We won't find out now," said Rube. "But I'd still like anything you can get me on the present wife—this Lena Swartz."

"We're trying. Brady just got a whole string of telephotos of her, and we'll show them around at Whelk. It's prob'ly the last place they'd know her," admitted Morgan. "But seeing it's where the husband works, it's all the starting-point we have, at least for the moment."

For a long interval after he hung up Rube sat crouched, in the special stillness of an animal warned, but by something too distant, shapeless; all he could hear was the humming in his head, *Something going on, something going on.*

He broke out of it all at once, leaping to his feet. "The heck with it," he said aloud, incoherently. "So I'll get myself put back on a beat. O.K." Minutes later, a hastily-cleaned-up young man in suit and topcoat was driving about slowly, without a plan and without a reason. As usual he had spotted the detective on day-duty and the pattern of his patrol, and found it easy to avoid him; two enormous lots nearby were especially useful in allowing him to keep his distance. In this fashion he coasted about for a weary interval, while the sky darkened and the threat of the everlasting rain gathered; the monotony of his aimless cruising had reduced him at last to an automaton, no longer knowing what he did or why.

Something roused him from his torpor—a small blue object far away across lots, moving fast on his horizon. Unconsciously he smiled; she was certainly stepping along, as usual. For seconds he amused himself by watching the blue flash as it appeared and disappeared briefly in the spaces between a line of derelict billboards; the expanse was shagged with weeds tall enough so that she only appeared from the waist up.

He bent forward with a sudden intensity, frowning. What had he seen, actually, because it had happened so fast? A shadow that had flicked out of hiding, then in again, not so much a shadow, even, as an impression of movement. Another moment or so of prolonged staring, and something else was perceptible—no glimpse of a body, no arms or legs, only a continuous moving trail on the other side of the billboards nearest him as something in concealment hugged them, hunkering low, yet even in this inconvenient position achieving a remarkable degree of speed; someone creeping along through cover and keeping parallel or a little ahead of the girl; someone, incredibly, stalking Trudy.

Rube was out of the car and running before he had clearly defined the impression. Impossible to drive across lots; his only hope was to take the prowler from the rear. And, catastrophically, he had come out unarmed, to be able to say to Helm he had come out unofficially. As he ran he fought out of his topcoat and shed it, always running. In spite of his utmost tiptoe efforts it seemed to him he was crashing along through the ancient rubbish like an elephant, and the man was again invisible in his stooping progress, somewhere diagonally ahead of him in the rank growth of premature dusk. Perhaps he had heard him, perhaps already escaped. . . . Trying to combine frantic haste with extreme caution, Rube almost overshot, stopping dead with a convulsive jerk as he saw something mere yards in advance—lower down in the weeds than he should think a grown man could get. Only a head was visible; it was the very instant that the thing was poised to leap, in a cataleptic intentness that rendered it unconscious of the enemy's approach.

Rube ran furiously the scant twenty feet and fell upon the creature, which just had time to twist about like a flash and half-rise; it had a stocking drawn over its head, blending it with the weeds. They met with the shock of two missiles, and the next instant formed a hurtling pinwheel of combat hazed with dust and composed of movements too fast to see. But the instant Rube closed with him, it was exactly as if a bundle of electric eels had exploded in his grip; the frenzy of strength against him was maniacal, powered by a desperation for which normal strength had no equivalent. Wildly they fought in the dead silence of mortal encounter, striking heavily against billboards and caroming off them—until the instant in their blind threshing when Rube's left leg went through a shell of debris and into a shallow hole. He floundered violently, thrown backward and trying to save himself from a fall, and at once the man tore free and disappeared. Rube, regaining balance, was left staring and straining for any trace of movement, any sound—but nothing; only emptiness and gray light, darker and duller by the moment.

Drained of everything, he stood retching with his frustrated desire to feel the man under him, tear the stocking from that smooth head like a worm's, then savage him to death, feel him die between his hands . . . but one certainty at least the episode had yielded: that this was the same man he had fought in Mrs. Maryk's yard last night. The style of fighting, the serpentine litheness were the same; the *feel* of the man was the same.

Dashing across lots to his car, he overtook Trudy in the next couple of blocks, stopping ahead of her and walking back. She came to a sudden halt as he strode up; her mouth fell open and her eyes, canvassing his face, widened.

"Don't be scared," he said quickly. "I got roughed up a little back there—the cops were chasing a man and I tried to stop him."

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"Oh!" she gasped. "Suppose he'd had a gun!"

"He didn't." He was cold and menacing, as if she were the malefactor. "Get in my car; I want to talk to you."

She started to walk alongside of him with automatic obedience, responding in spite of herself to his voice and its no-nonsense, professional accent of authority. As they neared the car, however, she rallied and pulled back a little, her native dislike of bossiness reviving. Rube dealt with this manifestation at once, and not gently.

"Get in," he repeated, opening the door and shoving her through, then got in on the other side, slamming the door hard and facing around to her.

"You aren't to come to this neighborhood any more," he said in a harsh voice. "The man they were chasing was a prowler in that lot back there."

"He wouldn't have gotten much from me," she murmured, amused. "I've about two dollars on me."

"That's not the question." He was impatient, then half-grateful for her lack of realization. "A roller gives you a concussion maybe while he's finding out, so just stay away from this district in future, will you?"

"But they've arrested him," she countered, and he reflected that she came honestly by her bent for argument. "If he's arrested, where's the danger?"

"I didn't say he was arrested," said Rube, wanting to shake her. "I said they were chasing him. I don't know if they got him or not. Now look," he bore on, cutting across her attempt to speak. "I'm driving you home." He reached for the starter, then remembered in time to assume the proper ignorance. "Where d'you live? I'll take you there."

She was silent a moment; he could see her growing resentment at his high-handedness before she answered. "The corner of Upgrove and Fairfield will be all right."

"You live there?"

"Near there," she answered coldly, and for the first few minutes they drove in silence, visibly at swords' points, and staring straight ahead.

The change of atmosphere in which the tension of anger faded and another tension took its place came imperceptibly; neither of them knew at what point it began. They had never been so near to each other for so long a time and the feeling between them, that had been immediate and instinctive, seemed deepened and concentrated by the very smallness of the space that boxed them in. Their glances, after a period of stonily ignoring one another, were quick and furtive; their faces were somber with the same desire, both angry yet longing to touch each other. . . . In Rube especially the emotion she always roused in him reached a piercing climax as he thought of the danger she had been in, the atrocious violation and terror she would have undergone before being left badly hurt or dying, alone in the foul lot; his blood ran cold as he remembered that her escape was accidental, a matter of mere blind luck.

Meanwhile they had reached the designated corner; he pulled in under a tree, then sat back and regarded her in a manner strangely bemused, still seeing the horror that had brushed past her more plainly than he saw the girl herself. Then she emerged from his visioned mutilation and her youth and exquisite contours broke his heart, and her eyes, partly-shadowed, were more beautiful than in full daylight.

"Now look," he said huskily. "Promise me you won't go that way again—at any rate, not alone."

"Oh, pooh." Her own voice trembled a little, yet her stubbornness was back in force. "I'd have been all right. Because I did hear a noise in that lot, a scuffling sort of, and I just ran. I thought it was kids, but I didn't wait to find out. They wouldn't have caught me," she bragged, with fine assurance. "I've a pretty good pair of legs. I think you're just making a big production out of all this."

"Listen!" he shouted at her, and she jumped. "Don't be a bullheaded little know-it-all!"

"What right have you to talk to me like that?" she demanded. "What—"

"Shut up," he beat her down; his jaw squared, his eyes furious. "If you ever go alone to that neighborhood again I'll-I'll—"

"You'll what?" she managed, defiant and tremulous, and was cut off brutally as he flung himself toward her, seized her, struck her face with kisses like blows, broke her back and ribs with all the ruthless strength of his arms. She was being considerably hurt and was oblivious to it; her arms were around him, her soul fused with his; she drowned in a roaring sea, terrified by a wildness in herself of which she could never have dreamed, a longing to fall down before him, submit herself, exult in being his altogether, only his.

The wave passed, leaving them dizzy and weak, separating a little in order to look at each other again.

"You're lovely," he muttered. "Lovely, lovely, lovely."

"So are you," said Trudy; it could almost have been a sob. "You're lovely."

He laughed, brushing the line of her cheek with one finger. "Girls don't say that to guys," he informed her.

"I say it," she declared, and sat up straighter. "I'm still going to school," came from her suddenly and innocently, with no idea she was taking too much for granted. "I'd like to finish school."

"You should," he nodded; her confidence in his intentions seemed as natural as breathing. "You ought to finish school."

"I'm practically eighteen now," she continued. "I'll be nineteen then. Nineteen's better, isn't it, than . . .?"

"Much better," he assented, and it gave her a heavenly feeling—that they could talk in this sort of shorthand, with so few words needed. "You're a little too young. There's a big difference between getting married at eighteen and waiting until nineteen."

Delirious happiness crested in her again, then her eyes became troubled; she looked at him and saw the same trouble in his, the same recollection of what happened when they touched each other, and the prospect before them—the long waiting or the fevered bedding in some moment of madness, and the subsequent furtiveness, uneasiness.

"Maybe eighteen isn't so young," she murmured.

"We'll see," he responded practically. "We'll settle it ourselves. It's our business, after all."

"Rube," she said breathlessly; the painful fear and timidity darkened her again. "My mother . . . I mean, don't mind if she—I mean, don't be angry with me if she says something you don't like. She can be wonderful to you but you never know how she'll—"

"Don't worry," he cut her off. "You mean she's got a temper? So had my father," he said, at her shamed nod. "It sure made my social life rugged when I was a kid. Don't worry," he commanded again. "No one's going to spoil this for us," and saw the shadow melt away and the radiance come back.

Later, as she was climbing out of the car . . .

"Remember now," he detained her. "You won't go alone to that neck of the woods any more, will you?"

"I won't," said Trudy, meek as meek.

He sat watching her walk away and thought he had missed his chance to tease her about the old housekeeper. He smiled, then recollected his own illicit presence here and the fact that Helm might have checked up on him and found him not in his room, in which case he had little or nothing to smile about, and was in for a verbal thrashing.

Trudy covered the distance home in seconds, hardly feeling the ground beneath her feet. When she recalled the things that had had power to make her miserable only a few days ago, she could have laughed out loud; her being afraid to bring home those little boys from school, silly things like that, and now she walked in glory, safe from unhappiness. From her dizzy shining pinnacle she felt in love with the whole world; she had endless good will and joy to lavish on everyone. Casting about for its first beneficiaries, she thought of her frequent impatience toward her father with a keener-than-usual pang, hating herself; from

now on she would be different. And her mother . . .

"She loves me in her own way," Trudy thought, with brand-new wisdom. "You can't expect people to love you the way you want, they just have to love you the way they can." Simultaneous with the thought she was home, letting herself in automatically with her habitual quiet movements, she was hardly aware of the faint noises that reached her through the closed door and that burst out as she opened it, in a double-voiced jangle. Then . . .

Frightened, stricken at once with shapeless premonition, she closed the door softly and stood listening. The uproar was coming from her parents' bedroom and the man's voice was completely unfamiliar though she knew it to be her father's, and both of them were raving and sobbing at the same time and the sound, frightful, opened bottomless chasms of disaster beneath her feet and turned her cold all over.

"Get out!" John was yelling. "You're no wife to me, get out!"

"I would have," she yelled in return, strident. "I would have years ago, believe me, if not for the kids. I never loved you, I never wanted you."

"Damn you! Don't think I don't know you've been going around picking up men. . . ."

"What kind of life have I had with you? Take it out on the sewing machine, that's my life. Aren't you ashamed to want someone who doesn't want you, aren't you ashamed . . ."

"You—! I kill you some day, honest to God I kill—"

Trudy withdrew without a sound, easing out of the door and closing it behind her noiselessly. Then she started walking without purpose or direction, walking and walking blindly.

I hate them, they'll spoil everything for me. Suppose Rube had been with me then. A sickness followed the thought. *But he'll have to meet them someday, and, when he does, I'll lose him. On account of them, I'll lose him. I won't blame him, either. My family. What a family. I hate them, I hate all of them.*

The same words went round and round in her head, slowly, creeping embers of hatred. And meanwhile she had trudged through unknown neighborhoods; she had sat in a deserted stretch of park until she was chilled, then had risen and started walking again. After another unmeasured interval she was standing under the marquee of a motion-picture house. She bought a ticket, and went in; it was somewhere to sit down, out of the cold.

When she stepped out of the theatre she encountered complete darkness—and something else, a problem new to her. No place to go. Beneath the brilliant marquee she stood dead-still for long seconds, hesitant and forlorn; homelessness edged the raw wind with extra desolation and drove the cold, wet pavement through her soles like a knife.

"Go back there—that house," she muttered. "Rather sit in the park." Panic began disintegrating her, before the blackness all about was pierced by a small beacon whose weak yet steady light began to remind her that, after all, she did have somewhere to go, a shelter of sorts, better than nothing. Rube's warning about the neighborhood had fallen into the limbo of forgotten things; she began to walk toward the bus at her usual fast clip, but had to slow down at once because of the strange tiredness that pervaded her.

"Intent to rape is more like it, sir," Rube argued over the phone in his room. "I was watching him before we tangled. It was a kid he was trailing, a young girl —she certainly wouldn't have been worth robbing."

"All right," Helm acquiesced unwillingly, but Rube's heart leaped; he had had to talk himself hoarse to bring his superior to this point. "But we've nothing to charge him with; we'll have to figure out something."

"His shoes," Rube urged. "The lot's full of rusty junk and cinders. His pants —he was squatting when I first saw him. Or those billboards we slammed up against."

"O.K., O.K.," Helm interrupted. "But you'll look pretty sick if we don't find anything, so you better brace yourself."

"I'm braced," said Rube grimly. As they hung up he was smiling; nothing could keep down the elation in his heart. He spent a few moments putting stuff on the worst of his bruises, souvenirs of the encounter in the lot, then stretched upon his bed with a blissful grunt. As it turned out, his mysterious unrest over the people next door must have derived from the husband's personality, not the wife's. It had pointed him to a rapist instead of a kidnaper, but all the same he checked it up as a 1,000 per cent credit; what he had prevented this day was enough to make a man feel good all his life. By the way, was it accident or design that Helm had failed to comment on the obvious fact of his being at large against orders? He would find out as soon as this assignment was over, and it was virtually over now; the Maryk incident was at an end.

Still smiling however, his mind at peace for the first time in days, he yawned luxuriously, then fell, stone-like, into instant, bottomless sleep.

Mrs. Maryk roused with a start from one of the naps which she detested. Also her wakings, once immediate and clear-eyed, were now slow and confused, and she hated that, too. But now she had stirred urgently and raised up a little, straining . . . the sound had been so very faint, perhaps not there at all, for now her self-distrust extended to everything she saw and heard; from all sides she had had testimony that she imagined things, and, at last, even her peasant stubbornness had been fatally eroded by this unanimity. So many people could not be wrong and she alone right, and of course she had heard nothing just now because there had been nothing to hear. The sound came again, faint as if wind-blown, the faint bitter weeping of a child. . . .

Miro, flashed into her mind at once. *Little Casimir. The father's been knocking them around again.* Cloudily, she then remembered that the children had been taken away, or had they? She could swear that was his voice, out there. . . .

"He must have knocked to come in," she thought with dismay, "and here I'm sleeping like a lump and don't hear." Her efforts to push herself upright in a hurry produced a giddiness in her so destructive that she had to fall back, and it was only her accidental glance at the alarm clock that told her it was no more than half-past nine. This nerved and encouraged her; it had felt much later, everything so utterly quiet, and in the quietness the drift of the child's voice again, then frightened, heartbroken crying. . . .

"Yess, I come," she muttered, lurching dizzily off the bed and down the stairs, clutching the bannisters. In the kitchen she turned on the light, then unlocked the back door and opened it. At once the weeping sound came, weaker now but unmistakable, lacerating the heart with its helplessness; it seemed to proceed from near or behind the bin.

"Miro!" she called, straining her eyes into darkness and unable to make out anything at all, then repeated, "Casimir!" once or twice, but the crying went on and on. *He has been hurt,* she thought decisively. *He is lying there badly hurt.* For no reason, it was quite clear in her mind that Miro lay out there in the cold night unable to answer her with anything but that cry, and by now her eyes were adjusted to what had looked like impenetrable darkness and was not darkness at all; the light from her kitchen and from the kitchen next door produced a wan visibility quite far-reaching, almost as far as the bin.

How can a sound like that go on and on and nobody hear? she thought with a contemptuous glance toward the Nagelhobs' window, and carefully began letting herself down the high steps whose handrail leaned outward and trembled as it took her full weight. Glad to feel the ground under her feet again, she started picking her way toward the end of the yard, calling every few feet. But when she reached the bin a silence had fallen, and somehow the silence frightened her as the weeping had not done. He must be so badly hurt that he had become unconscious, lying there near her; if only she had brought a light . . .

Staring with all her eyes as if she could pierce the obscurity by main force, she glimpsed something odd lying on top

of the bin at the very end—a sort of dim white streak, unidentifiable. Nonplussed, she felt her way along until she had come near enough to see, of all things—she gaped, unbelieving. Her knife, her missing knife, its blade picking up a faint runnel of light in the semi-gloom; what was it doing there? Or was it a real knife? Had there ever been such a knife? With her head whirling, her eyes glued to it, she stood, afraid to touch it; if she put out her hand and nothing was there, then all of them were right, all the people who had been telling her the same thing; she was mad, she had gone mad.

The handle seemed to be lying toward her, and, hardly daring to breathe, she reached out. With a shock of incredible relief she encountered something solid, the smooth wood familiar in her hand. But how could the sounds have stopped so utterly; how could there ever have been weeping in this depth of stillness, or after all had it been the weeping she imagined? Complete bewilderment was in her as she picked up the knife with a mechanical gesture—then started violently as a figure rose out of the shadows at the bin's extremity, huge shoulders strange to her, yet with a nightmare familiarity about them . . . and the truth blinded her like a flare going off, the buried truth known to her all along, unvoiced or unbelieved. But in the moment of total comprehension something rent her enormously; she dropped heavily to the ground, and a healing blackness drank up the fear and the pain as if they never had been. On the last fading edge of her consciousness she heard a scream, a woman's terrible scream, but it was eternities away and made no difference. Mrs. Maryk's clean old cheek, her spotless housedress, pressed upon the backyard soil, but she had finished with her unreliable machine for once and all.

The bus ride went on forever, jolting and jerking; the limp, exhausted doll sat with eyes and face gone perfectly vacant, as though drained of the power ever to feel anything again.

It was only when she climbed out and began trudging the long, lonely blocks that another vision took possession of her, and this one had curiously nothing to do with her parents. She saw herself and Rube in the small, closed car; she felt his arms and lips, his masculinity; she felt again the overwhelming moment of her own response when nothing existed but her wild longing to be possessed by him. And a stark white blade of light seemed to cleave her inner vision, a spotlight in which she saw her mother standing—her mother, yet a stranger really; someone who had been entirely hidden behind her label of Mother. Now, with the label blasted off, Trudy saw a handsome girl with all her electric vitality marrying an ineffectual man, inadequate to her in every way, all the ways that Trudy could not even have guessed at a few days ago but that now—even from the outer threshold of experience—were heartbreakingly plain to her. The devouring flame she had felt in Rube's embrace—that was the force behind her mother's unceasing, almost desperate industry; that was the need she tried to channel off with endless housework and the making of clothes and elaborate curtains whose elaborateness all at once seemed unbearably pathetic. And the man was good, good as gold, not to blame for being what he was instead of somebody else. . . .

The sob that had been gathering and gathering in her burst out uncontrollably, to her horror, in the dark slit between houses on her way to her grandmother's back door. All she could do for the moment was hug the wall of the house, instinctively seeking an even deeper shadow in which to hide her grief. "Poor dad!" she thought wildly, shaken with love and silent crying, then added, "Poor mamma! Poor mamma!"

A vague sound made her look up, thinking only that no one must see her like this—but at once she realized her invisibility in the patch of blackness where she stood. Glancing about mechanically to locate the source of the sound, she was still unalarmed when a large shape silently cleared the mass of the house next door and began walking away from her, down the yard. By now Trudy's eyes, well accustomed to the light, unmistakably identified that awful woman, that fat Mrs. Nagelhob; the sound she had heard was Mrs. Nagelhob descending her back steps almost noiselessly, but now that her movements were visible they conveyed, on the instant, so extraordinary an impression of stealth that Trudy's weeping dried up utterly beneath her wonderment and sense of something bizarre, though apprehension in her was as yet hardly a whisper. The bulk moving so silently away from her was dressed in dark clothes, slacks, and some kind of belted trench coat, and she had on her head a small close hat with a brim. Now, still dimly visible, she was at the extreme end of the yard doing something, it was impossible to see what; she appeared to be putting something down on the old broken bin out there. And after that . . .

With stupefaction and unbelief, with a sense that it could not be happening yet was, Trudy saw Mrs. Nagelhob crouch down behind the bin and start to imitate a child's crying. The imitation was wonderful, the sound so unbearably painful and the scene so impossible, so grotesque, that terror was suddenly upon her full-blown; the woman must be crazy, it was the only explanation, and she must be deathly careful not to attract the big, powerful madwoman's notice to herself by the least movement.

A light came on in Mrs. Maryk's kitchen; Trudy heard the back door open. Then her grandmother's voice called someone, but the weeping kept on as if unhearing, only more weakly and fitfully—and now accompanied by the sound of steps coming downstairs, slow and infirm and feeling their way. And with a feeling of nightmare, a renewed qualm of horror all through her, Trudy saw her grandmother emerge into her line of vision as she also went down the yard, walking toward the bin.

Her scream of warning deafened her ears but emerged from her throat as a soundless gasp; with the paralysis of fear on her and eyes starting out of her head she watched the old woman approach the bin, still calling, but with perplexity more and more evident in her voice and motions. The big woman squatting there had fallen silent; from where Trudy stood both figures were visible, the standing and the crouching one. What happened after that came swiftly, in seconds. Her grandmother seemed to touch something upon the bin, then lift it. As if this were a signal, the big woman stood up quickly, the vast shoulders and knob of head surging up from concealment like behemoth from primeval night. Then Mrs. Maryk had fallen to the ground like something dropped from a height and lain still, and the hider came out of hiding and moved toward her. . . .

The scream that had died in Trudy's throat tore from it now, jaggedly ripping the night with its anguish of fear, and at the sound the woman vanished in the direction of her house with incredible speed and could be heard going up the back stairs in an almost soundless rush but with no impact of a door closing, though the light in her kitchen went out. At the moment of her disappearance Trudy's petrified limbs thawed a little, permitting her to stumble down the yard toward the small heap lying there. No further sound came from her; she had had only the one scream in her, but it had been a good one.

"Well, for what it's worth," said Lieutenant Morgan, "we've got something here of a little interest."

"Yeh?" Rube answered, sitting in darkness. This time his phone's small voice had waked him with little trouble, and his watch told him only nine-thirty. Five hours of sleeping like a log had restored him beyond belief.

"Lena Swartz that Nagelhob married," continued the lieutenant, "and Dora Kormeni at Whelk that he was engaged to—they're the same person."

"H'h?" Rube's sound of stupid interrogation belied his feelings: of precognition, a sense of something that he had fallen just short of knowing, all along.

"The Nagelhob woman said she met her husband through a friend at Whelk, h'h? Well, she was the friend, two-three

people in Administration recognized her picture at once. She must be something," Morgan continued. "You certainly pick yourself some sweet girl friends. Dora Kormeni, that's her real name; she started at Whelk in forty-nine and got fired for cruelty to patients during that big investigation and shake-up of mental hospitals in fifty-four."

"Yeh," mumbled Rube, still held fast in his trance of prevision.

"She wasn't the only one by a long shot," the lieutenant went on, "but there were reasons why her case stood out more than others. It seems she wasn't cruel as a matter of discipline, but for fun—for kicks. And she was smart as all hell how she did it—to people whose beefs might be considered part of their delusions or something, you know? In fact she might still be getting away with it, except that another nurse tipped off the investigators—some woman that was sore at her because she'd heard Kormeni taking her off. It seems she was a natural-born mimic, always imitating somebody; so then they watched, and caught her with her guard down."

"Mh'm," Rube grunted.

"But it was such a mess, with so many higher-ups involved, that she got by with a suspended sentence. And right after that she married this Nagelhob under the name of Lena Swartz," Morgan pursued. "She'd had enough nasty publicity so it looked to her like the smart thing to do, I guess. By the way, there's some talk at Whelk that the husband's running a thing with a nurse in another ward. And why not, if he wants? Maxie's free as a bird."

"Sure he's free," Rube shrugged. "It's a cinch the woman didn't know that her assumed name invalidated the marriage. She couldn't have known."

"Sure she couldn't have known," agreed the other. "But *he* knew, I betcha. He knew all right. Maybe it suited him just as well, too; who knows?"

Just as Rube was replacing the phone the scream came, from almost under his side window—a shocking sound of terror that crisped his muscles and nerves to paralysis. Then he had snatched his gun and flashlight and was downstairs and outside, trying to probe the limitless night before offering the target of his torch. The sound was not repeated, but he could hear something else—a distracted whimpering at the far end of the yard; also he could make out something low down on the ground, near the bin.

He moved toward it with precaution, then cut the blackness with the powerful beam in which objects stood out stark, casting stark shadows. It revealed Trudy on her knees, her hands hovering over what looked like a small crumple of fabric; he shifted the light a trifle, then saw the arm protruding from it, the leg.

"Who's there!?" a voice shrilled in panic, and quickly he said, "Trudy, it's Rube, it's all right."

"My grandmother," she flung at him in a whisper more frantic than a scream; her slight rocking motion told him she was near hysteria. "You can't do anything, get someone, get a policeman!"

"I am a policeman," he said steadily. "Quiet, you'll tell me about it in a minute—quiet." He had knelt beside Mrs. Maryk, who looked amazingly small; beyond all question she was dead, and there was no need to tell Trudy.

"Go in," he ordered, glad he had had no make-up on when he rushed out into the night. "Go in," he said again, as she hesitated. "You can't help. . . . I'll take care of everything."

He heard her recital without a single interruption, before saying, "And you're sure who it was."

"I'm sure," said Trudy. Her voice throughout had been almost mechanical; the shock and fear were receding and she was only numb, not yet arrived to sorrow, only to unbelief and awe. This was death; this was how an actual living person, with a voice and movements and characteristic traits, could be there one moment, and vanish in the next. Tremendous, yet so quiet, so . . . so nothing. . . .

"I'd been in the dark long enough to see," she went on. "I watched her walk down the yard. She had on a man's trench coat or mac, I think," she added suddenly. "It gave her shoulders this terrific big look, square."

Sure, thought Rube, bemused. *Sure, sure.* Shoulders, one operative word; the other was feet, *something wrong with the man's feet.* . . . Of course the old woman had realized they were too small for a man. Also, now he came to think it over, had not her every allusion to the man in the booth a consistently feminine flavor that none of them had caught onto? In her deepest subconscious, from the first, she must have had the impression of a woman, but the police assumption that it was a man had thrown her off. It was their fault, not hers. *Old Mrs. Maryk was on the ball all along,* he thought, then: *she would have liked that epitaph.*

"I'm going to leave you alone for a few minutes," he said. With his spirit already in the house next door, he was thinking how beautiful she was—in a way he had never seen, her face so pale, remote, and peculiarly gentle. "Don't be scared when the police come, just stay where you are. Will you be all right?"

"I'll be all right," said Trudy.

"You got no idea who was out there," Nagelhob repeated. He surveyed his wife without sympathy. "You got no idea who hollered?"

"How could I?" she spat at him, still panting and breathing heavily, suet-colored, with a faint damp sheen of sweat. "My God, that scream—it went through me like a knife. How my legs got me inside the house I'll never know, honest to God I'll never know. The things I got to go through," she accused, fixing him with a glance of hatred. "Married to a thing like you, *I* got to be the man. You a man? You're a rag, a—"

"O.K., O.K.," he interrupted in a negligent, undisturbed voice. "But you think the old woman's dead?"

"Listen, she's dead," his wife re-

NEXT MONTH'S NOVEL

AGROUND

The schooner, *Dragoon*, was missing, mysteriously stolen from her pier. Days later, the police found a dead man's clothes abandoned in a floating dinghy. With no more than a single clue, Captain John Ingram and beautiful Rae Osborne embarked on an all-out search for the lost yacht. The chilling story of what they found is told in next month's novel of suspense, "Aground," by Charles Williams.

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sponded. "If you'd seen how she fell! Nobody what falls down like that ever gets up again."

"All right, so you see? Everything's O.K.," he shrugged. "It's better than your idea of gettin' in next door and putting a pillow over her face, ain't it? Then she takes a roomer and your idea's shot to hell, so *I* got to think of something. And I did, didn't I? My way they either think she's crazy and take her away, or she thinks she's crazy and worries herself to death. It was my idea and it worked, didn't it?"

"It worked! Listen to him," she jeered. "Your idea, yes, and me doing everything, me talking to the relatives and cops; me getting down behind the bin and making like cats and kids and stealing the knife; me taking all the risks!" She stopped, out of breath, and glared at him, fiercely.

"Listen, she's dead without no one ever laid a finger on her," he rejoined with immovable complacency. "That's the whole deal, that it worked. Your yakking about who done this, who done that, it don't matter."

"It don't matter!!" Outrage gave her eyes and voice a sharp edge. "You got your nerve, it don't matter!"

"No, it don't," he retorted. "The brain comes first, the thinker. The worker comes second, always."

"So? so?" His superiority, maddening, forced from her a screech of malign derision. "When it's your idea and my work, everything's fine, yeh, everything's fine and dandy! But when it's *my* idea and *your* work—not so hot, hah? Not so good when *I* get a idea, when *I* make a good swell plan how to get . . ."

It was coming, the thing they never talked about; his whispered *Shhhh!* was like cloth ripping.

". . . how to get us a little money so we can stop living like pigs," she lashed at him, out of all control. "So I get it all planned for you, all marked out for you, and then what do you do? *You got to go pick up the wrong kid.* That's how you do, you stupid mudhead; you don't get the rich people's boy, you get some poor people's kid what's playing on the big property next door where he don't belong, a nobody's kid."

"Shhh!" he hissed again.

"Yeh, my idea and your work, that's how you fix it up for us! And then you can't even hide it good, right away they find it, even that much you couldn't—"

"Look," he began.

"And then you're scared so sick, who has to go all the way downtown and make like a man over the phone? Who takes always the danger while you sit in the house safe, you dirty—"

"How safe?" he interrupted with a half smile. "Couldn't be you was fixing an out for yourself since right from the beginning of this, hah?"

"Me?" she demanded, but with a slight wavering in her tone; for an instant her eyes avoided his. "How would I be fixing an out?"

" 'My husband,' " he mimicked, in virulent female accents. " 'He goes out so much and I don't know where he goes or what he does. Oh my, I'm so worried but what can I do?' You didn't say that to them two women you ast in here? Setting it up beforehand so you could put it all on me, in case? I heard you," he assured her. "I heard you."

"Ah, your lies," she snarled feebly. "From my mouth you never heard words like that."

"Not exactly like that maybe, but close enough. And when you called the kid's old man on the phone, you wasn't making like my voice?" he pursued blandly. "On the TV it comes over a little different, but still it seems to me you tried. Well, never mind." He regarded her thoughtfully. "Only don't go dumping it on me, in case we get the cops over here."

Her glance flew at him, held him balefully. "Don't worry," she assured him. "It's more likely you try to dump it on me than I try to dump it on you, you stinking coward."

"Look, we can fight later." His tone half-placated. "The old one is dead. This is the big point, hah?"

Mrs. Nagelhob nodded, her fury suddenly doused; sitting dull and exhausted, once again in her mind she relived that sweating, toppling moment days ago when her universe first congealed in soundless panic, then started opening beneath her feet, crumbling down on her —the moment when she stepped out of the phone booth and, in a city of two million people, beheld, not three feet away, her next-door neighbor with head bent, absorbedly rummaging in her handbag.

"So now the next question is," Nagelhob was pursuing, with a leader's composure, "whoever hollered out there, a woman it sounded like, did she see you?"

His wife hesitated. "How could anybody see?" she said at last. " 'Way out there where I was? She musta hollered about something else," she decided, with stiffening assurance. "She couldn't of seen me."

"But suppose," he drawled; the word brought her eyes up to him, fear-widened. "I say only suppose," he repeated. "*If* she saw something after all, *if* the old one comes to and talks to the cops, *if* they come around asking—what do we say?" They stared at each other. "What's our story?"

Their glances stayed locked then fell apart, with one accord seeking the object on the table—the kitchen knife—then came together again.

"I was out in the yard?" she began improvising tentatively. "And the old one was hiding by the bin and she heard me and came at me holding the knife?"

"Maybe," he nodded judicially, like a connoisseur tasting wine. "It's something a crazy woman could do, sure. Yeh, so far so good—she came at you with the knife. Then what?"

"I yelled; I managed to grab the knife off her and ran inside," she replied more boldly. "My God, what would anybody do?"

"You yelled and grabbed the knife and ran inside," he echoed. "Yeh, it makes sense." He let her confidence start reviving a little, then dropped down on her. "But where's the marks?"

"Marks?" she goggled at him. "What marks are you talkin' about?"

"If she come at you like you say, by surprise and with a knife, she cut you a little, somewhere. She's bound to," he averred. "Before you even know what's happening, she's there with the knife. The cops will say, where's the marks of a struggle? How come you ain't got even a scratch?"

"I tell you what," she gasped, after a frightened silence. "Cut me a little. Take the knife and make a couple scratches and a little cut. Put something quick around the handle," she adjured. "Don't spoil the old one's marks on it where she picked it up. Scratch me a little here," she indicated her massive shoulder, "but careful, Max, be careful."

"I see where," he replied, winding his handkerchief around the handle. "Take away your fingers."

"But only a little," she gagged, her face pale-green. "Don't hurt me, Max, don't hurt me."

"Take away your fingers," said her husband. "I don't hurt you." He added mildly, "With the old one's prints on the knife and her dead, they can't punish her for what she done to you, can they?"

Mrs. Nagelhob, her eyes screwed tight in anguished anticipation of the cut, failed to take in the words. Then with a jerk and a frantic distended stare she woke up to them belatedly, an inhuman sound bursting from her throat—but by that time Mrs. Maryk's knife had gone where it would do most good.

Calmly Nagelhob continued to stand there; peacefully he surveyed the slumped mass in the chair.

My poor wife, he began rehearsing his account of it for the police. *Must be she run over here with the knife in her as far as our steps, an' fell down.* (She would be lying at the bottom of the back stairs when the cops saw her: he would take care of that, he had time to arrange everything, plenty of time; his arrangements would be masterly, as usual.) *She was always scared for her life of that old devil next door and I paid it no attention, I didn't believe, and now, Oh God, see what happens, my poor wife, my poor wife. . . .*

A thunderous knocking at the door cut short his literary homework. THE END

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Try this "at home" 14-Day Beauty Plan for only 25¢

HERE is an amazing offer to show you how, at "pin money" cost, you can enjoy at home the successful beauty methods taught at the famed Nancy Taylor Studios in 263 cities.

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Start for only 25 cents

To introduce you to her brand-new beauty guidance program, Nancy Taylor will send you the "demonstration" *14-Day Beauty Plan* virtually as a gift. Here is some of the priceless beauty knowledge you get for only 25¢:

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3. **Make-up tricks that bring out your hidden beauty—how to play up your best features and work magic with those not-so-good ones.**
4. **How to smooth away bulges—create a beautiful figure—with "Body Rhythms" that make exercise fun.**
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You will be surprised and thrilled by the results you achieve with your *14-Day Beauty Plan*. But that's not all! When you mail the coupon, you will obtain free membership in the Nancy Taylor *Beauty and Charm Club*. As a member, you will receive without cost your personal Beauty Record Book containing 24 pages of self-analysis techniques that help you recognize your strong points and weak points.

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Week by week you'll re-make yourself inside and out—gain new poise, confidence, loveliness —learn to make your conversation sparkle, your voice sound beautiful—discover the do's and don'ts of make-up, skin care, hair styling—learn to move with the grace of a model.

Stop When You Like

This new program is your short-cut to all the assets you must have to enjoy life to the fullest —to get ahead in a career—to attract popularity and romance.

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That's Ann Cooley, receptionist.

She's one of nearly 5,000 employees who own shares in this firm. This entitles her—and some 62,000 other people who are Union Oil share owners—to a report on our 69th year of business.

In 1959 customers paid us $512,962,000, of which $83,780,000 were fuel taxes we collected for governmental agencies.

We spent 61.5% of our customers' dollars—or $315,444,000—with over 18,000 other companies and individuals with whom we do business.

Taxes amounted to 20.5%—or $105,070,000. Of this amount, $83,780,000 were the fuel taxes mentioned above; $21,290,000 we paid to over 1,000 local, State and Federal tax collectors.

Wages and other benefits for our employees and their families amounted to 12.6%, or $64,933,000 of our income.

This left 5.4%—or $27,515,000 as net profit. About a third of these earnings—$8,197,000—was paid in cash dividends* to over 67,000 owners.

The balance of our net earnings—3.8% or $19,318,000 of our customers' dollars—we reinvested in the business to expand and modernize facilities.

All of us at Union Oil are proud that so many of our employees are, like Ann Cooley, also part owners of the company.

Where else, except in a free and competitive economy, could this happen?

*(In addition, a 4% share dividend was paid during 1959.)

* * * *

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